

**CROSSROADS
OF THE
MEDITERRANEAN**

ALSO BY HENDRIK DE LEEUW

Crossroads of the Java Sea
Crossroads of the Caribbean Sea
Crossroads of the Zuider Zee
Crossroads of the Buccaneers
Java Jungle Tales
Peemee the Moosedeer
Underworld Story
Woman— the Dominant Sex

Hendrik de Leeuw

CROSSROADS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN

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DEDICATION

To Bess, my wife, faithful companion, valuable assistant, my best critic, traveler of no mean repute, this book is dedicated.

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If I were to attempt to write down the names of all those who have been helpful to me in the completion of this book, I am afraid it would mean at least another book. Writing a preface or acknowledgment is not unlike sending out Christmas cards. One usually forgets as many as one remembers. I am afraid that I have to confine myself to but a few in the hope that those good people whose names do not appear herein will take the word for the deed.

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HENDRIK DE LEEUW

Brooklyn, 1955

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**CROSSROADS
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Algeria Bound

I was leaving Marseilles, gateway unique among the cities of France, for the land of the sun. It was the *heure verte* of the Marseillais, when the whole Cannebière smelled of saffron and anise, and the entire French world appeared at ease after a busy day of affairs. Marseilles, center and focus of the Frenchman of the south, also represents the epitome of his national existence.

Known as Lakydon in the remote past, and founded by Phoenicians from Asia Minor long before Christ taught in Galilee, it managed to survive onslaughts from Greek, Roman, Byzantine, and Frank. Occupied by men from Carthage in 535 B.C., Marseilles was recaptured after a harsh and bitter road, and the Marseillais became masters of the brine once again.

The people of Marseilles are dark-complexioned. Their blood is a blend of Catalan, Spaniard, Corsican, and many other races, which, more than anything else, has made this extraordinary city along the crossroads of the Mediterranean a hybrid.

The genuine Marseillais is exuberant and pleasure-loving by nature, and there is more vigorous movement at the apéritif's seducing hour on the Cannebière than on the boulevards of Paris. From the gaiety of the Cannebière's bistros it is but a few steps to the great quays, creaking capstans, and pandemonium of the dock-wallopers. Here, at the quays of La Joliette, all the world comes and goes in an interminable tide of travel to North Africa, Corsica and Sardinia, Jaffa and Constantinople, the Indies and Antipodes, and westward to the Americas through Gibraltar's Strait.

The like of Marseilles exists nowhere else on this planet, and it

undoubtedly is one of the most stimulating and fascinating ports on the Mediterranean.

As our vessel left the Joliette Basin, the air was balmy and delightful. For once there was no mistral. A soft sun and an almost exotic aroma that has always pervaded this transitory port exerted their exhilarating influence.

The steamer slipped out slowly and silently from the Joliette quays, past the towering Notre Dame de la Garde and impeding Byzantine cathedral of Ste. Marie Majeure, leaving the Vieux Port, with Pharo and slowly vanishing lights, soon behind. There they were again, the familiar lighthouses, basins, and docks, the galaxy of queer-looking craft propelled by aquatic teamsters, and the lateen-rigged, piratical boats whose prows kept on splashing against the azure-colored sea.

Now followed in rapid succession the Château d'If, immortalized by Alexandre Dumas in his *Count of Monte Cristo*, the neighboring islets of Ratonneau and Porrière, held together like Siamese twins, until the Point des Catalans was skirted. The big Planier light flashed its rays in our way for thirty-odd miles out to sea. As I looked back once more to catch a fading glimpse of the Notre Dame—a lofty pinnacle on a fortified summit, and a beacon and savior and boon to seafaring men—I still spotted on one side the Abbaye de St. Victor, on the other the Alpes Maritimes and the Corniche Road, winding itself like a dusty ribbon around the cliffs toward Nice and Monte Carlo.

It was to all this loveliness atop limestone hill and cliff that I was bidding adieu once again, until little by little all became lost in one jumbled blend, and the hull of the French ship began to ride the seas. Marseilles, France's coast line, and the Corniche had faded into the mists.

The ship was small, yet the food was undeniably better than on many a larger transatlantic liner. It had character. It was served in a tiny saloon on deck, with ports and doors wide open, while a gentle, sighing Mediterranean breeze wafted about our heads.

With a fond au revoir to *La Belle France* we were headed for that soft, exotic land that geographers identify as Mediterranean Africa,

the crossroads of the Mediterranean, a crossroads that has fast become known to that congeries of modern travelers as the world's newest playground now that the tide of pleasure-seeking travel has turned toward North Africa and so-called darkest Africa, which is no longer dark. My first port of call would be Algiers, and of course Algeria, the intriguing land of mosques, minarets, Moorish cafés, mystic twilights, beautiful women and proud men, treasure-trove of picturesque customs and picaresque adventures, lumber room of animated vignettes, and a country whose history is no dull reading.

Algeria has had an interesting career. Briefly, it was first colonized by Phoenicians, subsequently by Romans, was destroyed by barbarians, fell into the hands of Arabs, until it was conquered in the sixteenth century by the Turks. The era of the Turkish pashas did not last long, however. The Dey replaced the Pasha of Algiers, whose administration became enlivened by piratical depredations in which he exacted tribute from seafaring nations.

In these earlier years of Algeria's more modern existence, many punitive expeditions had been undertaken against what then were known as the Barbary States—Morocco, Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli—and while not achieving any great measure of success, they were at least instrumental in securing the release of many Christian slaves.

Subsequent to the Congress of Vienna, in 1816 England was asked to mop up the Barbary filth; that called, of course, for an expedition against the piratical overlords. Hence a force under Lord Exmouth demanded the release of prisoners held at Tunisia and Tripoli. Despite a fierce bombardment, Algiers refused to comply at first, but when the notorious Kasbah—the robbers' nest—was practically shot to smithereens, the Dey meekly submitted.

This Dey, named Hussein, was a veritable soldier of fortune who had done a nice bit of trading in Smyrna and who happened to be the proud but not very fortunate possessor of a claim against France for seven million francs, a debt contracted by the *Directoire* in its punitive expedition against Egypt. Instead of sending Hussein a check, France sent a fleet to avenge the "insult" to her flag and blockaded Algiers in June 1827. Still the Dey did not apologize,

Alger la Blanche—A Fairyland

The first view of Algiers, romantically referred to as *Alger la Blanche*, as our vessel slid into the bay on this early evening, was that of a fairyland splendid in an almost unbelievable and ethereal brittleness. Short as was the twilight, there still was enough light left in the western sky to give a panoramic view of what has often been called a City of Spooks. Harmonious varicolored hues of the sky appeared still fresh as they glowed on nature's palette—mauve, yellow, green, crimson, and the palest of blue—and blended into a deep tropic purple. Nature for uncountable time had harnessed to its genius the elemental force of light and shadow, which, without use of pigment, resulted in breath-taking vistas.

Soon the moon emerged from behind tufts of clouds, and the milky way and the rest of the firmament scintillated with countless tiny stars that spread over the earth like a beautiful, flimsy shawl.

Beyond the large haze of the bay and out of the depths of amethyst glows and lilac mists rose the rugged crests and white-tipped peaks of the snow-covered Atlas and Djurdjura mountains. Straight ahead stretched the fertile and narrow plain of Mitidja, and the hills and exotic gardens rising in gentle gradient to the Kasbah. Edging a strip of sandy beach and fronting the bay, and save for a boom of surf and scream of birds, Algiers seemed well-nigh dreaming and aphonic. It was still possible to discern frond-nodding palms which, like stately yeomen, guarded the amphitheater-like terrace and looked like gigantic flights in the hazier offing.

As smaller craft like little water bugs flitted out of our way, searchlights trembled over the water in which myriad lights were twinkling, while countless other glimmering lights broke out from the terraced boulevard, the Kasbah on the height, Mustapha, and

from the vessels in the spacious harbor. A stronger ray began to flash from the headland lighthouse at Cap Matifou, and still others from warships in the large open gulf and bay.

Set in the curve of this lovely bay was Algiers proper, with its long rows of white-storied houses climbing, as, it were, on each other's shoulders. Out in front of the bay were the rocky islets, nicknamed by the Arabs of the past El Djezair. Above the whitewashed buildings and crowning the lofty hill on which this city stands was the Kasbah fortress. Here once dwelt the all-highest of the pirates—the Tyrant of Algiers—the Dey who was wont to claim his share of each seafarer's booty. It was difficult to believe that this had been the den of pirates who scourged the seas for long, and where the greatest of all novelists was once held in captivity and suffered such hardships.

Algiers of today, a great and populous city, is a modern French town. The descendants of those corsairs to whom Europe once paid tribute mingle freely with the black-coated Frank, as though it were a privilege to breathe their native air. Algiers proper is the Icosium of the Romans, doubled, tripled, and quadrupled. Three towns in juxtaposition stretch from St. Eugène on the west to Mustapha on the east, while its heart lies in the Place du Gouvernement and the Grand Mosque. The Place du Gouvernement is a vast modern square, a sort of modern forum, flanked on one side by the Mosque of Djema-el-Djedid—the Grand Mosque—on the other by shops, cafés, and hotels. Upon this square converge Bab-el-Oued, La Martine, La Kasbah, and Bab-Azoun, the four great thoroughfares of the city. All the animation and hubbub of the city center here, while the passing throng of Arabs, Mauresques, tribesmen, soldiers, and French and foreign nationals constitutes an ethnological entity as varied as it is unusual. Here all kinds of people of the East and West jostle one another good-naturedly, and the familiar vies with the unfamiliar in scenes bewildering to the eye.

Algiers, I must confess, has an atmosphere all its own. Despite the fact that the place has been so largely Frenchified, it lacks those graces which the world has come to recognize as so thoroughly French. It also seems to be wanting in that certain oriental flavor

that characterizes Cairo or even Tunis, for instance. But for all that, Algiers is nonetheless an unforgettable, exotic, and conventional blend of things Arab and European, which makes it extremely hard to decide where to focus one's attention first.

Superficially the Algerian Arab has lost much of his individuality. Even many of the women, though swathed in *haïks* of snowy whiteness covering their faces except for one eye—last stronghold of conservatism—wore high-heeled shoes of the latest European fashion, doubtless out of a half-felt spirit of homage to external progress.

The city itself is replete with European innovations. Tramlines, highways, railroads, air lines are excellent and far-reaching. Transportation to Algeria on French, English, and American airplanes is extremely fast and comfortable. Air lines now reach into almost every corner of North Africa by TWA, Pan American, and Air France. The tourist of today does not have to suffer the discomforts that confronted his traveling *confrères* of yesteryear. There are now excellent hotels in even the more out-of-the-way places—some native and others thoroughly Europeanized, clean and comfortable, attuned to European and more exacting American requirements.

Traveling here is as safe as anywhere in the world, and it may be taken for granted that there are no dangers whatever to be experienced on the well-made roads and *pistes* of Tunisia, Algeria, and Morocco. The hyenas and lions one reads about are hidden away in the great Atlas mountain recesses. Scorpions and horned vipers may be seen here and there, but the greatest enemy of mankind hereabouts is only the flea.

Another plague in Algeria—and, as far as that goes, all over North Africa—is the cricket, or *sauterelle*. This *sauterelle*, says the Arab, is the wonder among nature's living things, and as one learned Arab expressed himself to me: "Monsieur, the *sauterelle* has the face of a horse, the eyes of an elephant, the neck of a bull, the horns of a deer, the breast of a lion, the stomach of a scorpion, the legs of an ostrich, the tail of a snake, and," he added, "it is more to be feared than any of the before-mentioned menagerie."

Algeria, or *La Belle Algérie* as the Frenchman fondly calls it, is not a mere strip of mountainland and desert. It is verily one of the

richest agricultural lands on earth, running eastward from the Moroccan frontier to Tunisia. For ages it has been known as the granary of Europe. Carthaginians and Phoenicians built colonies and established empires here, and Rome was nourished on its wheat fields and olive groves. The wheat of Algeria was revered by the Romans of the capital above all others. One of the pro-consuls sent Augustus a little packet of four hundred grains, all germinated from one sole seed, whereupon great national granaries were built, and commerce in Algerian wheat took on forthwith almost the complexion of a monopoly.

The sowing and harvesting then were most primitive. "I have seen," wrote Pliny, "the sowing and the reaping accomplished here by the aid of a primitive plow, an old woman, and a tiny donkey." Incidentally, this writer has seen the same primitive methods in that land today, such as a camel and mule pulling an ancient plow.

At the moment of the first autumn rains the Arab or Berber cultivator works over his soil, or puts his wife on the job, and sows his winter wheat. Once the planting is finished, the small Arab farmer seeks the sunny side of a wall and then basks there, watching things grow, as it were, smoking much tobacco or his kef, drinking much black coffee, each of these very black and very strong. Four months later his crop comes up by chance. Then he flails it, not by means of a flail swung by hand, but by borrowing a little donkey from some neighbor if he hasn't one of his own, and then letting the donkey's hoofs trample it out. He then rolls over to the shady side of his *gourby*, or hut, as the sunny side is getting too warm, and so he loafs along until another autumn rolls by.

It was still early in the apéritif-sipping hour, and I had just made myself comfortable on the spacious terrace of the café when some tatterdemalions bawled at me incessantly with their "*Ciri, ciri, ciri.*" My shoes were still brilliant from the Algerian substitute for our shoe polish; this did not matter in the least, for they kept up their incessant howling, and the object of their complaints seemed always the same. Finally, when I convinced them that I had enough polish on my shoes, the little chap more enterprising than the others began

to ciri his face and demanded a few sous just because I had been witness to a most unusual operation. These shoeshine kids are so businesslike that they don't mind what they ciri as long as they ciri something.

A stately native, clad in white burnoose that reached to his slippered feet, and a white turban with haik thrown over, entered the café. His face was in repose and his half-open eyes gazed into space.

I heard once again the singsong of newsboys hawking French journals from Marseilles and Paris and places beyond, which had arrived by plane that very day. All around were men of every hue in evening jackets, playing cards; women attired in flimsy and lustrous gowns, looking pretty. An orchestra lifted soft tunes, later changing to an unfamiliar medley. It was an intoxicating atmosphere. Electric cars scurried and clanged. Motorcars flitted by. Post-card sellers and touts with obscene pictures bleated their nasal songs. These latter made one's life miserable. They are the very essence of impudence and nuisance and are to be found in almost every port. One in particular—a good-looking Levantine—offered his services as a personal guide. I had a difficult time getting rid of him.

The last rays of the vanishing sun were just being reflected in the golden balls atop the minarets, whose green tiles sent forth iridescent gleams. A glow of red and orange, turning violet and carmine, spread upon the sky, and evening began to deepen. A moon which was at full sent forth its unenlivining beams, which made the tall towers stand out like lighthouses from the mass of flat roofs. There was, thank goodness, no curling smoke from infernal incinerators or factory smokestacks to poison the atmosphere. Stars were glistening like diamonds set in blue enamel.

Then suddenly, on the still and silent air, fitful and quavering, came the cries of the muezzin calling the faithful to prayer—the Angelus of Islām. Amazing and mysterious Algiers was casting a spell of a glorious vision that would be forever romance.

Being well acquainted with Algiers, having been on many jaunts into the native quarter before, I decided to visit that section again, availing myself this time of a boy without whose help, I am sure,

I might have overlooked a great many things that had escaped me on previous visits. We left the hotel in the cool of the dawn, walking rapidly through the section around the harbor, which is distinctly French, spacious with wide boulevards and sporting luxurious Parisian shops and an avalanche of open-air cafés. It became soon evident that it was but a very short journey from Paris boulevards and the northern clime to Barbary with its mimosa and brilliant sunshine.

The best starting point for a walking tour is Mustapha Supérieur, the garden or orchard suburb of Algiers, hugging the steep hillside to the south. Here its domed palaces and attaced villas shine like snowy nymphs among the woods of a hundred little glens, gills, or ravines. In the wilder parts there are steep cliffs and dense hedges of cactus. No road can go straight into this Parnassus. The Rue de Relem, paralleling the ancient Roman Aqueduct, makes a number of hairpin bends, while the Chemin-Laperlier coils itself up the hill, performing some sort of loop the loop among the houses.

The environs of Algiers are rugged and full of character, revealing here and there some exquisite vistas and wide panoramas of land, sea, and sky. All is large, immense, and yet as finely focused as a miniature. Here the ragged eucalyptus takes the place of the poplar, there the platan is more common than the aspen or the birch. Palm trees abound everywhere, but they are of the cultivated or transplanted variety and generally of the feather-duster species, decorative and pleasing to look upon but producing neither dates nor shade.

Algiers and its beaches and immediate environs give about as lively an exposition of cosmopolitanism as one may observe anywhere, be they the imported gaieties of Mustapha or the native fetes of Bouzaréa. It is the rendezvous of the city's social set.

Its chief architectural charms—aside from that varied collection of crazy walls and crooked streets which make up the native or Arab town—are the Archbishop's Palace, a fine old Arab house of a former dey of Algiers; the Peñon and the Amirauté (Admiralty), or whatever is left of it; its three principal mosques, and the Palais d'Été of the governor general. Algiers, the largest city of Algeria,

with four hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, and the best-kept, most progressive city on the shores of the great Mediterranean lake, is the seat of the Algerian Assembly and of course the residence of the representative of the French Republic.

Perched high above the new and the old town, through streets of stairs scarcely the width of two people standing side by side, and past whitewashed walls, iron-studded doors, and grilled windows, sits the Kasbah, the great fortress defense of Algiers since those days when Turkish rule gave it the most unsavory reputation in all the world.

The street that runs from the European to the native section could easily be called the most cosmopolitan thoroughfare in this part of the world. There are here a continual passing and reshuffling of all Algiers' people, from the lower town to the higher, and above to the Kasbah. By the time my guide and I had reached this part of the city, the sun was already pouring its heat with scorching virulence on the white, flat-roofed dwellings.

All through the morning hours strange cries had come from the Kasbah, and from the dark shadow-laden ways mixed odors had risen—some that were foul, others aromatic; in fact, a blend of offensiveness and delight. They were, after all, products of a land in which the minaret pierces the level tops of the town, and the voice of the *Imam* chanted the *Muezzan*: "Allah only is great. There is but one God, and Mohammed is his Prophet. Come to prayer, come to adore. Allah is great."

As we wandered on in these pinched ways of endless jostle and hurry, in which guttural Arabic pervaded all other sounds and sights, a sequence of animated vignettes was unrolled. I passed a café Moorish to the core. Leisurely rubbing shoulders with indolent natives, I tarried a bit among burnoosed and tarbooshed natives, as they argued and lazily smoked their bubbling nargilehs. From a partly open doorway streamed a ray of light. Inside a party of Arabs were playing checkers.

A swarthy Arab, fleshy-lipped and lusty-eyed, sauntered with easy swing down the Rue de la Kasbah, or Street of Steps. His long white robe hung gracefully from shoulder to heel. His head was

swathed in white, but thick plaits of camel hair twisted about from brow to neck. There was hauteur in his stride, an aristocratic tilt to the chin. His hands were soft, his fingers long. I noticed he kept spitting to the left, and asked my guide if he knew why. I was told that there were two kinds of angels, white and black, and spitting to the left merely showed that Arabs cared little for the black angels hovering on the left.

Soon the scenery became quite drab and the thoroughfares dreary. We had reached the native old town, and here the climb up the steep hillside to the Kasbah began in real earnest. Of streets, in the true sense of the word, there were none. They were mere precipitous passages burrowed in dust and dirt beneath the dwellings. No vehicle, horse, or mule could be used in these passageways. Donkeys, the only beasts of burden here, climbed nimbly and philosophically up the cobbled steps. Narrow streaks of sky managed at times to peep through. Where one passageway began, a donkey stood patiently on three feet, awaiting its master. The lower part of its fourth foot was tied by a rope to the upper, preventing its straying.

In a little square where the hot African sun had been pouring its rays with undiminished invective on the flat-topped spooky houses, we came to a stop. Here in little alcoves—mere holes—were small shops.

My boy, laboring under the impression that I needed a haircut or a shave, led me to a barbershop, with its fly net drawn across the door. Then he led me to a shoemaker, where I examined the charcoal forge, later meandering over to a coppersmith's shop and that of a gold and silver craftsman, spending considerable time here admiring the latter fellow's handicraft.

Then, threading our way sort of aimlessly through the throngs, I stopped at a poky shop where a man was selling foodstuffs, dried fruits, and even tinned things, brought to North Africa by the "dogs of Christians." His hand was broad and his fingers stunted, and his countenance was of a coarser grain than that of the rest of the natives. He was a Mozabite, hailing from a tribe deep in the south. They were also Mohammedans. I learned that the men

usually leave their women and children behind and journey over the vast Sahara to Algiers, there to start shop, hoping to make a small "fortune" in but three or four years. Then, well fortified with the coin, they trek back once more toward the equator, buy more wives, and happily doze their days away in the beneficial shadow of their date palms.

Strange folk, these Mozabites. From the land of M'Zab they must have come, farther south, only twenty-five hundred strong. They are a proud and clanish people and detest other races. They form the strictest of trade unions and are thoroughly organized. They govern each other severely. They drink neither wine nor coffee, nor may they smoke or lead irregular lives. Should they stray, they are bastinadoed by fellow Mozabites.

The remote patch of desert whence they come is called Hamedan, or the Scorched. The approach to their settlements presents the appearance of a *kouba* or holy man's tomb, and the huts or houses are placed terrace-like one above the other, without rhyme or reason. The whole is said to look like an immense Arab necropolis when seen from the distance. There seems to be no trace of vegetation as one approaches their settlements, which appears to be so desolate that even the birds of prey seem to fly away from these regions. But once the rocky precipices that lead to their villages are negotiated, the latter prove to be fine, populous settlements, set amid luxuriant fields and gardens.

The origin of the Mozabites is not easy to trace, though I have tried to do so at first hand. There is a tradition that they were Phoenicians and hailed from Tyre. The Arabs chevied them to the rocky land of the Hamedan, but now they seem to be coming back. I learned that the Arabs hate the Mozabites because they are industrious and prosperous in a way. I was further told that the M'Zab or Mozabite women take the combings of their hair and fling them in the running water of the river that flows through their settlements. They believe this will prevent baldness. One old Arab told me that when a Mozabite died, donkey ears would grow out of his head.

Here in the *Ville Arabe* one was really in another world, where

motion flowed into a harmony of action, sound, and color. Here were the mansions, a terrace, the mosques, the narrow *ruelles* with their overhung porches and occasional glimpses of the sky overhead. And the quaint streets and alleys of the hillside town may surely be called the main sights of Algiers, after the magnificent panorama of the bay and that unforgettable view from the ship upon entering the port. Here, too, were shopkeepers of the rank and file: a butcher dozing behind his moucharaby, looking like the portrait of Abd el-Kader; a date seller reminding one of the Khedive of Egypt; a baker with a Jewish cast of figure and, next door, a Moorish café with all the leisured populace of the neighborhood stretched out on mats and benches, smoking their nargilehs or sipping their sweet mint tea.

Onward we wandered, soon to become part and parcel of the jostling crowd that thronged the passageways and spilled from side wall to side wall in a solid mass of bobbing heads.

Trade seemed quite brisk all around us. A sheep had been killed, and would-be customers were haggling over bits of the carcass. At one corner of a crowded way was a stall of fruit—purple grapes, yellow grapes, basins of black olives, stacks of bright red capsicum, other stacks of bluish aubergine, or eggplant. I chose some fruit just as a shaft of sun managed to break through a hoisted awning, suffusing the fruit with an artistic glow. Youths were running barefooted, selling sprigs of jasmine. Arabs love the smell of the flower and often will idle away a sultry afternoon toying with Moslem amber beads, reciting verses from the Koran, and smelling a spray of sweet jasmine. Little donkeys bearing heavy bundles of charcoal tramped the cobbled streets. They brought the curse of Allah upon themselves when they happened to smudge the bur-nose of a passing haughty Arab. Men carrying huge casks cried for a passage to be cleared, as if making way for a sultan.

The streets here were tortuous, high and straight, and the walls were white, and most were eyeless, as few windows broke the monotony. Arab women slithered along in heelless shoes as they emerged through low and heavy wooden doors. White veils hid the lower part of the face. Only the eyes were visible—large, languor-

ous, often love-soaked eyes of the young. Very old women, crooked, hobbling, wizened, and pale-faced, with bright eyes lightening their wrinkled alabaster skin, did not wear the *adjar*, or lower part of the veil. They were too old to set aflame the passions.

"Out of the way," some men cried as they came hastening down the Bab-Azoun. They were carrying a box on a pole. My boy told me it was a coffin being carried to a burial. . . .

With the growing heat of the day the clamor also grew, strange as it may seem. Up near the old fort, near the real Kasbah, we came to a market. No mistaking the place, where there was eternal, shrill squabbling.

In a corner a barber was shaving the heads of good Mohammedans. Nearby, a man, apparently suffering a headache, was having a couple of leeches applied to the nape of his neck.

I made way for a dusky. "*Asa el khir* [Good evening]," he said. "*Aleikum es salaam* [God be with you]," I replied, which was the extent of my knowledge of Arabic.

Faintly I could hear the strumming of a *gimbri*. A low voice was chanting a monotonous song. Out of an alley came white-robed figures, veiled to the dark eyes, who with furtive backward glances quickly darted into a carved marble portal.

Up a way along the sun-baked and dusty road was the heavy-walled fortress. Up there, in that tile-encrusted tower with the loftily perched windows heavily fortified by bars, was the audience chamber of the deys. And apropos of the fortress and the deys, the best-remembered and romantic figures directly or indirectly connected with the former, were Pedro Novarro, who built the place; the brothers Barbarossa, corsairs from the Dardanelles, whom the Algerians in the olden days called in to help them fight their battles against Christianity; and Cervantes, the author of *Don Quixote*, who was incarcerated here and who left as imperishable an account of the city of his captivity as could ever be useful to later historians.

Charles V and Louis XIV had both had a go at Algiers, but it did not succumb to their attacks. It was only many years later, after incident upon insult offered the French Ambassador by Hussein Dey, the Turkish ruler of the El Djezair of the ancients, that Al-

giers first capitulated to outside attack. Old Algiers was not impregnable, perhaps, but such weapons of warfare as were used against the Turks proved insufficient against its thick walls and fortified gates. The historic Peñon, or fortress, underwent many a medieval siege but was finally captured from its Spanish defender, De Vegas, and twenty-five survivors were summarily put to death. Khair-ed-Din pulled down some of the fortifications and joined the remainder by a jetty to the mainland, the same breakwater which today shelters the port on the north.

Such is the history, briefly summarized, of a place that has loomed so large in France's Algerian interest.

Continuing my meanderings through Arab town proper, I wormed my way somewhat aimlessly through the colorful mob crowding the narrow roadways. It is difficult to find a word sufficiently diminutive to describe these precipitous passages of communication which were burrowed between and beneath the dwellings. As these burrows appeared hardly passable by a human being, a rabbit warren or the subterranean galleries of an ants' nest were the closest similes that suggested themselves. No wheeled vehicle could penetrate this labyrinth by now. Only the tiniest donkeys with their panniers were the beasts of burden. Every now and then I had to stand flat against a wall of these Moorish houses to let people pass, Indian-fashion.

The Moorish houses themselves were typical of the secret life of these people. The blank walls turned to the streets revealed nothing at all. There was no attempt at decoration. The plain, plastered, or whitewashed walls were unrelieved by windows, save perhaps in some instances by a narrow slit like a loophole. Each doorway was severely simple, save for a narrow band of tiles or a molded plaster pattern around it. There was no front, no façade, no portico, no loggia, none of that ostentation and public display in which our country and Europe delight. These Moorish houses are like a coat of sackcloth with a rainbow-colored silken lining. They expose their back to the world, but their real front is turned within. Each house is built round a central courtyard, open to the air and the sun, with a fountain trickling dreamily in the middle. Each of the four sides

consists of a double row of arcades arched in Moorish fashion. The upper arcade and walls sport a balcony with a parapet gay with

My guide, always eager to show me something different, brought me to the Rue Barbarossa. I almost expected to meet face to face the pirate of that name, so that even the mere mention of it brought on visions of galleys, kidnappings, razzias, and cities burned to the ground. But no, all that I beheld was a heterogeneous mob, a cosmopolitan hotchpotch hailing from almost every port—Moors, Jews, Italians, Maltese, Sardinians, Frenchmen, Levantines, Syrians, Iranians, Iraqis, together with denizens from the Mesopotamian town of Haroun-al-Raschid. There were also dusks from Kashmir, from faraway India, Cathay, and Malaya, not forgetting the copper-skinned and swarthy Sudanese, cordovan-colored Egyptians, tanned Copts; in fine, there must have been all types and races that at one time might have swarmed around the Tower of Babel. Noises now became harsher. An occasional mendicant lolled around at the curb. Then a light showed here and there, and I was glad to emerge from the night shadows. An occasional black donkey, kicking with its front feet all the filthy dogs that came within its reach, clomped down the sloping street.

By a mosque where the muezzin was wont to chant his call to prayer from a tall minaret, right under the very nose of the church, so to speak, I beheld rows of taller dwellings housing prostitutes of many nationalities and hues. Here Arab women with brightly painted lips and wearing colored kerchiefs round their necks and brocaded jackets and baggy trousers were peeping from open doorways. I passed one house in front of which a Berber girl was opportunistically tuning. An Arabian wayfarer spat at her with ancient hatred. Arabs and Berbers never really liked each other. There were, besides, the omnipresent Ouled-Nails, who had come all the way from the Ksar of Boghari; bright-eyed Jewesses from Oran or Constantine, perhaps, and a great many Negresses from desert oases. They were thick-lipped and hairy. And there finally were white women, too, all catering to a traffic that was thick and evil. I looked back for a moment through the tortuous street, and in the dull glow of a lan-

tern I could see figures pass inside. Nondescript natives, like biblical figures, were holding out their hands for baksheesh.

Mohammedan men were out in droves in the Bab-el-Oued, thronging their favorite cafés and coffeehouses. They squatted on small stools and lolled on mats by the wall side in the streets, sipping sweet mint tea, sucking at water pipes. A noisy rascal of a lad was running about with a pan of charcoal, giving new lights to the smokers. Lamps everywhere seemed to accentuate the shadows in the recesses of the Moorish doorways. Entering one coffeehouse, I found the atmosphere very heavy as clouds of spiral smoke blended and leaped apart. On all sides were sucking, gobbling noises that came not from the nargilehs but from imbibers of soup and other concoctions. Two patrons inside held me rather fascinated, as I had seen their kind before. They were the slim and quick-moving Kabyles, the industrious but none-too-clean warriors of the Berber race, whom I had visited in their habitat in the Djurdjura Mountains on a previous trip, which shall be described later.

Curious, mysterious, and thoroughly oriental was the scene in this coffeehouse: the loose white drapery, the voluminous and sagging trousers, the calm eyes and passive features of the patrons, the distant, mournful plaint of a lover, the omnipresent, echoing plaint of the Near and Far East, "Baksheesh for the love of Allah; Allah be merciful," by a ragged beggar, not forgetting the wistful fights . . .

By nine o'clock the mob of café hunters began to thin out, as for them there must be early sleep. Still, though the night was young, for me it had been enough for a day's exploration, and we filed into the gloomy street. A large and round moon sailed overhead in a sapphire-gemmed sky which ran like a luminous ribbon between the inky-black roofs and daintily laced minarets of the mosques.

On and on, through a world of smells, creeps, and shutters, my guide and I walked, until, except for the thuds of our footsteps, noise at last had dwindled to silence. Spooks, occult and malign, began to rise, and shapes and shadows danced ahead of us.

We continued in this manner until we reached the Place du

Government and my hotel, with its transplanted flair of a little bit of Paris. At small marble-topped tables, laden with glasses of strong drinks and pretty syrups, there was plenty of mirth by men in light clothes and straw hats and women in chic soft dresses. All this was in perfect harmony with the salubrious and redolent Algerian climate. In fine, a pleasant, colorful yignette and a most welcome atmosphere for any kind of traveler to this ancient land.

Trees began to whisper with a soft breeze blowing from the sea. Faint jumbled noises wafted from the shore, and the air was diffused with the fragrance of flowers and aromatic scents. And while all about me the chatter continued to drone and buzz, I decided it was about time for me to turn in. It had been an interesting, but hectic, sort of day.

Passing a native watchman, I entered the hotel.

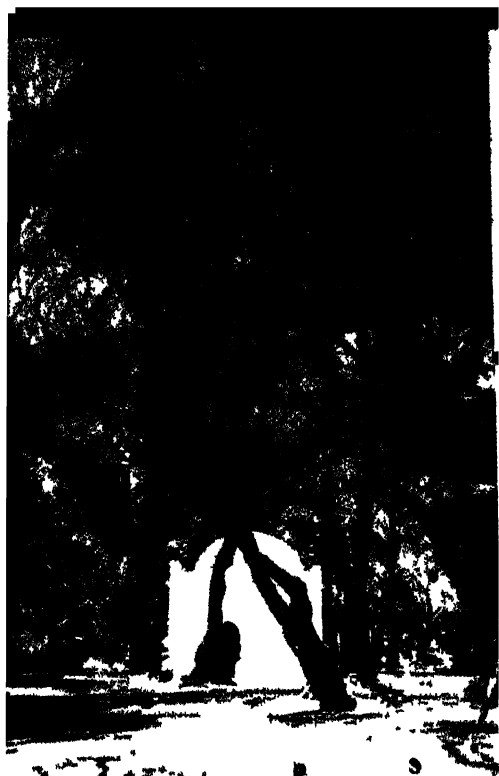
"*Msa el khir*," he said.

"*Aleikum es salaam*," was my reply.

A Visit to the Land of the Kabyles

My meeting with some Kabyles in the Kasbah brought to mind an earlier visit I had made to these tribesmen's North African strongholds in the Djurdjura Mountains. Like the Swiss or Italian Tyrol, each mountain ridge was highly suggestive of a cock's comb, and wherever the hill stretched and hove much like the back of a dromedary, there arose a Kabyle settlement.

As with every people of doubtful origin, there always arises much disagreement over the derivation of their name and whence they have come. Let it be enough to comment here that Kabyles are believed to be Numidian in stock, were never conquered by the tides of invasion that surged along the North African littoral, and were entirely free from Carthaginian, Vandal, Roman, or Turk



Blida in Algeria boasts a magnificent *kouba*, or marabout, in what is known as the Sacred Forest. The whole region just west of Algiers is very appropriately called the Garden of North Africa, and Blida also is a veritable Garden of Eden, besides being a military encampment. Blida's chief attraction from a tourist point of view is the Bois Sacré, or Sacred Forest, within which is the venerated marabout of Sidi-Yacoub-ech-Cherit, one of the most celebrated shrines of Islam. It is the very ideal of a holy man's retreat.

Street scene in Tolga, Algeria
Tolga, an oasis town situated between Biskra and Bou Saâda is actually in the heart of the Ouled-Nail country.



El-Oued, a settlement lying to the east of Biskra in Algeria, located not far from Touggourt to the south and Tozeur in Tunisia to the east. The houses here, as in most Saharan and North African places, are built to afford protection from the sun, having

very thick mud walls heavily plastered over. Outside verandas and inner courts are always open to the sky.



Oran is an important and modern seaport of western Algeria, an active and prosperous city linked to France by frequent air and sea communications. It is known for its site and old forts, the great activity of its harbor, and the vitality and variety of its colorful population. Its original character, especially that of the old town, is due to the Spanish occupation during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries and later to incessant emigration from the U.S.



conquests. Actually, they were also the last indigenes to yield to the yoke of the foreigner when the French laid hold of Algeria.

Speaking a jargon of their own, Kabyles are Mohammedan in faith, but not at all orthodox, for custom among them has sovereignty over the law of the Koran. Going about unveiled, Kabyle women hold a much higher status in their world than Islam in general gives to females in other places. While there exists no polygamy here, the Kabyle has no scruples in ridding himself of a woman should she become a scraggy and withered hag. In such case he will take unto himself another wife who is much younger and well rounded.

The Kabyles, often referred to as the Piedmontese or Auvergnats of Algeria, are truly an indigenous race, which has resisted better than any other the march of progress, and yet they have certain foreign characteristics which make one wonder how they ever acquired them. They practice the vendetta, for instance, not unlike the Corsicans. They also have what may be called the *Landesgemeinde* as prevails in certain Swiss cantons; have, moreover, cock-fights, not unlike the Spaniards.

They are a very strange race of people, and yet they are becoming enlightened. As one French official told me, of all the Algerian tribesmen they rank among the most loyal toward the French Government. The Kabyles have always fought for La Belle France, and have fought well. The first Zouaves, in fact, were Kabyles. (The name Zouave derives from Zouaoua, a Kabyle tribe.) It was General Clauzel who enrolled a company of Kabyles in 1831; and it was this new type of colonial soldier who has endured to this very day.

In the lives of these Kabyle Berbers of the Djurdjura Mountains, women play a rather important part. On the whole they are endowed with natural graces, and their quaint jewelry sets off their natural charms splendidly. Cleopatra might well have been one of them. While Kabyle women are no coquettes, when they smile, however, displaying their pearly teeth, rouged lips, and flashing eyes, they bespeak the sensuality of a strange land and customs. Of real beauty they have little, based on our own American standards,

although their features are not crude or unlovely. Theirs is rather the beauty of a high-bred animal, so that they are pleasant to look upon.

The costumes they wore were very daring—always red and yellow. Their jackets were of the reddest of red, their skirts the yellowest of yellow. They also wore little skullcaps of bright red trimmed with yellow; silver crescent-like earrings studded with flaming red coral dangled from their ears, while heavy barbaric-looking silver and coral ornaments adorned their throats. Their jackets were all clasped by the same sort of brooch—a silver filigree triangular brooch the size of a small hand. Crude bands of silver jangled from their wrists and ankles. I was told that when a Kabyle woman wore a coral-studded ornament on her skullcap it was a sure sign she was the mother of a male child.

I recall how, when I entered their village, groups of Kabyle women were busy fetching water from the wells, and the jars and jugs, borne by them on their heads and shoulders, appeared like grotesque pumpkins painted a chocolate color. However, quite a few of their receptacles were long, graceful, and slim-necked objects with yellow and black Etruscan and Grecian motifs on their sides.

Once married, the Kabyles expect and demand complete fidelity and virtue, and harsh penalties are imposed when a woman strays from the straight path, though nothing is said about straying husbands. I learned, too, that should a Kabyle woman ever forget her virtue the whole village, to a man, would take her to a waste spot on the mountainside, where a grave is dug. The husband then starts throwing stones at her, in which he is joined by the others, until she is killed, after which her body is dumped into the grave, to be left as prey for carrion birds.

While the Arab is clean and loves the nomadic life of the desert, and happiest when he can drowse away the hot hours in the shadows of the palm tree, the Kabyle, on the other hand, is very industrious; but he is also one of the dirtiest creatures on earth, because he never seems to bathe or wash himself. All this does not seem to bother him. Most redeeming features are that he is ultra-

patriotic; he loves his *habitat natalis*, his village, where he slaves from boyhood unto his burial day.

When the invading peoples came to the Kabyles' settlements in the dim past, some of the invaders must have taken a fancy to their women and stayed behind, merging with the Kabyle race. Hence there is no distinctiveness of feature. Some of these Kabyles are as dark as those peoples south of the Sahara, while others display the softer tones of the peoples of Italy. I spotted quite a few who were as fair-faced and blue-eyed as the Anglo-Saxon peoples, and there were even some red-haired Kabyles.

A Kabyle village itself, straddling a ridge, presents a most attractive picture when viewed from the distance, but on closer inspection there is nothing attractive about it. The Kabyle house, built without rhyme or reason of unbaked mud bricks, juts out inconsequently into the narrow patch of land. It is a square-like hovel, without window or chimney. The strangely carved door is large, the floor is mere mud, and a side panel, acting also as a seat, is just a slab of mud. One of these hovels was dim when I entered. In a corner I beheld a woman weaving a mat or carpet. The strings were hung from the roof to a beam close to the floor, which kept the threads taut. The woman had no shuttle, but with her fingers she worked the transverse strings in and out, and when the stretch was completed she pressed it down with a flat-edged strip.

To one side of the room were several enormous jars, each of which could easily hold a full-grown man. In these cupboards of the Kabyle ménage they stored the wheat, clothes, and jewelry trinkets. Chickens were pecking about the earthen floor. A mule was tethered in a darker part, while a cow was chewing its cud in another, behind a fence, and three goats were bleating their heads off in a recess. And so, in fine, everybody and everything seemed to live in one large compartment—the family, animals, and fowls. With such a conglomerate mass of man and beast, the air about was none too fresh, as can be imagined.

When seen from the distance, some of their villages looked very much like the hamlets in the Pyrenees, or the Cévennes in France. From either side issued ravines and valleys, intersected by almost

impassable mountain paths usable only by nimble-footed mountain mules and human beings on foot. The fact that the Kabyles were always forced to defend themselves against marauders may furnish the very reason why they prefer not to have better roads. For while a smooth path may be an easy way out of their settlements, by the same token a good road may make it easy for interlopers to sneak in.

At times one could almost imagine oneself in the forbidden segregated rocky plateaus of Tibet. Footprints of naked feet of men and women and cloven animal hoofs were the only visible signs of habitation on these roads. And yet, strange as it may sound, Kabyle Land is the most thickly populated region in North Africa, in spite of the fact that the land is so wild and dreary.

As there are no schools hereabout, the Kabyle people cannot read. They know nothing whatever about the outside world. Yet they are among the most industrious people living, spending their entire time and life catching sustenance from these wild, inhospitable Djurdjura hills in which they and their forebears have lived for tens of centuries. Kabyle husbandmen can make vegetation grow where others could produce nothing but red sand and pebbles.

Independence is one of their outstanding traits, and they have no idea whatsoever of collective property. Every man here owns his particular piece of property; that is, there is no sharing. One may own the land, while another may own the trees on it. Still, two persons may own one tree; that is, each may own a certain portion of its branches. But what is his must be his entirely. His is therefore a character that is unique in the Mussulman world. Each village is a little republic unto itself. Each one is absolutely autonomous. This same mental attitude has made it extremely difficult for any foreign influence to enter. Hence with great persistence the Kabyles have kept to their own habits and traditions.

There exists a Council Chamber, or *Djemma* as it is called, in each village, where Kabyles come to forgather and talk things over. The *Djemma* that I visited was as bare as a barn, with a doorway but no door, and slabs of slate, rising in tiers, serving as council seats. It reminded me much of a Russian bath.

Old men—thin and emaciated—with skins wrinkled and loose, watery eyes, and teeth reduced to discolored fangs, garbed in torn and grimy cloaks, and with soiled but once crimson skullcaps on the backs of their heads, were squatted cross-legged on the slabs. This select lot of humanity were the elders of the village. These elders, in turn, constituted the forum, but over them ruled the *Anim*, their chief, a mayor of sorts, approved by the French authorities. While he was the Pooh-Bah, a chief bottle washer, or a Triton among the minnows, his authority was only mandatory, as a meeting of the “wise” old men in the Djemma had the power and prerogative to upset his decrees. There are many problems that come to the Djemma’s attention, however, as the Kabyles are very quarrelsome by nature, and often internecine, miniature wars between them are waged.

When touching upon the antiquity of their race, Kabyles will tell that long, long ago, when the Kabyle Berbers lived in a distant land and a foreign king passed through, a Kabyle maiden exposed much more of her nude body than was held proper. While this made the king laugh, the tribesmen, on the other hand, felt so ashamed that that very night the whole tribe packed up their belongings and departed, and continued to wander until they finally settled in these remote mountain reaches.

Now they are, withal, a very lonely people. Yet in the days long ago, they must have become influenced in some manner or form by Roman, Jewish as well as Christian customs, for besides celebrating Mohammedan holy days and festivals, they also observe what they refer to as the *Bou-Ini* (New Year), *Junar* (January), and feasts of spring and autumn.

I remember having seen among their fruit trees skulls that must have been relics of heathen sacrifices to appease the forces of nature. And over many a door a skull could be seen hanging, ostensibly for good luck. Many of their houses also displayed red and black signs and strange drawings. Straight lines they were, or rakes with five or seven teeth, crescent moons, waving lines like running brooks, and six-pointed stars. According to the “mayor,” the Kabyle spokesman who spoke a broken French, these signs dated back to

Phoenician days. The waving lines, like running brooks, were said to represent the Egyptian symbol of life. The six-pointed star was Solomon's seal on the face of Baal, while the rake with five or seven teeth they believed to be the candlestick in Jerusalem's Temple.

By some quirk of fate these people lead as tranquil a life as is humanly possible, and they possess one ironic advantage. They have not yet benefited much or at all by white man's advantages, nor have they had the advent of a Western civilization that will blight instead of maintain, standardize instead of differentiate.

Their spoken literature contents them, and in order to have some idea about the nature of their stories and folklore, before I left this strange section of Algeria I accepted the invitation of the "mayor," the only one who spoke a smattering of French, to attend a meeting in the Djemma and listen to stories and legends retailed by the so-called professional raconteurs. While I could catch only certain phrases, whereas the rest was explained to me by the amiable chieftain, I did grasp the general drift, so to speak, and now shall recount some of the stories as best I can.

STORY OF THE LITTLE CHILD

Come, little child,
 Come, little child, eat your dinner.
 Come, stick, beat the child.
 "I won't beat him," said the stick.
 Come, fire, burn the stick.
 "I won't burn it," said the fire.
 Come, water, quench the fire.
 "I won't quench it," said the water.
 Come, ox, drink the water.
 "I won't drink it," said the ox.
 Come, knife, kill the ox.
 "I won't kill him," said the knife.
 Come, blacksmith, break the knife.
 "I won't break it," said the blacksmith.
 Come, strap, tie up the blacksmith.
 "I won't tie him up," said the strap.

- Come, rat, gnaw the strap.
- “I won’t gnaw it,” said the rat.
- Come, cat, devour the rat.
- “Bring the rat here,” said the cat.
- “Why devour me?” said the rat. “Bring the strap and I’ll gnaw it.”
- “Why gnaw me?” said the strap. “Bring the blacksmith and I’ll tie him up.”
- “Why tie me up?” said the blacksmith. “Bring the knife and I’ll break it.”
- “Why break me?” said the knife. “Bring the ox and I’ll kill him.”
- “Why kill me?” said the ox. “Bring the water and I’ll drink it.”
- “Why drink it?” said the water. “Bring the fire and I’ll quench it.”
- “Why quench me?” said the fire. “Bring the stick and I’ll burn it.”
- “Why burn me?” said the stick. “Bring the child and I’ll beat him.”
- “Why beat me?” said the child. “Bring my dinner and I’ll eat it.”

STORY OF THE MULE, THE JACKAL, AND THE LION

One day when the mule, the jackal, and the lion were having a small conference, they agreed to eat the one whose race was considered the worst. So they asked the lion: “Who is your father?”

“My father is a lion, and my mother is a lioness,” the lion replied.

“And you, jackal, who is your father?”

“My father is a jackal, and my mother is a jackal too,” the jackal replied.

“And now you, mule, who is your father?”

“My father is an ass, and my mother is a mare,” the mule replied.

“Hey,” they said, “your race is bad. We have to eat you.”

“Before you do anything,” the mule said, “let me consult an old man I know. If he says that my race is bad, you are free to devour me.”

The mule then went to see a farrier and asked him to shoe his hind hoofs and to make the nails stick out well. He then went home and called the camel. Showing his hoofs, he asked the camel to have a look and see what was written on them. The camel looked and looked, and said that the writing was difficult to make out.

The mule then called the lion and asked him, “Can you make these words out?”

“Show them to me,” the lion replied. And as the lion approached, the mule struck him between the eyes and laid him out stiff.

This proves, the Kabyle storyteller added, that he who befriends a knave is betrayed by him.

THE STORY OF THE WOMAN AND THE FAIRY

A woman named Omm Halima, wife of Ben Sergnghown, one day went to the stream to wash her clothes. As she began her work a woman appeared who said to her: "Let us be friends, you and I, and let us make a promise. Whenever you come to this stream, bring me some henna and perfumes, cast them into the stream, and I will appear and give you some money." And so the wife of Ben Sergnghown returned every day, did what the woman had asked her, and who, appearing always out of the nowhere, gave her some pieces of money. Now Omm Halima was known to be very poor when she became friends with the fairy, but she grew rich all of a sudden. No wonder the people of her village were curious to find out how she had acquired a fortune so quickly. It so happened that there lived in her village a very rich man called Mulai Ismail, the possessor of much property. So they said to Omm Halima: "You are the mistress of Mulai Ismail, and it is he who gives you all that money." She denied all this and replied that she had never been anyone's mistress. A few days later, when she went to the river to bathe, the mischievous people secretly followed her and saw her cast some henna and perfume into the river. They also saw the fairy, who gave her some money. Since then the fairy never came out of the river again.

The Garden of North Africa

The whole region just west of Algiers is very appropriately called the "Garden of North Africa," as the country, retaining its unfettered, natural aspect, abounds in all kinds of tropical fruits and flowers. Wheat, vines, oranges, together with the whole range of *primeurs* that grace the tables d'hôte of France's eating places, are

grown around here. One of these garden cities, Boufarik, hugging the great Mitidja Plain, is geometrically and artistically laid out.

Journeying over excellent motor roads built by the French across the spine of the land, and bearing westward, we come to Blida, also a veritable Garden of Eden and a military encampment, thence to Tipasa, Oran, Cherchell, and Tlemcen, which not only impressed me with the natural riches of Algeria but also conveyed a pretty good picture of the ancient and modern type of civilization of North Africa.

Blida sits calmly amid a fertile plain at the foot of imposing hills which, grouped together, constitute the mountain ranges of the Beni-Salah. Aside from the sheer forceful attractiveness of its natural garden-like beauty, this region is a riot of orange and olive groves, while the country hereabout abounds in figs, grapes, pomegranates, and apples of Eve, in addition to a wealth of exotic flowers. Blida's main attraction from a tourist point of view, of course, is the Bois Sacré (Sacred Forest), as picturesque and romantic a woodland as the sentiment of a poet or artist could ever conjure up.

Ever since the sixteenth century Blida was continually open to foreign influences, including that of a number of Andalusian families who settled here. In the olden days Blida was known as Ouarda (the Little Rose), but afterward, when Turks and corsairs held their orgies here, it came to be called Khaaba (the Prostitute). Since those mournful days, however, Blida has retrieved its good name and has become one of the liveliest, quaintest, and altogether most attractive places of Algeria.

Within Blida's Bois Sacré is the venerated marabout of Sidi-Yacoub-ech-Cherif, one of the most celebrated kouba shrines of Islam. No mere reproduction of it can do its cool, leafy surroundings justice. It is the very ideal of a holy man's retreat and one of the most appealing of shrines ever created.

One of the peculiarities of the Mauresques (Moorish women) of Blida is that they veil themselves in a strange manner. Instead of covering their faces as other Moorish women do, they cover all but one eye, which made one Frenchman remark to me: "A woman

who veils after that manner looks mighty suspicious. After all, the veiling of these women provides them with the best artifice for seduction. Nothing makes a thing so intriguing as its mysteriousness. So the more of her body she hides, monsieur," he said, "the greater becomes man's desire. Most women here realize the power they wield with their haik or veil, and therefore use it very craftily."

Bearing down the coast, past a brilliant strip of coast line that has all the beauty and attraction of the Algerian littoral, a fine road extends all the way to Cherchell, having by-passed Tipasa, once the pivot of Rome's imperial power; here also burned the fires of Baal Moloch. Known by her Phoenician name of Tanit, Ashtaroth was also worshiped here. Near here, a mere twenty miles distant, stood Caesarea, the Athens of the West. These were all outposts of a mighty empire, and proud cities once, with which so few cities of our modern times could compare in magnificence and luxury.

Cherchell possesses the best-preserved outlines of old Roman settlements; first as the all-Phoenician colony of Iol, and later, under Juba II, as Caesarea, the capital of Mauretania, until it came under the sway of the Roman Empire in the year 40 of the Christian Era. The Roman ruins at Cherchell, though fragmentary, are nonetheless tremendous. They reveal western and central baths, cisterns, the amphitheater where Ste. Marciane was martyred, a circus, and extensive ramparts around to the south of the town.

Having lain dormant for centuries, Caesarea played a momentous part in the history and development of the country.

As for Cherchell, in the early years of the past century the city and port gave asylum to a band of pirates who pillaged throughout the western waters of the Mediterranean.

Continuing farther down the coast, with the waters of the Mediterranean always to one's right, I came to Castiglione, cozily hidden behind a sand dune, whence it was but a mile or so to the Tombeau de la Chrétienne (Tomb of the Christian), as extraordinary a monument as the Pyramids of Gizeh. This tomb is an imposing and mysterious mound of superimposed layers of stone, which can be entered by way of a pillared portico. This sepulcher, which really

looks like a huge beehive, has been a veritable treasure fount to archaeologists. Tradition tells the following tale of this extraordinary monument, which also accounts for its saintly origin.

One day a Christian woman, fleeing from a rabble of unholy men and women, took refuge in this commemorative shrine, ostensibly erected by some holy person. Coming upon her in her retreat, her pursuers would have done her injury, even while she was at prayer, had not swarms of flies, mosquitoes, and wasps suddenly put them to flight. The frightened woman continued to live a hermit's life in this stronghold from then on, and at the end of her span of life came to die within these impenetrable walls. Hence it is that the cone-like mound became afterward known as the Tomb of the Christian, while Mussulmen call this bizarre place *Kaber Roumia* (*roumia* meaning "foreigner").

It was explored by archaeologists in 1866, who decided after extensive research that it was the tomb of the kings of Mauretania and was built by Jubal during the reign of the great Augustus.

While on the subject of tombs—not always a pleasant subject to dwell upon—I found similar, but little, mounds all over the cemetery of a small place called Bou-Saâda. These mounds were a foot high, and I have seen them in many other Moslem burial grounds. Some of the cemeteries were large, covering several acres, while the graves were very shallow and covered with stone slabs only, as a protection against animals. It used to be the custom to place the corpse on its left side, with plenty of amulets and charms, intended to prevent evil spirits from harming the departed souls. Moreover, provisions and other supplies were added to nourish the soul during its journey into the next world. These burial grounds and methods, supposed to be relics of an early Egyptian civilization, existed, according to Sir Arthur Keith, twelve thousand to fifteen thousand years ago. And, as Sir Arthur pointed out, three skeletons of a prehistoric era have been found at Solitude in the Saône Valley in France, with a similar type of gravestone placed at the head and foot of each skeleton. The fact that there once existed a land bridge extending from Tunisia and Tripoli to Sicily and Italy, which enabled prehistoric man to peregrinate from North Africa to the Con-

continent, as far north as Somerset and Derbyshire in England, may provide the answer to the question of why these burial methods were so identical.

Every Friday—peculiarly called the *Jour des Morts*, or Day of the Dead, these cemeteries are lighted up by some small oil lamps, giving a most weird effect at dusk, when Arab women are wont to frequent these places, either to weep or to make merry, depending upon the mood they happen to be in. Still, for the Arab woman recluse, it is more apt to be a day of rejoicing than of sorrow. I watched these women come by twos and threes, but seldom alone, to make their devotions and indulge in idle gossip. And when darkness completely set in, they could be seen leaving the place just as silently as they had come, for their homes in the narrow, shut-in streets huddled about the grim walls of the Kasbah. Having none of that elastic step of the Kabyle women or Bedouins of the great tents, they toddled, hobbled, and almost crept, as if they hesitated and feared entering their solemn abodes again.

South of Cherrchell and closer to the Small Atlas Mountains lies Meliana, a fortified place still similar to its appearance in the days of the Romans. The soil hereabout is of the greatest natural fertility and packed with a luxuriant vegetation—loads of exotic blooms and fruit in glorious unsystematic mixture—typical of this area where the strange becomes the commonplace. Often referred to by the French as their "Little African Switzerland," the valleys and plains here enjoy a remarkable freshness of atmosphere and a delightful climate that one does not often associate with a semi-tropical sun.

It is interesting to note that though California's climate may be superior to that of Algeria, the topographical and agricultural characteristics are identical. The thing to remember about Algeria is that it is a country of extremes. In the mornings, for instance, one may have a downpour of rain, while at noontime one is able to take one's luncheon, dressed in whites, alfresco. Crossing the mountain regions of the Small and Great Atlas during the winter months, one is practically certain to get into plenty of rain. While the higher mountain regions are bitter cold, as soon as one "comes down to earth" and reaches the Sahara, the temperature is very pleasant

once more. It rarely rains here. However, if it does, it pours merely for a few hours and then suddenly clears again.

The average traveler usually flees the shores of North Africa before the first weeks of summer, when the big hotels in Algiers and other large places close their shutters. In fact, the hot weather in Algiers, as I discovered, is rather unpleasant, not so much from the point of temperature, which never rises too high, but rather because of its dampness. Conditions then reminded me much of the transition period between the dry and wet seasons in the East Indies, when it often became unbearable.

The temperature of the Sahara is very high, but it is a temperature that is not at all unpleasant, and though I would not recommend that a traveler spend the months of July and August in an oasis, it becomes no hardship either.

The houses of the Sahara are so built that they protect one from the sun, as they have very thick mud walls plastered over, which do not attract the heat. Outside verandas and inner courts are always open to the sky, and heavy shutters make it possible to keep the houses comparatively cool during the hotter hours of the day. All business is contracted between the hours of six and ten in the morning; everything closes at eleven and remains so until three, when the hottest part of the day is over. By five o'clock the streets begin to present an animated aspect again and the cafés commence to fill up.

When the sirocco starts its dirty work, it becomes a different story. Usually rising at dawn, its blows come in a series of three, six, and nine days. There is no mistaking it. Peacefully asleep, one may suddenly awake to the rattle of shutters and a sensation of one's hair (that is, if one has any) being singed off one's head. While of course every window is closed to keep a little freshness in, the heat is further intensified by great clouds of swirling sand as they come sweeping across the desert. Driving for miles, these clouds manage to shroud the sun in some kind of yellow cloak, and no matter how well one's dwelling is protected, they succeed in penetrating one's innermost chambers.

The Algerian winter—that is, whatever there is of it—is really like

the winter in California, though not so mild on the whole. Properly speaking, winter does not come to Algeria in the true sense of the word, except to the higher plateaus of Oran, Constantine, and the mountain peaks of the Atlas and Kabyle.

Western Gateway to French Africa

The western gateway to French Africa is through Oran, the second largest city of Algeria. To me, at least, its main attraction undoubtedly is its exquisite location, coupled with the fact that it has had a momentous past, going back a couple of thousand years. Though Moslems founded a town on this very spot one thousand years ago, Oran already was a thriving port during the hectic days of the Romans. In fact, at about the time when the master mariner, Columbus, set sail to the West Indies, a Spanish author recorded that Oran could boast of more than six thousand houses, a hundred and forty mosques, schools, and colleges, matching those of Cordova, Granada, and Seville.

Not very long after this Oran came under Spanish rule. It reverted to the Moors again, who were thrown out in 1831, when the city "embraced" the tricolor and came under French protection.

Oran's evolution from Spanish rule, when it was called Costechia, to French hegemony, is interesting. It was once a Spanish penal colony, where thousands upon thousands of unfortunates sweltered under the African sun to lay the foundations of the present fortifications. Like the rest of the North African coast cities, Oran is a city of many nationals and tongues. The Orient here rubs shoulders with the West, and the mingling is more astonishing than picturesque at times. A red fez, an alpaca coat, and white duck trousers provide a bizarre effect; so do a bowler hat and a burnoose.

A relic of bygone days is the Porte d'Espagne, the city's main

gate, which still bears the old ornamental escutcheons of its Madralenian governors. A mile or so distant from the center of the town are the celebrated Bains de la Reine (Queen's Baths), quaint left-over from those days when Juana la Loca, mother of Charles V and daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, took the baths there in state, "assisted" by a brilliant cortege of knights and their ladies.

Oran's two religious edifices are celebrated throughout the land. The Cathedral of St. Louis, a stronghold of the Christian Church, is an imposing if not a very elegant structure, while the Grand Mosque, boasting the most remarkable and quaintest octagonal minaret in all Algeria, was built by a former pasha of Algiers, paid for with money derived from the sale of Christian slaves.

I left my hotel very early in the morning to explore Oran's native market, as it had been publicized as one of the sights not to be overlooked. As in biblical times, the market place is the meeting place of the town, and this market, as markets elsewhere where native peoples fgather, played an important and indispensable part in Oran's native life.

Early as it was, I soon found myself basking in the sun, caressed by whiffs of a mild sirocco faintly suggestive of the snow-capped peaks of the Atlas ranges.

Large crowds already filled the market square. Files of camels, roaring furiously, strode along, their stupid heads towering high over the ostensibly gay and chattering crowd, their long necks undulating with snake-like movements. Flocks of black goats with red spots and sharply curved noses were chewing their cud. Dense throngs of Arabs in white burnouses, Jews in blue robes and black skullcaps, peasants of the plains wrapped like Romans in the folds of their rough woolen haiks—all these strode to and fro.

Through the warp and woof of this strangely patterned mosaic countless other nationalities of every color and creed were deftly interwoven. Sprinkled through this, too, were comely, bright-eyed, and opulently dressed Jewesses, adding to that heterogeneous lot of peoples scooped up, as it were, from many parts of the Levant and chucked down here to loll around, vacillate, and squat, or even sleep, in nooks and corners of this market square.

I even spotted some almond-eyed enigmatic stolid sons of Ham, who imparted a tranquil, harmonious overtone to the rest of the pattern. And true to the maxim that "the proper study of mankind is man," there seemed to be no place where mankind could have been better studied than in this market place. For the town was literally packed with exotic and oriental people who, despite the inroads of our Western "Machine Age" and its superficial civilization, have retained against all odds their mysterious, natural, unhindered state.

Lest I forget, with a tremendous vitality and speed and, strangely enough, unmindful of the oncoming tropic heat, raced some nervously scurrying American tourists whose smart-looking, well-dressed, yet blasé and matter-of-fact women imparted a freshness reminiscent of an exhilarating breath of wind from the north.

Here was an old Negroid woman in rags, with her hair plaited with leather thongs and shells, beating cymbals. There, powerful and good-looking Negresses, tall, supple, and erect, were carrying on their heads round flat loaves as they held a corner slip of their haiks between their teeth.

By this time the sun was getting higher and the air was becoming sultry and heavy. There was, however, one compensation—the sweet music of swiftly dripping water as a water boy rushed forward with a long spouted urn, pouring scented water over our hands, which made them cool and fragrant again, but less fragrant than the odors of garlic, onions, and that pungent smell of overhot humanity which made a blend totally unlike that of an attar of roses.

I stopped near a small alcove where a rather benevolent-faced and aged Moslem was making coffee over a charcoal-filled brazier. I have never forgotten the attire of this extraordinary creature, though I have seen his counterpart at times in comic opera. He wore a maroon-colored jacket, yellow waistcoat, red stockings, curly-toed purple slippers, and a broad green belt. His multicolored kaftan, however, was what intrigued me most of all. I do not believe that one color in this fanciful raiment had been overlooked. He made coffee for those who wanted it, and he did it with the deftness for

which those of the Near East are so well known. While he waited for his coffee to brew, patrons—fezzed and turbaned occupants—had their long and short noses together in idle gossip and fierce flurries of laughter while puffing and gurgling their nargilehs. . . .

Upon leaving this kaffeeklatsch emporium, I became suddenly attracted by a tawny and black-bearded native in dark blue gandourah, with cunning in his eyes, who carried a handkerchief tied in a bundle, which appeared later to be weighted with sand. He was the town's specialist in sand divination. I do not know now what precise feature of my physiognomy attracted him, but as I edged closer he told me that he was most anxious to tell my character, my future, and my past—and all that for a paltry ten francs. He tried to convince me that his fee was very low and that no one in the whole of Algeria would be able to tell my fortune so cheaply and so well. So I told him to go ahead.

He reclined in the feathery shadow of a palm and seated himself on the ground before me. From a snirt-like affair he produced two candles, lit them, and placed them on either side of himself. He then untied the handkerchief, which was none too clean, and a mound of powdery, pepper-colored sand fell loose. He ran the palm of his hand over the sand and smoothed it. Then he raised his cunning eyes, while his face assumed at once a grave and weighty expression. "Well, now, monsieur," he said in broken French, "will Monsieur press a hand upon the sand?" I did. And then carefully he examined the indentations and with his own hand brushed the sand level, and then with two fingers he ran lines over the sand. He made little delving pressures, obliterated some of these pressures, then muttered something unintelligible, made strokes in the sand and a sort of dot-and-dash system of telegraph signs. He repeated this three times. Then he consulted a little booklet, which he had hidden somewhere in his gandourah, shook his head, mumbled the customary unintelligible hocus-pocus formula, and then he began.

Looking at me with a bright smile, he said that Monsieur had come a long way. Monsieur was also troubled about something, but Monsieur should have no fear. All would come out all right. Very soon Monsieur would have what he was after. What it was he did

not tell me. He said further: "Monsieur is a very determined man, very headstrong, very successful. Monsieur will succeed." Whatever I was going to succeed in he did not enlarge upon. Then, looking very attentively at the sky and turning his crafty eyes upon me, he said, "Something important is going to happen in Monsieur's life—not immediately, but soon. Ah yes, me sees all right. Me not like other sand diviners, me no charlatan, me no fake." And then he added that for ten francs more he would give me some more intriguing news. "Me honest and true. Ten francs more, monsieur." I then paid him his original ten francs and, wishing him the same success that he had wished me, I made a quick getaway just as a French gendarme was making toward us. Sand divination apparently is not permitted in these parts. In other places it is.

In another corner of the market some fakirs could be seen moving their audiences to bursts of enthusiasm. They were thrusting needles through their tongues and piercing their bellies with pointed daggers. Arabs with turban and cane, and with fire and contempt in their sullen eyes, sat in front of the coffeehouses playing their games. Hither came produce sellers, apparently from long distances, trudging all the way on foot, laden or not, according to their means.

Here in Oran, as elsewhere, the poor little donkeys kept arousing my wrath and pity. One donkey I saw staggered under a load of heavy lumber. Another carried three sacks of flour or corn on either side, and the third one not only had a bag on his back but also a fat Arab astride it with his yellow-slipped feet dangling to the ground. Another had the appearance of a walking haystack supported on four slender legs, for the donkey's body was completely hidden under a load of green fodder. Many of them had sores on their body; I believe they were purposely made so that the cruel driver could be sure of a tender spot to prod them when he wanted them to hurry. The natives' cruelty to their donkeys is incomprehensible, however, for the ass is said to be one of the few beasts admitted to their paradise. But surely, if there is justice anywhere, one visitor remarked to me, the natives treating them like that will be reincarnated as donkeys.

While the horse is a "holy one," the Arabs call the ass a "wicked one." Moreover, they feel that it is unlucky to keep a donkey, because it is constantly braying and that some misfortune shall befall its master. What is worse, they feel that when an ass or donkey is braying, it is cursing them, with Satan riding on its tail or blowing in its ear. And if this is not enough, they also say that if a mule is making a hole in the ground with one of its forefeet, it is actually digging a grave for its master. Notwithstanding all this, there were more donkeys, mules, and asses to be seen in this market than anywhere else, furnishing some proof that the natives took many of these forebodings lightly.

Having perambulated in this market for a while, never growing really tired of the sounds and sights, I tarried for a moment hard by a rabbi who was leisurely cutting the throats of fowls brought to him after a careful inspection enjoined by the Mosaic law. I could not help wondering at the antics of this venerable servant, who had the coolest way imaginable of doing what he did, as if he might be peeling an orange. He twisted the fowl's head under its wings, folded it across its breast as a handle, and with his free hand removed his razor-like knife from his mouth, with which he neatly severed the fowl's neck. He then handed it to the waiting person, after which he mechanically wiped his blade and was ready to dispatch other victims.

Beyond were the slipper and clothes menders. Here, too, a native medicine man was dispensing nostrums of doubtful efficacy, while in front a quantity of pottery was offered for sale, consisting chiefly of braziers for charcoal and *kesk'soo* (kouskous) steamers for stewing meat and vegetables as well.

I was nearly knocked over by a native water carrier who crossed my path in his hurry, although he had tinkled his little bell. I turned to watch as he gave a lad a drink. Slung across his back was the "bottle of the East," a goatskin with the legs sewn up. A long metal spout was tied into the neck, and on this he held his left thumb, which he used as a tap by removing it to aim a long stream of water into the tin mug in his right hand. A few steps farther I ran across a seller of salt. I was told this salt came all the way from a

beach near Tangier. The salt was in very large crystals, heaped in panniers, from which the dealer meted it out in wooden measures.

One of the most pleasant sights in this market, however, was the fruit market, and its principal article of commerce was the *grenadine*, a historic and most serviceable fruit, favored by the Arab and Berber of simple taste. It was not without reason that they chose this delicious fruit above all others, since the grenadine was food and drink all in one. The Arab *toubibs*, or native doctors, believe it to be an efficacious remedy for all ills. They believe that its seed descended from the heavens, as a gift from above to struggling humanity. It is considered very beneficent, especially as a remedy for tropical fevers.

What finally arrested my attention as I pushed through the milling crowd was the storyteller. I had a hard time elbowing my way through the wildly gesticulating natives, who apparently did not mind in the least the hot sun overhead, whose rays played a dazzling saraband on roofs, façades, and man and beast.

The storyteller, according to a Moroccan proverb, is "like a gentleman without reading, like a dog without scent," and the storytellers encountered by me here and also in Morocco were the princes of performers. Even to a stranger like myself, unacquainted with the vernacular, or to any student of human nature, the sight of this Arab bard and his attentive audience in this bustling market at the ebb of day was always full of interest. Like other public entertainers in these parts, the storyteller of note always goes about with regular assistants, who not only serve as barkers but also provide the chorus to his chants. In this particular case the troupe consisted of a native fiddle player; another beat time on a tambourine, and a third one made an awful racket on some sort of earthenware drum. Each pause in the storyteller's repertoire, however slight, became marked by two or three sharp beats on the tightly stretched skin or by twangs with a palmetto leaf—loud or soft—to synchronize with the subject or discourse at that point. The dress of these entertainers was merely a tattered *djelab*, or woolen hooded cloak, with a camel's-hair cord round the tanned and shaven skull.

Opening up with plenty of tambourine and a few suggestive

hints of the great things that were to follow, the storyteller soon had gathered around him a motley audience. Firstcomers squatted around in a circle; later arrivals stood behind. And when the time came to cash in—these storytellers are born psychologists—a pious reference was made to the Lord Mohammed, that the prayer of God be on him and peace, and with an invocation to a local patron saint or other, equally revered and defunct, a fervent appeal was made to the revered pockets of the faithful.

Aroused as if from a trance, the eager listeners, like me, instinctively began to feel in their pockets for a coin, and as every imaginable blessing from the legion of saints who could fill the Moham-medan calendar was invoked on the cheerful giver, one by one some of their hard-earned shekels were thrown onto the mat. And one after another, the apparently satisfied natives dispersed and vanished into outlying sections to untether their beasts and set out for home. . . .

A French official, whose acquaintance I had made before and who also had been an attentive listener, later told me some of the stories we had just listened to. The first was the extremely popular fable of the "Fakir and the Sultan," which follows.

FABLE OF THE ORAN STORYTELLER

One day a sultan was terribly, terribly bored. His courtiers tried everything they could to amuse him, but they failed. He was simply bored to tears. The only time they could draw a smile from his disgusted countenance was when the Lord Executioner, who at the time was busy torturing a prisoner, grabbed hold of the wrong end of a pair of white-hot pincers and burned his fingers. In fine, the Sultan was dying with ennui, and to create a diversion would have easily committed a murder. Then one of the exasperated purveyors of pleasure prostrated himself at the feet of the Sultan.

"Well, well, what is it?" the Sultan growled as he prodded him with his big toe and moodily picked his teeth with the sharp point of a twig.

"Oh, Sultan, live forever," the prostrate one began.

"Yes, yes, get on with it, what is it?" snarled the Sultan.

The prostrate one continued: "There is a fakir at the gates who claims that he is favored by Allah and is able to perform miracles."

The Sultan raised himself from his pillows.

"Hah," he shouted excitedly, "he surely comes at an excellent moment. If he succeeds in amusing me, he shall be sent away a rich man, but if it turns out that he is a fraud, his head shall adorn the spikes on our dungeon gates. Now show him in."

When the fakir was brought into the Sultan's exalted presence, the Sultan was munching some luscious Algerian grapes.

"Move closer, my man," the Sultan cooed. "Sit down at my feet. So you claim that Allah has favored you and that you can perform miracles."

The fakir swore high and low that he could.

"Have a grape," the Sultan said, affably lowering the bunch of grapes to the fakir, who plucked a grape from the luscious bunch.

"Now put it back on the stalk, and be mighty quick about it," the Sultan thundered. "What? You, the favored one of Allah, cannot perform this little miracle? Fakir, indeed! You are nothing but a shameless fraud." Tossing himself petulantly back among his pillows, he called his flunkies. "Take him away, take this wretched fake of a miracle-monger hence."

And thus the poor fakir was hurried off, and very soon his head was dangling from a spike on the dungeon gate.

FABLE OF THE SIDI GIBAH (MILORD THE LION)

A caravan was trudging along in the desert without sight of distant mountains. One of the camels carried a *basurah* (a covered seat or pavilion), and in it was a girl of perhaps fourteen, daughter of a Bedouin sheik, who had sold her to another sheik for three camels and a brood mare. Through a hole in the *basurah* she had caught a glimpse of her future husband. He was old, his beard was gray, his eyes hard. The girl crouched in the tent seat, and her sobs shook her graceful young body even more than the camel's peculiar motion, and that is saying a great deal.

Toward sunset she arranged her cushions to simulate her own body, covered them with her haik, slid over the side of the camel, and dropped noiselessly onto the sand. Crawling behind a convenient sand dune, she lay there for a while and watched the caravan pass on until it vanished from sight. . . .

The sun slipped over the ridge of the world. The moon rose—and all

• *night long she walked in the direction of the mountains, along the hot sand. It was a very, very long trudge, but she reached a mountain at last and, entering a ravine, she sank exhausted beside a tamarisk bush. When she opened her eyes she found herself looking into the wise, yellowish-brown eyes of a lion. She knew he was a lion, but somehow this fact did not frighten her as much as the sheik's hard eyes had done.*

The lion said something like this: "Er-umph-woof-woof."

She knew what it meant: "Get on my back." She knew this because he kept tossing his head sideways. So she got onto the lion's back, and as she held onto his tawny mane, he padded away with her along a narrow track circling the mountain. His den was a very large cave with a great flat rock in front of the entrance. From this rock the lion could see for miles around; from it he had seen the girl and had come down to investigate.

The cave also had a spring in it, which bubbled out of the rock into a basin-like indentation in the floor, the overflow escaping along a channel at the side of the cave. It would in fact have been a beautiful cave if the lion had not had rather untidy habits. For instance, he never bothered to clean up after meals, so it was that the half-eaten carcass of an antelope gleamed in the dim light, like the ribs of a wrecked ship. Several rather sinister-looking odds and ends and bits and pieces lay scattered about.

But all the girl saw was the water trickling and bubbling into the basin, and with a cry of delight she flung herself from her steed and, lying full length on the floor of the cave, put her lips to the water and drank, drank, drank.

The lion watched her, evidently well pleased. When at last she sat up, cross-legged, he offered her an antelope steak. She went out and gathered sticks and, carrying them into the cave, lit a fire with her tinderbox and roasted the steak. The lion did not like the fire, as the smoke got into his eyes and up his nose and made him sneeze terribly. But he was a polite lion, too well brought up to say anything, and merely went away to the end of the cave, where he lay munching a bone.

The girl gathered brushwood and leaves and made herself a bed and, still being very tired, lay down and soon was asleep.

Toward evening the lion went out hunting, and while he was away the girl awoke and tidied up the place a bit.

When he came back she was fast asleep again. He stood over her,

sniffing and twitching his whiskers, and eventually lay down beside her. The girl, dreaming no doubt of a lover, turned in her sleep and rolled against the lion, and found that its body was warm and that it made an excellent cushion. And so there they lay, the lion with his head on his paws, the moonlight glinting in his wise, yellow-brown eyes, and the girl fast asleep, her head pillowed against his tawny flank.

Weeks passed, months passed by, and then one day while the lion was out hunting, the girl was startled by the sound of footsteps, and there, standing in the cave's entrance, was a man, a tall, lean man, a handsome Arab, and he carried a gun. He stood there, gazing curiously at the girl, a hint of surprise in his eyes, sniffing the air as he cried: "You keep strange company here, my girl."

"Oh, go away, go away quickly, the lion will come and kill you," she cried.

"And what about you?" questioned the man, entering the cave.

"Oh, he is kind to me," she answered, and quickly told him her story.

"Humph," grunted the man. "If you return to your father, he will beat you and send you after all to the graybeard. If you stay here, the lion will eat you. Oh yes, he will, some day when he has made no kill. Women try a man's temper sometimes, then how much more a lion's? You come along with me." And he seized the girl's shoulders in a grip that showed that he meant business.

Halfway down the track, from behind the carob bush, the lion sprang, but the man was ready for him, and a bullet laid him in the track, paralyzed in the hind quarters. Before the man could fire again, the girl, sobbing wildly, had thrown herself against his right arm. Hampered by her weight, infuriated by her grief, which he could not understand, he hurled her from him and fired again.

The dying lion turned his great golden eyes on the girl, in which she read this message: "Oh, woman . . . faithless one . . . now shall thy race and mine be at enmity, henceforth and forever."

Sidi-bel-Abbès—Headquarters of the French Foreign Legion

On my way to the mountain city of Tlemcen, the Algerian artist's paradise, I stopped at Sidi-bel-Abbès, long a citadel of colonial conservatism, headquarters of the French Foreign Legion, and a town whose history reaches back to the days of the Roman occupation. As it was heavily fortified, its formidable walls used to give much-needed protection against possible onslaughts of wild Berbers of the hills, the sharpshooting warriors who, so it is said, have never been subjugated, though defeated many times.

The Foreign Legion had its origin in 1831, when the roughest, toughest, and most cosmopolitan band of cutthroats that ever trod the pavements swarmed over France. They entered the Legion and since then they have earned for this hardened group the distinction of being the stoutest and hardest-trained outfit in the world. Sidi-bel-Abbès became the headquarters of a unit, with other units stationed in strategic spots throughout France's colonial domain. I had often heard stories of the Foreign Legion, the bravest of the armies of the world, and always viewed it from afar with somewhat doubtful eyes. It appeared even more fantastic when I talked to these men—these men whom the world and fiction writers have made out as demigods or devils, who were always passing through all sorts of miraculous escapades such as would never befall those outside.

So, deciding to do a little research on my own, I found out that, throughout their history, the French have employed foreign mercenaries in their army and by a stroke of genius have succeeded in inspiring them with a sense of the glory and greatness of France. Furthermore, these foreign levies possessed the added virtue from

the military point of view of having no family ties, their entire lives, or most of them, being bound up with the art of war. Thus, when a French king asked an officer of his regiment of foreign cavalry whether he ever felt homesick, the man replied: "*Sire, quand je contemple l'étendard de mon régiment, je vois le clocher de mon village* [Sire, when I behold the flag of my regiment, I see the church tower of my village]."

Little wonder, then, that, when confronted by such a sentiment of the warrior born and bred, a sentiment echoed in the hearts of all such men, the French decided that mercenaries should form an integral part of their army. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, ushering in the great expansion of the French colonial empire, when it was realized that men with no home ties, filled only with the adventurous spirit, were needed to conquer and hold these new lands, Louis Philippe, then King of France, issued a decree on the ninth of March, 1831, that ushered in the formation of the famous Foreign Legion, the most renowned fighting force in all the world.

This force, about which so many romances have been woven and which has so fired the imagination that in every corner of the globe it has found its way into legend, has ever since its inception covered itself with glory. To cite one instance, when Napoleon III put the puppet Maximilian on the throne of Mexico, he sent the Legion to help the ill-fated monarch to control his rebellious subjects. It was during the Mexican campaigns that one of the most glorious pages in the history of the Foreign Legion was written.

In the early morning of April 30, 1863, a small band of legionnaires, commanded by Captain Anjou, a wooden-armed hero of a hundred battles, was on the march when they were attacked by an overwhelming force of Mexicans, judged to be about two thousand in number. Two attacks were beaten off, enabling the legionnaires to fight their way to a small farmhouse in the neighborhood of the village of Camerone. Surrounding the farmhouse, the Mexicans called upon the Legion to surrender. Captain Anjou swore that he would resist to the death, and the battle was joined. Almost at the outset the captain was shot down, and his place was taken by Lieut-

tenant Vilain. All through the morning the attacks continued, and wave after wave of Mexicans was beaten off. About midday some music was heard in the distance, from which the legionnaires drew renewed courage, thinking that it must be a relieving force attracted by the sound of fighting. When they realized that the music only heralded the arrival of additional Mexican regiments, they did not lose heart but fought on with greater determination, driving back the repeated onslaughts. Lieutenant Vilain was killed, but their resistance, though weakened, continued.

Late in the afternoon only Sergeant Mandet and five men were left. Yet they still held the swarms of Mexicans at bay. An hour later Mandet fell, and as the sun was setting the Mexicans once more called upon the defenders to surrender. This the spokesman of the legionnaires promised to do, provided the Mexicans would agree that the fallen heroes would have a Christian burial. His request was granted, and the defenders came out into the open. Only one corporal and two men, all three badly wounded, were left. The commander of the Mexicans, keeping his word, said to the survivors: "You are not men—you are devils."

A fitting monument was raised on the battlefield, on which the following epitaph is inscribed:

*Ils furent ici, moins de soixante
opposé à toute une armée
Sa masse les écrasa
La vie plutôt que le courage abandonna ces soldats Français.*

Le 30 Avril, 1863

[There were here less than sixty opposing a whole army. Overpowering might rather than courage defeated the French soldiers.]

And thus it is that the thirtieth of April always marks a big Legion festival. It is then a genuine holiday in all the Legion's camps; no work is done and every effort is made to give the legionnaires a repast worthy of the best that the French cuisine can offer, nor is there any limit then to the supply of *le bon vin*. Staging a monster parade in Sidi-bel-Abbès, the troops march past the wooden arm of Captain Anjou, installed there to his memory.

An enormous amount of information has been propagated about the brutality and iron discipline of the Legion, which seems for the most part grossly exaggerated. As one authority on the subject said, the French Foreign Legion is not, and never has been, an asylum for the fugitive from justice or any undesirable character. Another expressed himself this way, however: "They are cynical, tight-mouthed men, these swashbucklers and soldiers of fortune, rough diamonds some of them, with hearts of gold, others, however, nothing but gluttonous, godless pigs, pasty-faced, shifty-eyed, snarling blackguards from all over the world." So take your pick.

I watched that strange segment of society, these men whose lives were filled with heartbreaks that their tight lips would not reveal—lives that could tell of body aches and ceaseless toils, of interminable marchings, with heavy packs, that for some often led to madness, suicide, or desertion. But whatever they were, whatever their past, here at Sidi-bel-Abbès and at other French camps they were all the same, engaged on the Pénétration Pacifique of North Africa for France.

The barrack-room discipline, as I found out, is extremely lenient, and off parade the troops seem to have a great amount of personal liberty. When moments of leisure can be snatched, or rests in civilized cities such as Marrakesh or Meknès come their way, the officers, aware of the often superhuman efforts that have been demanded of their men, are not inclined to complicate their existence by enforcing petty rules. Yet for the really hardened criminal cases, there is the *Compagnie de Discipline* at Colomb-Béchar, a camp far to the south, where life is very unpleasant and consists of the rigid enforcing of every petty regulation and with subsequent punishment for the slightest infraction. Add to this the fact that Colomb-Béchar is also one of the hottest corners of North Africa, one can understand that once these fellows have been there a few months they are only too anxious to make amends for misdeeds and turn over a new leaf after rejoining their outfit.

A man in the Legion signs up for five years; at the end of that period he may sign up for another five, and then a further five, making fifteen in all, at the end of which time, if his record has

been satisfactory, he has the right to a pension and may adopt French nationality.

Consideration of hard facts brings to mind one that the French cannot avoid taking seriously; that is *cafard*, the most dreaded disease of the Bled, better described as some sort of melancholy which destroys the morale of the troops. Obeying the old Napoleonic maxim that an army marches on its stomach, the officers of the Legion realize that a well-fed man is less likely to become a prey to *cafard*, whose full significance is still difficult to describe. It is said to derive from a mental disarray brought about by the great silence and spaces where the Foreign Legion so often finds itself stationed, but actually it is some kind of madness which makes a man who has been always well behaved either raving drunk or subject to fits of sudden despair. He then blindly and stupidly refuses to obey orders. *Cafard* sometimes also betrays itself in suicidal tendencies or in attempt after attempt at desertion.

Among the officers who now serve or have served the Legion there have been quite a number of foreigners who have passed through the military schools at St. Cyr or Saumur. Among them there also have been quite a few Russians of the old imperial armies, such as two Georgian princes, Shalikoff and Djincheradze. But perhaps the best known was Prince Aage of Denmark, who, incidentally, was the great-great-grandson of Louis Philippe, the founder of the corps.

Sidi-bel-Abbès at first seemed a clean and pleasant town, with long and well-laid-out avenues shaded by plane and silver beech trees whose trunks were covered with posters of some well-known French wine or liquor. Yet, aside from the imposing military appearance of the place, it has nothing else to offer for any visiting tourist, except perhaps the "Ville Nègre," where the cafés and cabarets are located.

It was the blaze of the day when I watched the Legion march in threes, led by a short, fat, pompous officer whose ginger mustache bristled with ferocity. The mustache was the only fierce thing about him, as I was assured later by a legionnaire. He had a heart of gold.

Tough men they appeared as they passed the big, square-built, sun-beaten barracks, swinging along the dusty road. The men had small red-peaked caps, ill-fitting blue jackets, much-too-big red trousers, short leggings encasing their ankles, and thick blue wool cummerbunds about them. On each man's back was his full kit, with rifles carried on their shoulders. Young men and middle-aged men they were, smothered in dust, with the perspiration trickling down their cheeks.

Later I crossed the bridge over the Niékerra River, which overlooks the playground of the legionnaires, a picturesque Arabian village with a cemetery where Jew and Catholic are buried peacefully together at the other end. This is the quarter segregated by the French, who must have a proper time and place for each emotion, for the pleasure, at certain hours, of the troops.

A filthy-looking guide who had high hopes of gain offered to show me the streets that were the favorites with the legionnaires when their pockets were filled with coin and their hopes were high of finding on the Rue Mansard, Rue Verte, and Rue d'Ambulance (so called from the many squabbles and bloodshed that caused the ambulance to be called at all hours of the night) their favorite, or the *mam'zelle* of their dreams.

As already mentioned, in the village a number of cabarets are set aside for the exclusive use of troops—no civilian and no native is allowed inside them. The girls there are provided simply and solely for the amusement of the soldiers. True, there are dozens of other places of a similar nature, but legionnaires are strictly forbidden to patronize them. Among these are the establishments with familiar Parisian names: Le Moulin Rouge, Au Palmier and Le Chat Noir.

I meandered through the badly paved streets, which were the playground of carousing and galloping youngsters whose parentage might be in doubt. In front of small one-room cribs opportuned scantily dressed *filles de joie*—foreign and indigenous. Every house here seemed to be a brothel. Most doors were closed, as the actual hour of business, called the hour of *kronya*, had not yet begun.

The hour for the legionnaires to leave their barracks had not yet arrived. Men of the law and military police strutted by in their

familiar posture and shouted how-do's at familiar faces. In some places gaudily dressed women were shouting quips at passers-by or chaffing each other. Peals of laughter burst out between them and the men of the law. Many of the women, in the halos of their gaudy headdresses, the splendor of some of their poses, lasciviously stretched out in the dust before their cribs, making indelicate disclosures of the adventures experienced in the night just past.

All around me were the harsh titter and gargling undertones of the natives. I paused for a fleeting moment at the entrance of the structure in which all the girls are inspected by officials in charge of this section. I had seen all this on a previous visit, so suffice to say that the girls are permitted to leave the quarter whenever they please, provided they are found free of social diseases and carry a pass. Like things done elsewhere, this might also be considered a good example of some medical stupidity. The girls might have been examined on a Monday, with request to return a week or so later, while on Tuesday they might contract a disease and contaminate others. Here a cursory examination seemed to be the only protection the authorities provided against transmission of disease.

The sound of a bugle broke my none-too-pleasant reverie as I was contemplating all this about me. This bugle had its meaning—it was the signal for the girls to have their quarters ready for the coming onslaughts of the legionnaires. Soon I began to notice anxious men sliding unostentatiously toward the houses of "joy." The midnight philosopher who coined the phrase that the flesh is weak was so right.

As I continued my stroll, twilight had come over Sidi-bel-Abbès. From across a court came the strumming of gimbri, the pinging of a *derbouka* and banjo, and a strange medley of sounds—the thickened speech of intoxicated men, the hellcat screaming of an angry harlot, and the quiet hum of men and women negotiating.

I reached a section where, beneath the red and yellow awnings of French-type cafés snugly hidden behind palms and exotic plants that lent an aristocratic touch to the otherwise very modest hostelry, sat the colonial military elite, Gallic culture exuding from their every sun-baked face, mustache, goatee, and shiny riding boot. Im-

biting their Amer Picon, byrrh, and yermouth cassis, and playing cards, the officers up and about were constantly returning the salute of soldiers passing by. Garishly dressed mam'zelles, with officer companions, and natives of high station were sipping mint-flavored tea and eating pastries and cakes. While the air was redolent of the fragrance of flowers, it was at times marred also by the smoke of someone's rank tobacco.

Later, having left a café, where I had had a drink, it had turned decidedly cool. Women now began to appear on the roofs of their houses. It was the women's hour to enjoy the African evening's air and gossip, too. In the street's native restaurants the smells of meat and green peppers were fighting for culinary supremacy. As I stopped before an eating place, the rhythmic noise made by the man who was chopping the meat with a long cleaver intrigued me, as it must have the young native who quickly grabbed hold of some of the meat balls that smelled exceedingly good.

Approaching a mosque, I spotted a turbaned muezzin circling the high pinnacle. Here, I knew, I was allowed to go in. Removing my shoes and the leather belt I wore, I passed the two omnipresent Moslem columns which are a test of character, for it is said that whoever can squeeze between them is certain of paradise and must be a good Moslem.

Worshippers were at prayer, bowing their heads at that moment toward Mecca in silent unison. As my eyes became used to the dimness, I spotted an Arab squatted before a low desk. The actual prayer niche, the *mihrab*, was placed at one side of the apse, in the direction of Mecca, and the remainder of the mosque was built to conform to it.

Then a magic voice sounded the call to prayer, and all responded to the muezzin's summons, apparently with grateful hearts.

"*Allahu Akbar* [God is great]."



The famous Ouled-Nail dancers of Algeria can be seen in all their glory in Biskra. City of the Sun, also referred to as the Queen of the Desert, situated amid a clot of oases, and countless acres of date farms. The Ouled Nails, also known as courtesan dancing girls, come to Biskra and other places to dance, sing, and traffic their charms in order to provide themselves with a dowry so that they can marry and retire to their native haunts in the mountainous stretches of Bou-Saida.



(ABOVE) A first view of the Sahara may seem to present nothing but undulating distances of hard sand, pale in color and glittering under the brilliant sunshine. One may meet here long lines of Bedouin caravans in charge of *gellabys*, or cameleers. Camels like the above are often loaded to capacity with not only household goods but *bāsūrah*s, covered seats or pavilions, to carry the womenfolk.

(BELOW) Timgad in Algeria, the very ideal of a ruined Roman city, is particularly known for the wealth of Roman and Byzantine ruins. Among them are its Roman theater, orchestra, and amphitheater, which seated 3500 spectators.



Mountain City of Tlemcen

I was fortunate indeed to be approaching Tlemcen, Algeria's artist haven, right after sunrise, when the first gleam of the morning sun struck fire over this place of beauty. Slowly the bold outlines of its many mosques began to assume shape. But, as though to tantalize me, the sun disappeared right after, and in short order I was treated to a downpour of rain which was most unwelcome, since it barred from view this panorama of contrasts in shades and hue. This did not last very long, however, as the sun managed to break through with its usual serene splendor.

More than any other place in Algeria, Tlemcen reveals vestiges of Moorish art and a civilization of the days before the conquest—fine sculpturings in walls and gates, tiny cupolas and minarets of an era greatly anterior to others in their class. Fragmentary remains of Tlemcen's sixty mosques that used to serve Islam in the sixteenth century hove into view at each turn in bewildering fashion. Among these mosques, three deserve mention—the Grand Mosque of Mansourah, while the least imposing, still very impressive; the Djama l'Hassan, the smallest, yet the most beautiful and finest example of genuine Moorish architecture; and the mosque of El Haloui, the most daintily ornamented. Many of the others have dwindled down to ruined nothingness—most have been converted into cafés, shops, and dwellings—but it is these unexpected fragments of a time once so splendidous that make Tlemcen so immensely interesting.

Tlemcen under Moslem rule was sovereign of all the Maghreb, and it was once one of the great capitals of the caliphs, a worthy rival of Granada, Kairouan, Damascus, Cairo, and Bagdad. Above its rocky, red substructure the walls and minarets of Tlemcen still pierce the blue sky, but no longer do sultans rule the people. The

Mechouar, ancient palace of the Sultan, is an abandoned ruin, and the *caserne* (barrack) of Spahis and Chasseurs d'Afrique now stand for a superior variety of law and order.

In the third century Tlemcen underwent a formidable siege at the hand of a Sudanese and his followers. The assailants were as tenacious as the defenders, and many times were obliged to retreat. It was one of the most remarkable sieges of history. The would-be invaders built houses to replace their tents, which were no protection against the rude climate they were forced to endure for a protracted period. From the eleventh to the fifteenth century it ranked among the greatest of Mohammedan cities, and it was the seat of learning and repository of the arts. Its buildings then were of the Spanish-Mauresque type of architecture. After the Turks left, following three centuries of domination, few vestiges remained of Eastern greatness.

The Mansourah Mosque contains some exquisite works of art, and its interior with its seventy-two pillars is impressive, but it lacks the inspiration and breadth that are found in the great mosque of Cordova or in the exquisite grace of the arches, carved like lace, that are found in the Alhambra.

Just outside the city are the extremely picturesque walls of Mansourah, the town built by a sultan of Fez to house his people while he laid siege to Tlemcen in leisurely fashion. This city has vanished, and nothing remains now but the forty-feet-high ramparts standing amid tilled fields and fertile gardens, weathered to a delightful tint of rich brown.

Close by is the shrine of the patron saint of Tlemcen, a carved wooden tomb embellished with gold and silver brocade, enriched by arcaded columns, sculptured ornamentations, and bronze lattice-work, and almost sprightly gay with votive offerings of ostrich eggs, chandeliers, and gaudy banners.

Considering the superstitious tendencies with which the natives are endowed, it is no wonder that many tales and legends have been woven about this Mansourah Mosque, one of which, a classic among natives inhabiting this mountain city, is worth reporting.

A Negro king of the Sudan, who, not unlike his followers, was

a Mussulman, invaded the regions beyond the Atlas Mountains and subsequently also laid siege to Tlemcen. So long and well sustained was this siege that the invading army sought to build a mosque in their midst. Hence a kind of competition was held about who was to do the building, and a Jew and an Arab were the successful architects. At first embarrassed, and then enlightened by a happy idea that church building committees might well adopt, the Sudanese King commissioned the Arab to proceed with the general construction of the mosque, while the Jewish architect was given the job to look after the mosque's exterior. A lively struggle ensued, into which all the artistic temperaments and ingenuities of the two races were brought into play, with the result that the mosque became one of the most imposing of all Arab mosques.

There was no doubt that the warrior King was highly pleased and, calling the builders before him, he told them frankly that he had no words to express his satisfaction nor ideas as to how they might be adequately recompensed. The thing dragged on for a while, and so did the payment of the architects' bills. Finally, partisanship so influenced the worst instinct of the King that, while he gave the faithful Mussulman many purses filled with gold, he condemned the "dog of an infidel" to be imprisoned in the upper gallery of the minaret for having dared to penetrate the holy edifice. It never occurred to the dusky monarch that this very ugly procedure defiled the shrine even more. "Escape if you can," the Jewish craftsman was told as he was conducted to his prison cell.

He did escape, after a fashion, the legend reveals, for he made himself a pair of wings out of reeds and silks. And just as the blood-red sun plumped down behind the Atlas Mountains, he launched himself into the air. Like most flying-machine experimenters before and since, the daring unfortunate came forthwith to grief, falling precipitately at the base of the structure he had helped to build, and smashing his skull.

To make this chronicle complete, it is interesting to note that, just before he expired, he uttered a final imprecation. The earth trembled, thunder tolled, and lightning blasted the minaret, which

fell, as I saw it that day, lying almost en bloc, at full length on the ground.

To top off my visit to Tlemcen, I went out beyond the Fez gate to watch the setting of the sun, since North African sunsets are in a word indescribably beautiful, and since I felt the need of a few minutes' surcease, I sat down on one of the walls and indulged in a bit of silent contemplation.

The sun, almost down to its last lingering rays and coalesced in a purplish haze, soon turned all into gold and red, like molten metal. Near the top a slash of blue, near the bottom a trail of green, red, and gold. Clouds became as flimsy as down beneath a swan's wing.

The senses became dulled and totally indifferent to worldly things. As I gazed dreamily upon spangled lights that emerged out of the dusk, it seemed as if adventures of days gone by began to rise between me and the darkening panoply of an opalescent sky. It was as if I could hear the rhythmic tread of soldiers' feet and the high shrill shouts of the invaders. And then, as suddenly, my reverie was broken. . . .

As palm fronds swayed lazily in the light gusts of the African night wind, crepuscule wrapped the world within its embrace. The verdured mountain slope was ready now to retire to peaceful slumber.

Biskra, Queen of the Desert

Having for days traipsed, stalked, and explored stirring places from all points of the compass, and jostled and rubbed elbows with a unique melting pot of peoples from the East, Near East, and West, I stopped for a day, Biskra-bound; at Constantine, one of the most natural citadels in the world. This bustling city, situated high

On a rock and surrounded, too, by rocky peaks, is a place of bizarre splendor. Below is the great Gorge of Rummel, and the only communication between Constantine and the surrounding plateau—a slim neck of land—is by the ugly iron bridge of El-Kantara.

Constantine itself is a very old city—in fact, the original settlement was already very old before Scipio's Romans bestowed its present name upon it. Romans, Vandals, Arabs, and Turks have held the place in turn, until the French Marshal Valée came upon the scene and drove the Turks out, by sheer strategy, in 1837.

Constantine's streets are running rivers of as mixed and conglomerate a crew of humanity as tread the streets of Cairo, Constantinople, or Port Said. Chief artery of the Arab quarter is the Rue Perregaux, in which Moorish cafés, mosques, and souks of sweet-meat sellers, vegetable dealers, and what not are to be found.

The environs of this busy metropolis are also very beautiful. As one travels northward by rail toward Philippeville, the road rises to the Col des Oliviers, zigzagging and making sharp turns all the way. Beyond Constantine rise the colorful hills of Mansourah and Sidi-M'cid, encircling the fertile valley of the Hamma and the vast plateau of the Tell, renowned as the granary of North Africa and one of the finest wheat-growing belts in this part of the world. In spite of the rigors of winter, the summer here is long and hot, and crops push out of the soil with an abundance that finds its counterpart in but few places.

Bearing to the south of the high plateau, and leaving the productive grain fields and excellent grazing grounds behind, one reaches Biskra, City of the Sun, also referred to as the Queen of the Desert, and said by many to be the fairest of all Sahara oases, by train about five hours, as it is some 149 miles as the crow flies.

Properly speaking Biskra is the nucleus of a clot of oases in which artificial irrigation has been highly developed. Resembling somewhat a French provincial town, with the complexity of small-town life, Biskra remains, nonetheless—apart from its French quarter, boulevards, cafés, and modern shops—distinctly a desert town. Its *raison d'être* and prosperity are mainly based upon the date palm. Not only does it pride itself on its hundreds of thousands of date

trees in its own oases, but from all directions throughout the desert; caravans of date-laden camels converge upon Biskra, their central depot and market. Palm forests straddle the broad, dried-up river bed, and small villages, with their hovels of dried mud and brick, have sprung up in the midst of each oasis.

It has often been said that Biskra and its Quled-Nails, the professional courtesan dancing girls, were the chief magnet drawing traveling people to Algeria. Biskra originally was picturesquely ensconced in an oasis, and years ago it was the first settlement reached by caravans coming from the desert. Providing peace, shade, and entertainment, it was then truly an Arabic town. Then the French, in furthering their *Pénétration Pacifique*, built a railway, so that Biskra became easier to reach. Next, the medical profession, attracted by the salubrious climate, commenced to wax eloquent about Biskra's dry air—"just what invalids needed"—until finally the renowned Mr. Hichens came upon the scene with his *Garden of Allah*. And that put the finishing touch on it, so that hotelkeepers and tradesmen really have to thank the latter for what Biskra is today—a tourist magnet.

It has, however, become more than that. It has been turned, according to some critics, into a caravansary of licentiousness, as Biskra's main attractions are not its palm-tree oases, its Jardin Landon and Moorish bistros, but its *Naylettes*, or Ouled-Nail dancers, of the notorious Rue Sainte (Holy Street), with their *dance du ventre* and sensuous posturing.

Dance of the Ouled-Nails

The Ouled-Nail desert females, belonging to a confederation of tribes said to be *Maraboutique*—that is, descended from a saint—originate in the mountainous regions of Bou-Saâda and

Biskra stretches to the south, a mighty poor, sun-bleached area. This confederation of Ouled-Naïl tribesmen (whose name actually means "Children of Him Who Has Succeeded") comprises twenty-one tribes, the largest tribal body in all Algeria. And for many generations Ouled-Naïl girls have converged upon Bou-Saâda, Biskra, and other towns bordering the desert area, to dance, sing, and traffic their charms—an occupation of free love considered strictly on the up-and-up.

Being Maraboutique, they are respected by other Arab tribes, among whom the men greatly outnumber the women and polygamy makes the disproportion even greater. In fact, the profession of these Ouled-Naïl dancers has become a religious rite in the eyes of Moslems, and as the men of the tribes are very effeminate, their girls are sent out at an early age to follow the tribe's profession. Moreover, owing to the astonishing laziness of the tribesmen, these men are quite happy to live on the earnings of their women.

While some may frown upon these views and goings on, France, which rules these parts, takes a somewhat different view of prostitution. The French point of view is very liberal, and things that would be considered vices elsewhere, would be regarded merely as social irregularities in France and her colonies. The chief moral philosophy back of all this is the Frenchmen's inherent antipathy toward seeing humanity—in this particular instance the tribal people under their charge—deprived of its personal beliefs and rights. In other words, Frenchmen feel that if a man has need of a woman badly, and vice versa, it remains the man's or woman's personal affair and requires no hypocritical meddling, as long as things are conducted in such a manner as not to offend the sensibilities of the outside world.

While in any other North African tribe a tribal mother will bring her daughter up with the idea of marrying well—of having a home and settling down to have children—a mother among the Ouled-Naïls will not discourage her daughter from going as early as possible to the nearest town to earn her living by dancing and what goes with it, in order to provide a large dowry, enable her to make a good marriage, and retire in prosperous inertia. Most astonishing

is the fact that bridegrooms are not found wanting and that, once the girls rejoin their tribes, they do get married and make excellent wives and mothers.

Most Ouled-Nails I have seen in their native habitat were tall and willowy creatures, typical of their tribe, full of laughter and lightheartedness, with sparkling eyes and gleaming teeth and a pinkish glow in their brownish cheeks. Heavy-lidded, with almond-shaped black eyes set obliquely in their shapely heads, with over-membranous lips of brightest crimson, their hair, with purple turbans wound around it, was heavy, black, and oily and brushed smoothly back in Chinese fashion. And when they moved their hips, they flexed their muscles rhythmically, and when they danced, they did so with grace and elasticity and finely co-ordinated motions of arms and cobra-like suppleness of their bodies.

I recall now that there was one exception, a girl who had rather high cheekbones, a lean supple body, and who looked more Mongolian than Arabic. What also differentiated this Ouled-Nail from the others was her cold and rather disdainful stare and the total absence of even a hint of a smile. She seemed to have all the vitality of cold mutton. Still she, like all the others, pursued the *métier* of love in businesslike fashion, hoarding her savings (gold coins mainly) to return eventually to her desert home, to marry there with the aid of a dowry patiently acquired, and to pass an honorable age.

I had spent part of the afternoon browsing along Biskra's streets before keeping an appointment with a French official. As always, I was right on the dot, knowing how punctual most Frenchmen are. This fellow, who had promised to accompany me to the Rue Sainte, a section entirely given over to the Ouled-Nails, was endowed with the usual characteristics of most Frenchmen—an expansive sense of humor, a clear and luminous mind, and a capacity for eloquence. His complexion was dark, from years in the tropics undoubtedly; he was meticulously dressed, had a pair of dark, sparkling eyes, and a prominent proboscis that was delightfully enlivened by a glow—which convinced me that he was a connoisseur of wine. We had some apéritifs, and as they became more plentiful we both waxed

more eloquent, and decorum soon melted like wax. Thus fortified, and after a good deal of weighty palaver, we were completely ready for an assault on the lair of the Ouled-Nails in the Rue Sainte.

Low windows in the upper stories of the dancers' houses lent a most peculiar picturesqueness to the scene. From all sides came the plaintive wail of the Arab flute and the low, throbbing, rhythmic beats of the drums, a feeling rather than sound, as elemental and persistent as the beating of one's own heart or the pulsing of blood in one's veins.

It was evening by now. The blind of the day was drawn and a crescent moon was almost below the rim of the desert. It was a velvety, peachy, soft darkness. The stars glittered in a sky that was purple over a deep blue, and the air from the Little Sahara came to the cheek like the caress of an affectionate woman. Natives flitted by like ghosts.

We decided to enter one of the places that seemed the most frequented, where voices rose and fell—intense, without any bitterness. Half a dozen dancing girls were sitting cross-legged on what looked like an improvised stage, and behind them, on a raised dais, were Negro musicians. One played a native zither, another a flute, while others beat a rather monotonous but rhythmic cadence on huge drums. Guttural voices burst forth in shouts. Some people in the audience stamped their feet, others beat a tattoo on tables, while coins were thrown onto the carpet in the center of the place. The white glow of a number of specially constructed lamps played an eerie light on the dancing girls, contrasting strangely with the cherry red of the pipes of male smokers.

When the Ouled-Nails were ready to do their stunts, it was left to the audience to decide who was to dance first, as each man in the large audience had his particular favorite. One girl who had been chosen and who had good looks and a striking mane of dark hair slowly turned her graceful head and, regarding her audience with what looked to me like scorn, leaped cat-like into the air and dropped down again with a thud as her body began to contort. My companion whispered to me in an aside that, while she might seem extremely wary of this nightly exhibition, she would count her gains

methodically by day, like a merchant in his countinghouse. The girl's mask of indifference did not stay with her long and was soon cast aside when, in the gleam of reddish-tinted lamps overhead, her onyx-black eyes became ablaze with mocking laughter and a glint of dazzling teeth showed through her pouting red lips.

By now the musicians began a whining, monotonous, and insistent tune, such as the first man might have played on his reed pipe at the dawn of time, and the Ouled Nail, with body rigidly erect and hands on her supple, oscillating hips, advanced and retired with mincing, strutting steps, as the first woman might perhaps have done before the eyes of the first man. Then suddenly, furiously and passionately and again coquettishly, she sprang and gyrated, bent and rose, advanced and retreated, so fast that I found it hard to follow her movements. Her small head darted forward on her slim neck like that of a striking snake, and she threw mocking glances of wicked invitation over her shoulders. The muscles of her body rippled and swelled beneath the thin, gleaming stuff of her bodice, while the wide skirt of orange silk floated round her jerking hips like a balloon. There was a constant shuffle of her sandaled feet on the floor. She was weighted down by gold coins and bracelets around her thin wrists and chains of coins set with precious stones jangling down her swelling breasts. In her ears were huge earrings of gold filigree, gifts undoubtedly of infatuated lovers, while in her hands she held a shawl or colored kerchief. And thus she tempted everyone around with her charms, for when she danced, barely raising her toes from the ground, there was something infinitely old and alluring in the heavy air.

Then, jerking her head back suddenly, she began to dance as it were, with the muscles of her neck, while her breasts moved like the ripple of a lake. Each movement of neck, breast, hip, and limbs was a detailed part of a finished whole. Occasionally her kohl-smudged eyes would cast an endearing glance at her gold coins, her fortune, which would make her the envy of the other girls of the tribe when she went back to the hills.

Finally, by some mysterious and dexterous movement, the bodice and other pieces of silk that covered her body dropped to the floor—

reminiscent of the best of strip-tease acts—and first she stood rigid like a young poplar, then moved about almost naked before a spell-bound audience that had at last found something that matched their hubble-bubble paradise.

When she took her place among the other Ouled-Nails again, who, sitting cross-legged on their mats, were sipping their mint-flavored tea, a transport of enthusiasm rose from the audience as though released from a wizard's spell. It now became the turn of the other dancers.

When at last we left this place, nudging our way with much difficulty through the dense and milling mob, and filed into the mysterious gloom of the African night, we soon regained the spacious section near the hotel with its home-like French atmosphere. From afar came the sound of a flute. From the mouth of a ragged beggar flowed the omnipresent, echoing plaint of the Near and Far East: "Alms for the love of Allah, Allah be merciful!" There were occasional howls of dogs, possibly barking at the moon.

Uttering hardly a word, we smoked and drank for a while on the veranda of the hotel. All about us we could feel the silence, a harmonious silence, which had been the heritage of the music of centuries.

Ships of the Desert

The first view of the Sahara, close by an oasis where a band of camels was tethered, is possibly one of the most amazing sights to behold. The Bled, or prairie land, of this Saharan landscape seemed nothing but undulating distances of hard sand, pale in color and glittering under the brilliant sunshine. A few palm trees here and there rose from the center of sandy islets, which reminded me so much of coral atolls in a tropic sea. On the rim of what looked

like opaline mountains veiled in mists padded and hobbled an almost endless caravan of Bactrian camels and dromedaries.

I was actually here on the edge of the Sahara Desert, and a sense of awe filled me as I contemplated the immensity of the vista spread out before me.

Long-lined caravans came up from the south to the small Arab settlement, which in reality was only a jumble of rickety, splotchy walls, with palm trees and dark cypresses providing the only cool shade in the landscape. A caravan was creeping stealthily and sleepily along from another direction, coming closer and closer. The monotonous chants and shrill shouts of the cameleers could be easily heard.

Later I went into the subject of camels quite deeply, as it has so much to do with these countries. A camel may be cumbersome, ungainly, and not much to look at, and may be giving way to the airplane and motorcar, to which all camels seem to have taken a violent dislike, yet there is no underrating the great and valuable part played by these beasts in the development of the African provinces and protectorates of the French. The camel, true enough, has borne most of their burdens—literally. He has plowed their fields, pumped their water, and has even been used in exploiting tourists, to say nothing of having been the companion of the faithful Musulmen on their endless pilgrimages to Mecca.

The camel caravan which was arriving when I stopped at this settlement in Algeria's south was in charge of *gellabys*, or cameleers—bulky, muscular, hairy men with short black silky beards and faces darkened by the sun. Round the coil of white which covered their heads they wore twisted strings of camel's-hair twine.

It is interesting to note at this juncture that Orientals cover themselves to resist the heat, whereas Western people bundle themselves up to keep out the cold.

Each and every beast of burden in the Sahara is loaded as a rule to capacity and pads its way with its nimble hoofs across untold leagues of sand and brush-covered soil without a murmur. But at every stop, and each time a fresh start is made by this ship of the desert, it gives vent to shrieks and groans, all mighty unmelodious

and very unpleasant to the ear, which, as the camel sheik explained, is probably nothing but a big bluff.

The so-called African camel actually is a dromedary. Whereas the Bactrian camel has two humps, the dromedary has but one, but camel is what this animal is most commonly called. The two-humped quadruped, therefore, is a camel, the direct descendant of the Asian camel, while the single-humped beast is the African dromedary. The camel's hoof is long and ends in two toes. It also has the faculty of closing its nostrils, which is very useful when desert winds blow. For the purpose of travel, nature has provided it with a hump of fat, some sort of storehouse when it cannot get its natural food; large cells in its paunch, when filled with water, enable it to endure in waterless regions. Normally consuming sixty to seventy pounds of fodder a day, it must be allowed four hours for feeding. As for drink—well, once in two or three days in the summer is enough, and in the winter it can go perhaps ten days without liquid refreshment, and its food intake is increased nothing thereby.

It can carry three hundred pounds of weight, which are slung over each side in saddlebag fashion. The camel has by no means the rude strength and health which are so often attributed to it. Instead it is a very delicate beast and demands a dry and hot climate. Cold, snow, and persistent rains are anathema to a camel. It must also be nourished with certain regularity lest it become ill. Easily frightened, it can spread panic among its fellow sufferers with the rapidity of a wood fire.

For the most part, the camel, which has a sheepish face and a long, suffering expression, seldom is bad-tempered, but it often works itself into a rage, when it becomes dangerous to all in its vicinity. I learned that, to judge a good camel or dromedary, one has to examine its hump. If firm and hard, it is a sure sign of its being a good-natured, hard-working, friendly sort of camel; if, however, flabby and mangy, one had better look out and beware. . . .

A cameleer told me that camels once were men, but as they broke from the faith, Allah in his wisdom turned them into camels. Their sins are now represented by their humps, and they are forced to

carry the goods of unbelievers. They growl, moan, and whine because they decry their past, he said, yet they keep up a semblance of pride. "Nobody," he said, "seems to love the camel." Feeling sorry for the beast, I patted one on the back and called it "old man." It looked at me with almost disdain and showed its teeth, which to me looked like a lot of dirty bone egg-spoons.

The same cameleer also told me that, notwithstanding the shifting sands, he had never lost his way in all the years he covered the Sahara. He used all the landmarks whenever he could. Instinct, apparently, was his chief guide. One thing in particular that he told me dealt with the *mehari*, or long-distance, fast-gaited Saharan dromedary, the true ship of the desert. These *meharis* can stand going hungry and thirsty much better than ordinary camels. Moreover, they are not as given to fright as the ordinary *djemel*, the name the cameleer calls his camel. Less rapid than a race horse for short distances, the *mehari*, when well trained and well handled, can make its eighty miles a day, day in and day out.

When it is en route the *mehari* does not graze, but rather waits for a decent interval when it is able to enjoy its meal in real comfort. Usually not accustomed to the sight of a horse, it often gets the jitters, hence the education of a *mehari* is very tedious, taking at least a year to be broken in.

Policing the great Sahara tracts would never be possible without the troops of mounted *meharis*. While the dromedary or camel was introduced into Algeria some time before the Arab invasion during the eleventh century, the *mehari*, always a warlike beast, was mentioned already in the days of Herodotus, Tacitus, and Pliny.

The feet of the camel are ideally equipped for the sands of the desert. They form by nature a kind of adapted ski or snowshoe. The hoof—though actually it is no hoof—is bifurcated, has no horny substance, but merely a sort of elastic heel (predecessor of the rubber heel, no doubt) covering the base. It possesses, further, four other callosities, one on each knee, using all four every time it gets up or lies down. These callous places are something the beast is born with and are a godsend indeed, even though they become ragged and mangy-looking with time.

The boss or hump of the camel or dromedary is mere gristle, contains no bone, and is more or less abundant, depending on the health of the beast. This must be so, said the cameleer, as a well-fed and happy camel, starting out on a long caravan trek, regards its well-rounded hump with great pride. Excessive travel and forced marches diminish its shape and size, however, and the beast becomes greatly ashamed of it. In fact, it really feels so sore about it that it starts to make an ungodly noise. It ultimately gets its hump back again, thank goodness. A change of diet, a good long quaff—a camel's neck, one might call it—make quite a difference with the camel and its hump, in time.

Baby camels usually come into the world one at a time. They can stand up on their own four legs the first day and are able to run around like their papas and mammas at the end of a week. Its average life is twenty years, and, as with a horse, one reckons its age by its teeth.

The camel's saddle is called a *rahala* and has a concave seat, a large high back, and an elevated postmel. The rider sits in the bowl-like saddle, legs crossed on the beast's neck. The mehari is driven through a ring in the nose, to which a rope of camel's hair is attached. The mehari is somewhat difficult to manage, more so than the djemel, and only its master is able to get results.

Now, in strictest confidence, I have never been particularly fond of camel rides, although I can appreciate the camel's long, slow stride and its peculiar gait. Mounting it is always a strange experience. The camel is first made to rise on its forefeet, a performance which is always accompanied by grumbling and noisy braying, the beast making such an unholy racket that one would believe it was on its way to the slaughterhouse. One clings to the beast's neck to avoid sliding over its tail, and then the action is reversed, and the beast is made to rise on its hind legs, when another cacophony is let loose. When its braying, screeching, and whining are at their loudest, the driver gets into the act, shouting and pulling one backward, while one grasps at the hump or saddle in sheer desperation. Finally, amid all this braying and cursing, and in a spirit of extreme gratitude, one acquires a normal sitting attitude, after which one

straddles along in as dignified a pose as is possible, unless some Arab urchin who usually tags along suddenly prods the beast in its behind, making it kick unexpectedly, and hell is let loose once again.

As is easy to understand, many are the tales and legends that have been hatched about their charges among these cameleer people—too many, in fact, to be set down here, so a few will have to do. For instance, once a camel has been taken ill, the cameleers believe it may be cured simply by permitting it to witness the hoof-searing operation of another camel. Where the curative powers come in, my cameleer was unable to explain.

When a *bayra*, or female camel, has given birth to five camels, the last one being a male, her ears are pierced and she is sent out to pasture, never again to be subjected to the rough work of caravaning. Like putting an old horse to pasture in perpetuity, it not only is a humane act, but it solves the race question in the camel world.

Many medicinal qualities are attributed to the camel. For instance, a piece of a camel's larynx is hung around the neck of a child suffering from whooping cough, while another cure for the same sickness is to drink melted camel's fat. The head of a boy affected with ringworm is rubbed with camel's brain, while camel's flesh is eaten by many as a sure-fire cure, so they believe, for boils. Finally, the Berber tribesmen adhere to a belief that a person can protect himself against all types of witchcraft—the djinn and evil eye—by pushing his arm into the mouth of a camel, but they warn that for his own good he'd better first put a stick between the camel's jaws, lest it bite him.

The Arab gets an astonishing amount of work out of an apparently unruly camel. He encourages the beast first with punches, beatings, and oaths, and should that not help, with songs. Yes sir, with songs. The Arab camel driver sings to a camel to induce it to step faster, and even plays a screechy air on his *galoubet*. The curious thing is that the flagging energies of the beast will revive as soon as the driver begins to drone. This custom, as I have been told, has come down from antiquity. Many camel drivers now carry phonographs, and some even have megaphones.

This brings us to the Touareg camels, blood royal of the race, which are as different again from draft camels as race horses are from truck horses. These Touareg meharis stand a full two feet higher at the shoulder line than the others. They have a small, shapely head, a long, arching neck, and a tall, horizontal hump. Moreover, they have slender legs and clear, pale eyes that are full of shrewdness compared to those of the ordinary camel, which are dark and very, very stupid.

The Touareg mehari, beneath a quiet and cynical exterior, is said to possess the devil's own cunning and is incapable of learning devotion and obedience, although a heavy stick will help a great deal in his education.

In order to make this chronicle on the camel more complete, something should be said about the Touareg tribesmen themselves, who inhabit the mountain ranges of the Hoggar, past Laghouat, Ghardaïa, El-Goléa, and Fort Miribel. Theirs is a varied, violent, almost primitive landscape—a land of *serirs*, or stone deserts; of *hammadas*, or plateaus of denuded rock, with *wadies*, or dry river beds, cutting across their land. These people of the Berber race, who are as proud as Lucifer, undyingly faithful, courageous as lions, fighting like Normandy bulls, and surprisingly dirty, once were the raiders and pillagers of the desert. Today, while no longer committing their depredations, they are roaming herdsmen, moving their flocks of sheep, goats, and meharis to wherever they can find suitable pasture for them, and they live in tents. Those who want to see the Sahara in all its vastness can do no better than to hire a Touareg, who can safely lead the caravan across the mysterious desert world.

Never doing any real menial work, the Touaregs usually have their dwellings built and fields tilled by Negro slaves, descendants of those unfortunate people carried back in raids on the Sudan. (There are, I was told, still secret raids carried on to this very day.) It is generally conceded that these Touaregs will never be suppressed by force, and while they may be wiped out, fear will never hold them in check.

Their one peculiarity is that the men are veiled, a custom said to

go back to antiquity. This black veil, worn across the mouth, has no religious significance because, though nominally the Touaregs are Mussulmen, they are actually more pagan than anything else. The *lithan*, or face veil, an animistic relic, is said to protect the nose and mouth—portals of the soul—from those evil spirits that might choose that way to enter and take possession. These men will often unveil, however, if one asks them to, provided none of their crenies is about.

Touareg women, who are quite as good-looking as most Arab women, very often have their heads shaved. Compared to Arab women, who are no more than downtrodden slaves, these Touareg women are much more independent and enjoy the fullest liberty.

Tunes (Tunis) of the Phoenicians— Roman Ruins

"If you want to see plump women," a young Arab said to me on the steamer, "you have to visit Tunis." I recall now that he told me he was on his wedding trip, *alone*, having left his bride, as per custom, securely home. He told me that I would see a great many pudgy, waddling women in that city. And so I did, and soon found out that Tunisian Moslems and Jews like their wives to look like overcharged balloons. No scraggy, angular females for them.

I had come once more to Tunis, truly one of the most fascinating tourist resorts of North Africa, more interesting than Algiers by far, with its souks, its proximity to ancient Carthage, and its many ties with the glorious past, all of which make it a mine of human interest. No wonder tourists are flocking to Tunis in ever-growing numbers.

Its Arab native quarter is less spoiled by the encroachment of

Western innovations, and it opens a fascinating chapter from the *Arabian Nights*. Abounding in countless elusive charms and the glare, glamour, and quick throb of Eastern life, it has much of its kaleidoscopic change of color and intriguing things worth remembering.

As our steamer came abreast of the entrance to Tunis' harbor, a fine view of its colorful coast line and an unforgettable panorama of Tunis proper unfolded. This coast line was rich in verdure and bloom of tender green, golden russet, and sienna red on a land once the playground of Hannibal and Dido.

On isolated mounds farther inland straddled modern structures, and like an eagle in its eyrie rose the ancient Citadel of Byrsa, in which so many historic dramas were enacted and which was once captured by Charles V from Barbarossa. Here, too, perched on a cliff, was the Cathedral St. Louis de Carthage, built and dedicated to his memory by Cardinal Lavigerie. To the left, on a sandy shore, nestled the little port of La Goulette, guarding the approach to the Lake of Tunis. Beyond, were the arsenal and beylical prison, where St. Vincent de Paul dispensed his charity to the unhappy Christians the corsairs had enslaved.

On the other side of the Gulf of Tunis the sky was broken by crests of a long chain of mountains, background of many a sanguinary battle between Carthage and Rome, and between Romans and barbarians later. Sharply defined against the sky, these rugged mountain ranges presented an enchanting picture. Seldom had I witnessed such light and shadow contrasts, resulting in a magic pattern on which nature had lavished a palette of indescribable color combinations.

Among the mountain peaks I recognized the Bou Kornain (the Mountain with Two Horns); the Djebel Ressas, rich in lead and silver mines; and the Zaghouan, from whose generous springs ancient Carthage once drew its water, just as modern Carthage, or Tunis, does today.

An enchanting scene. A beautiful bay, a graceful sweep of wall, and rows of houses of many colors rising upon a slope. Why they call it *Tunis la Verte* (Green Tunis) is somewhat obscure, for it is

preponderantly more white than green. In fact, it is more white than Algiers, which has been nicknamed *Alger la Blanche*, or White Algiers.

Tunis proper is set in the center of the White Bay, and a quaint little railway links it with all the villages and beaches within a radius of two miles. Like a handful of gems flung on the green hillside, there are the white and now lonely Carthage, tiny Hamilcar, restful Sidi-bou-Saïd, all nudging the hills like a white flowering creeper, and below there is the *plage*, or beach, where well-to-do *citoyens* maintain their villas and summer cottages for the season. Scattered here and there are a few olive trees, pleasant to the eye, and between them, silhouetted brazenly against the hilly background, are more swaying palms, nodding this way and that with every vagrant breeze.

Not far away are the Roman cisterns. They have been restored and supply La Goulette, La Marsa, and neighboring villages with the clear, fresh water of Zaghuan, collected in the great aqueduct constructed more than two thousand years ago. Like the bleached vertebrae of some gigantic serpent, this masterpiece stretches across the plains over a distance of more than fifty miles. Its arches often rise to a height of sixty, sometimes even to one hundred and twenty-five, feet. I learned that the water volume conveyed is seven million gallons per day, or eighty-one gallons each second.

As stupendous feats of engineering, these Roman aqueducts command universal admiration. The huge piers and arches which support the conduits and carry these volumes of water for enormous distances show that their builders enjoyed a perfect mastery over the difficulty of obtaining a gradual change of level, solidity of foundation, and other engineering problems. It is remarkable, to say the least, that they have withstood the ravages of time with such success that, with only minor repair, they have fulfilled, and still serve, their purpose.

The Romans were thoroughly acquainted with the simple hydraulic law that water in a closed pipe finds its own level; and, taking advantage of this fact, they constructed these pipes to reach to the tops of the mountains, and raised mains to supply the upper

stories of their houses. Constructing these water channels on long lines of arches, they considered it the best and most economical way to conduct a large water supply from great distances. Of course this method has been resorted to with great advantage in the case of the forty-mile-long Croton Aqueduct in New York, constructed between 1837 and 1842.

The path of the Romans through North Africa is widely strewn with civic and military monuments as imposing as any in the West. And as I had been eager to see these decayed remnants of Roman glory in their North African domain again, it was not without emotion that I viewed the vast expanse of these vertical marbles at Timgad in Algeria's Plateau of the Tell, the Praetorium at Lambessa, the Great Roman Arch at Tebessa, the amphitheater at El Djem, and the ruined portal at Dougga. There were other ruins or fragments of ruins buried about that served some neighboring settlement as a quarry from which to draw blocks of stone to build anew, as the builders of certain Italian cathedrals once drew some of the finest marbles from these monuments of old Carthage.

From Tlemcen (the ancient Pomaria of the Romans, and an important Roman camp at one time) to Tozeur (site of the still more ancient Thusuros) in southern Tunisia is one long, though more or less loosely connected chain of relics of Roman occupation.

At Cherchell, for instance, I examined vestiges of an ancient Roman port. At Tipasa I viewed numerous civic monuments, and not far distant the enigmatic Tomb of the Christian. To the east, on the coast, were Stora, a port of antiquity, and Bône, the ancient Hippo Regius, where the attention of present-day tourists is divided between the basilica erected to St. Augustine, who at one time was the Bishop of Hippo Regius, and the tomb of the Marabout Sidi Brahmin.

Inland, between Constantine and Biskra, where I spent a few days in that remarkable fertile Plateau of the Tell, I marveled at the three magnificent erstwhile Roman cities of Lambessa, Timgad, and Tebessa. Among all these monumental remains, the Praetorium at Lambessa, a vast quadrangular structure in reddish stone, was the most imposing. The forum here is plainly marked; the

baths with heating furnaces nearby are still visible, and the ruined arcade of an amphitheater crops up through the thin soil in a most surprising way. The Third Legion of Augustus, charged with the defense of Roman North Africa, established its camp here in the second century.

Farther on is a great three-bayed arch built under Septimius Severus, as well as a pagan temple dedicated to Aesculapius. The Capitol, in ground plan and with respect to a large portion of its walls, stands proud and magnificent as of yore. To the south of this Capitol, which was dedicated to Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva, are the ruins of a Roman aqueduct; to the north, a matter of a mile or so on foot, is the pyramidal tomb of Flavius Maximus, Prefect of the Third Augustan Legion.

Timgad, the very ideal of a ruined Roman city, located some fifteen miles beyond Lambessa, while not endowed with the wealth of Pompeii and Herculaneum, was more ample and magnificent in its arrangements than any other ruined Roman city I have seen. Incidentally, the French *Service des Monuments Historiques*, which began excavating Timgad's ruins in 1881, has now been able to locate a great many civic and military structures with complete accuracy. It has identified, for instance, a Byzantine fortress built under Justinian during the sixth century, which not only served as a defense outpost but also guarded the passes through the rock wall of the Aurès, from the Numidian Plateau to the Libyan desert.

And now back once more to Tunis, or the Tunes of the Phoenicians, for a look at some of its historical events. Said to be much older than Carthage, and founded by African indigenes before the advent of Punic settlers, Tunisia's earliest history dates back to the days when Canaanites were chased out of Palestine by Joshua. The biblical record places this event at 1450 B.C., though some historians give the ninth century as its probable date. The Canaanites were then known as Phoenicians. They were ruled by a king named Phoenix, a brother of Cadmus, and they occupied a territory, according to Ptolemy, situated to the north of Egypt, between Syria and the coastal regions, while Tyre and Sidon were its most important cities. They were not only a very industrious people, but

skilled in navigation too. They were, moreover, good scrappers, though capable of some of the worst atrocities. According to tradition, their ships set sail to the north and reached Cornwall, where they possibly bartered with the wild, unclad Celts, obtaining copper and tin in exchange for their own earthenware vases and other receptacles. It has been said that these vases must have been packed in branches and leaves of native trees and plants—the tamarisk and ghokum. These plants may have taken root in Cornwall and, becoming acclimatized, slowly spread all over England, but especially to Eastbourne and Brighton.

When the Phoenicians were expelled from Canaan, they are said to have settled at Utica, a port in the Gulf of Tunis, and subsequently at Carthage. An ancient stone has been found in Numidia, bearing the inscription: "We are Canaanites, driven out of our country by the brigand Joshua, son of Kave."

From all obtainable evidence, one must conclude that the Phoenicians must have driven the so-called autochthons—Berbers, Kabyles, and Touaregs—from the coast inland. Of these, the Touaregs were an ancient race of Libyans. They were, in fact, aboriginals, whose descendants still retain the Libyan language with its special alphabet, and whose inscriptions have been found as far as Sinai in the east and Senegal and Niger in the south. The language of the Phoenicians however, was much the same as that of the Israelites, but different again from the Libyan. As evidence of this, let's take the word "Carthage," which is a corruption of *kirjath*, the Canaanite word for "town." We often meet with this word in the Bible in such combinations as Kirjath-baal, Kirjath-jearim, and the aborigines called Tunis Karthadshat.

The earliest known Tunisian cities of Utica and Cambe—fifteen miles to the west of Tunis—were built by Cadmus, the son of Agenor, King of Phoenicia, and of Hermione or Harmonia, his wife. In spite of the lady's "harmonious" name, matrimonial discords soon arose, and the beautiful Harmonia, neglected and ill-treated by her royal husband, found life, according to the legend, a great deal less harmonious and committed suicide. Her children and sympathizers are said to have carried her body to a spot far re-

moved from her cruel spouse, erected a magnificent tomb to her memory, and settled themselves around it. While all this may seem a bit confusing, it is generally believed that this must have been the origin of the first city of Tunisia.

Carthage, a Tourist Attraction

Carthage, with the memories of Dido, Aeneas, Hannibal, Cato, Scipio, and a thousand other classic souvenirs of history, prides itself on ruins and relics of a grandeur long past. The aqueduct, which plays such a grand role in the opera *Salammbô*, is there. But Carthage itself is, however, a vast mass of ruins whose outlines can scarcely be traced. There are, for instance, a greatly ruined amphitheater, ground plans of villas, cisterns of the Romans, some Punic tombs, and of course the two Carthaginian ports, around which history, romance, and legend have woven many a tale. The rest is modern: the great Basilica of St. Louis; the Palace of the Bey and princes of the family; the villas of the foreign consuls; the Seminary of the White Fathers, and of course the many hotels.

According to tradition, the Tyrians founded Carthage about 813 B.C., led there by Elyssa, sister of Pygmalion, said to have been a most progressive young woman. Karthadshat was its original name, changed by the Romans to Carthage, signifying New City, or probably New Tyre. The legend of Dido, immortalized by Turner, relates how Elyssa, sister of the King of Tyre, married one Sychaeus, high priest of Melcarth. The King murdered the priest at the altar and concealed the crime, but the ghost of the victim appeared before Elyssa, urging her to fly. She obeyed and, carrying all her wealth with her, she first sailed to Cyprus and subsequently landed on the African coast, somewhere between Tunis and Utica.

It was here that Iapon, the Libyan King, offered her as much land as she could encompass within a bullock's hide. With woman's cunning she cut the hide into strips and enclosed what subsequently became the Citadel of Carthage. This spot, called, incidentally, Byrsa (the Greek word for oxhide), is known today as the Hill of St. Louis, as the saint died here while on a crusade in A.D. 1270. Yarbass, King of Mauretania, fell in love with Elyssa, who had become known as Ido, or "the fugitive." Resenting the King's passion and fearing an attack, she stabbed herself in front of her subjects and threw herself on a funeral pyre which was the end of beautiful Elyssa.

The history of Carthage, one of the greatest empires in the ancient world, is interesting reading. Owing to its proximity to Sicily and the wealth of Africa and the undeveloped and unexplored shores of the western Mediterranean, Carthage was bound to prosper. And as Tyre fell into decadence and the Greeks menaced the Phoenicians in the East, Carthage grew rapidly, with the result that the riches of its people grew to immense proportions. Everyone prospered: its merchants trafficked with the rich Sudan, its mariners sailed the seas to Britain, while Hanno, the Carthaginian John Smith of those days, explored the full extent of the West African Atlantic coast.

Hannibal, the Carthaginian general, sent the terror of his name through the then civilized world, until Carthage began to wane in power. Sicily went, and Rome waged war that brought Carthage to ignominy. A flame blazed in the Carthaginians' hearts, and they burned with desire to repel the Romans, who had decreed that the fair city of Carthage should be destroyed and the heart torn out of its people. It was on the blue waters between Tunis and Sicily that the Romans first attempted to contest the dominion of the sea by the Carthaginians. Discovering soon that they would be unable to compete with the superior knowledge of navigation possessed by their enemy, or to construct ships such as the Carthaginians used, they invented a sort of grappling iron and drawbridge combined, the latter being provided with parapets. Working on a hinge twelve feet above the level of the deck, this contrivance could be swung

to and fro in any direction. Equipped with this device, when the Carthaginians rammed the ships of the Romans, the drawbridge, which was twenty-four feet long beyond the hinge, was lowered from its vertical position. The iron beak and talons then buried themselves into the deck of the Carthaginian vessel, which enabled the Romans to board her two abreast, and thus change the conflict into a hand-to-hand fight, in which they knew themselves to be superior.

The Carthaginians, who had great contempt for the Roman fleet, of course laughed at the sight of this strange-looking device, which, because of its resemblance of the iron beak to the bill of a raven, was called a *corvus*. But learning its use, they soon found themselves being cut to pieces by their despised foe. The carnage was so horrible that they lost eight of their vessels.

It is well known that on the sites of earliest Phoenician and Carthaginian settlements burned the fires of Baal Moloch. Being idolators, they praised fire worship, and their chief god was Moloch or Baal Ammon, who represented the destructive power of the sun. The Phoenicians, like the Romans, were also flexible in their divinities, adopting foreign deities as they saw fit. Moreover, they were metamorphic, for their Baal was at once destructive and beneficent. Tanit was the goddess both of chastity and licentiousness, which finally coalesced into a sexual dualism, on the one hand symbolic of spiritual development, on the other of the grossest and most debasing materialism. In this tempo they cast human victims into a large furnace. (I happened to see one such place at Carthage in which children used to be sacrificed.)

When Agathocles besieged Carthage from 311 to 307 B.C., the inhabitants imputed their misfortune to their sacrificing the children of slaves and foreigners instead of those of their nobles. As they felt that this must have made Saturn or Moloch very angry, they sacrificed two hundred children of the best families while three hundred citizens sacrificed themselves voluntarily at the same time. Saturn was represented by a brazen statue with hands turned

upward, so that when a child was laid on the hands it dropped into a fiery furnace.

Not far from Tunis, in the direction of Sousse, there used to be a place called Maxula during the days of the Phoenicians, where the Roman general Regulus landed in 256 B.C., to begin his attack on the Carthaginian capital. He was so successful in the preliminary skirmishes that the Carthaginians sued for peace, but the peace terms were so stiff that they decided to fight on, under the able leadership of the Greek mercenary Xanthippus. He engaged the foe in a battle near Tunis with a force that also included one hundred elephants. Victory was largely due to the effective use of these beasts. And though the Romans were the bravest of soldiers, they seemed powerless against these huge beasts, which had scythes fastened to their trunks. Charging the enemy, the elephants first cut them ~~in~~ pieces and then trampled them to death. Regulus was taken prisoner and, after an imprisonment of several years, was sent to Rome to arrange an exchange of prisoners, having given his word of honor that, should his mission be unsuccessful, he would return to Carthage. Unable to secure the release of the Carthaginians, he returned, unaware of the horrible fate that was in store for him. Furious at the failure of the mission, the Carthaginians placed Regulus in a box-like compartment studded with sharp nails, so that he could get no rest day or night. Having previously cut off his eyelids, they suddenly brought him out of his dark dungeon exposing his agonized eyes to the full glare of the sun. They crucified him finally.

This brings us to the last struggles for existence of the Carthaginians, whose energy, courage, and perseverance may have had no parallel in all history. They succeeded for a while in keeping their foe at bay. On one occasion, observing the wind blowing toward the Roman ships, they loaded some small boats with twigs and, pouring brimstone and pitch over the contents and spreading the sails, they set fire to the boats, which the wind carried to the Romans, thus destroying their whole fleet. They also made sallies by night, but were unsuccessful in finding their way out. Still,

when the Roman general Scipio thought he had completely hemmed them in, Carthaginian ships still managed to escape through newly made moles, so that neither won a decisive victory at this time. Three years later, after many futile attempts, Scipio successfully stormed the commercial harbor and passed into the military port and forum that enjoined it. The Carthaginian guards, weak from hunger and disease, fought bravely but proved incapable of offering any effective resistance. The Romans passed the night in the forum, and with reinforcements began their assault on the city in the morning in earnest. Three streets led from the forum to the Byrsa fortress and rows of houses six stories high, from whose rooftops stones and other missiles were hurled at the Roman soldiers below. When the defenders of one house had been dispatched, bridges were thrown across to the next, and so the vicious struggle continued. The air became filled with groans and shrieks and every imaginable agonized cry. Men and women were hurled from the roofs to pavements, some being impaled on the heads of spears, swords, and other weapons. Even after the city was set afire the battle continued for six days and night. Scipio was indefatigable, and his soldiers worked in relays, while the Carthaginians resisted bravely, using everything, even precious pieces from their temples, toward the making of arms. Carthaginian women frantically cut off their hair to be used as bowstrings. Invaders and defenders fought in streets slippery with blood. And the noblest Carthaginians, driven back to the uppermost point of their city, set fire to their own beloved acropolis, there to die. Romans wept at the bravery of their enemy.

On the seventh day of the slaughter, as Scipio observed from a place of vantage what had been accomplished and remained to be done, a delegation bearing olive branches and the sacred garlands of Aesculapius (Roman god of medicine), approached, begging that he spare the lives of those who were willing to quit the Byrsa. To this Scipio consented, making an exception, however, of the deserters of the army, of whom there were about nine hundred. Forthwith fifty thousand men and women came out through the gates of the citadel. There remained now Hasdrubal, his wife and

their two boys, and the deserters, who all withdrew within the Temple of Eshmun. That temple, incidentally, the most beautiful and celebrated in all of Carthage, was situated on the very spot in Tunis where the Basilica of St. Louis now stands.

The cowardly Hasdrubal, who had murdered his predecessor and, it is said, feasted and reveled while his soldiers starved, secretly deserted his wife and children and, presenting himself before Scipio with an olive branch in his hand, begged for his own life. The request was contemptuously granted; but, making the coward sit at his feet, the Roman general called to those who had been deserted to look at their betrayer. Cursing and reproaching him, the miserable victims hastened their inevitable end by setting fire to the temple. Then Hasdrubal's wife appeared, arrayed in her costliest robe, with her children by her side. Standing calmly and majestically while the flames of the temple danced in cruel sport behind her, she called to Scipio and addressed him thus: "For you Romans the gods have no cause for indignation, since you exercise the right of war . . . but upon this Hasdrubal, betrayer of his country and her temples, of me and of his children, may the Carthaginian gods take vengeance and use you as their instrument." Then, turning to Hasdrubal, she added: "Coward, traitor, and most unmanly of men, this fire will entomb me and my children. Will you, the leader of great Carthage, decorate a Roman triumph? What punishment do you merit from him at whose feet you are now sitting?" She then slew her children, throwing them into the flames, and leaped in after them.

Scipio, beholding the spectacle of the total destruction of a city which from the day of its foundation had flourished seven hundred years, rich in arms and fleets, elephants and wealth, equaling the mightiest monarchies, and ruler over so many lands, shed tears and publicly lamented the fortune of the enemy.

When the people in Rome learned that Carthage had been destroyed, they were delirious with joy, as they were freed at last from the terror of Carthaginian supremacy that had taunted them for years.

Rome now stepped into Carthage's shoes. The Carthaginian

land became fertile and prosperous again. Roads and cities were rebuilt, proved by the fact that there are Roman remains today from the Gulf of Tunis to the Strait of Gibraltar. Still, the Romans never ventured into the desert regions, but established their cities and outposts never more than a couple of hundred miles away from the Mediterranean seaboard.

In the days of Caesar and Augustus, Carthage, occupying almost the site of present-day Tunis, was peopled anew and restored to something resembling its former magnificence and was made the capital of a Roman province. A thriving commercial metropolis—wealthy, gay, luxurious, and cultured—Carthage became, next to Rome, the first Latin city of the Occident and an outpost of a mighty empire.

Christianity under Rome

An almost impenetrable obscurity shrouded the origin and early progress of Christianity in these regions of North Africa. True, in Carthage during the first and second centuries there existed disciples of many pagan beliefs, but of Christianity little was heard until the end of the second century. Then, drenched in the blood of martyrs, it spread like a fiery cross through the gateway of Carthage all over North Africa, to become the religion of the poor and oppressed, but Carthage proper became the scene of early Christian worship, however.

As an aside, it might be interesting to note that, while traveling throughout Mauretania, I would often see a tattooed cross on the cheek of many a native. They could not say why they had these crosses put on their faces, except that it had always been the custom of their people. Discussing this later with a well-known ethnologist, I was told that it was a relic of a bygone era, of the days of seven-

teen hundred years ago, when these people's ancestors thus proclaimed their Christian faith.

Religious partisanship was as rife and violent in Carthage, and elsewhere, and Tertullian recounts how, in the large circus amphitheater, whose scantily outlined ruins can still be seen as one leaves the railway at La Malga, St. Perpetua, a young woman of aristocratic birth, together with Felicitas, Revocatus, Saturninus, and Secundulus, was arrested for avowing the abhorred faith and put to death by ferocious beasts, and how St. Cyprian, a heathen teacher of rhetoric, who was later converted to Christianity and elected to the See of Carthage, also was martyred and beheaded in A.D. 258.

In A.D. 177 Marcus Aurelius prohibited the introduction of new cults throughout the Roman African empire and ordered that all professing Christians be put to death. There still exists an authentic record of the trial of six Christians in the Carthage Tribunal shortly after the promulgation of this edict. The men's names were Cittinus, Narzalus, and Speratus, while the women were Donata, Vestia, and Secunda. This edict was one of the most tragic in all Christian history, and the one blemish in the life of Marcus Aurelius was his hostility to Christianity. This is even the more remarkable since his morality came nearer than any other heathenish system to that of the New Testament.

It should be borne in mind, however, that during the reign of Pro-Consul Marcus Aurelius the Christians had assumed a much bolder attitude than they had hitherto done. Not only had they caused first interest and then alarm by the rapid increase of their numbers, but, not content with bare toleration in the empire, they had declared war against all heathen rites, and at least indirectly against the very government which permitted them to exist. In the eyes of Aurelius they were atheists and foes of the social order, which he felt was the first duty of a citizen to maintain. And as such, although the most amiable of men and of rulers of those periods, he considered it his duty to sanction measures for the extermination of such "wretches."

The ruins of the Roman amphitheater where most of the executions by wild beasts took place lie close to La Malga and the old

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 railway station. None of the underground water ducts is visible, yet here and there as I explored these sites I noted round the sides some arches suggesting the vaulting of the substructure which carried the tiers of seats for the spectators. This amphitheater, according to an Arab chronicler of the Middle Ages, had five tiers of arches, enriched with columns and elaborate sculpture.

It was in this very amphitheater that Felicitas, Revocatus, Saturninus, Secundulus, and Perpetua were killed by wild beasts after their arrest in A.D. 202 for avowing the Christian faith. Perpetua, twenty-two years old and belonging to a rich and powerful family, had a young child at her breast when she wrote in her own hand a portion of the story of their martyrdom. "Felicitas was pregnant," she relates, and "As my father, because of his affection, tried to have me renounce my faith, I said to him 'Father, do you see that vase on the ground?' 'Yes,' he replied. 'Can one give it any other name?' 'No,' he said. 'Neither,' said I, 'can I call myself anything else but what I am, a Christian.'"

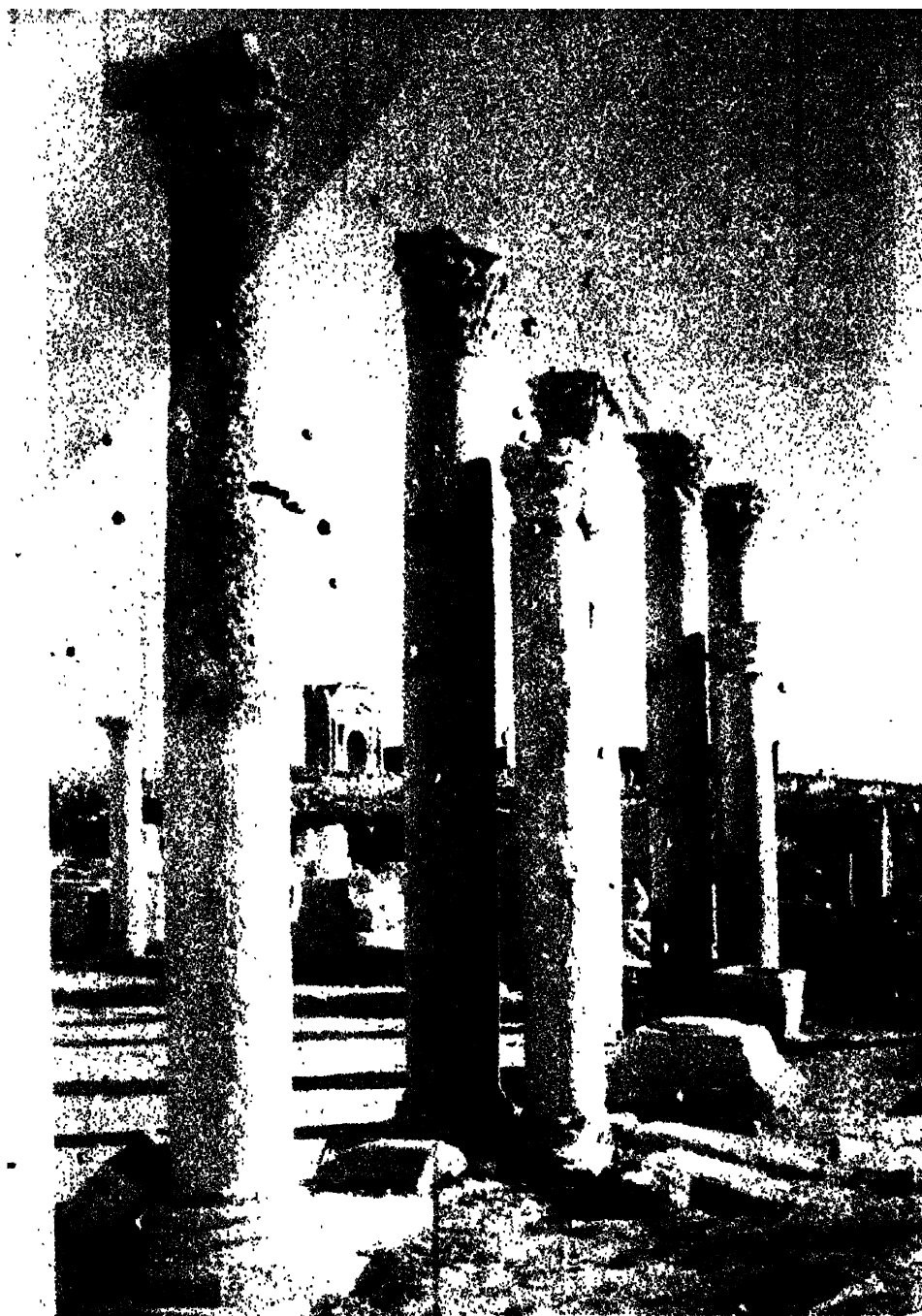
"A few days afterward," Perpetua continued, "we were put into prison. I was frightened, for I had never known such darkness. What never-ending days! What heat! One was suffocated by the mob, and some of the soldiers pushed us brutally. Also, I was consumed with fright for my child. But the officials—Tertius and Pomponius—assisted us, and by paying silver we were allowed to pass to a less crowded part of the prison. We left the dungeon, and I gave milk to my child, who was dying of hunger.

"We were placed on a kind of scaffold before the judge, who, when it came my turn, joined with my father and said: 'Will neither the gray hairs of a father nor the tender innocence of a child, whom your death will leave an orphan, move you?' As my father attempted to drag me from the scaffold, the judge commanded him to be beaten off, and a blow was given with a stick, which I felt as much as if I had been struck myself, so grieved was I to see my father thus treated in his old age.

"The judge pronounced our sentence, by which we were condemned to be exposed to wild beasts. We then joyfully returned to our prison, and as my infant had been used to my breast, I sent



Carthage, reminiscent of Didé, Aeneas, Hannibal, Cato, Scipio, and numerous other classical souvenirs of history, prides itself on its ruins and relics of a grandeur long past. Here one may see a vast mass of ancient ruins, such as Roman baths, cisterns, Punic tombs, around which history, romance, and legend have woven many tales.



At Maktaar, 'southeast of Tunis proper, we find ourselves in the heart of prehistoric vestiges—Roman ruins and relics of Byzantine periods, such as the above basilica and capitals.

Pomian, the deacon, to demand him of my father, who refused to send him. On the day of the public show my father came to find me out, overwhelmed with sorrow. He tore his beard, threw himself prostrate on the ground, and cursed his years."

Felicitas was eight months gone with child, and as the day of the show approached she was inconsolable, fearing that her martyrdom would be deferred on that account, because pregnant women were not allowed to be executed before they were delivered. Therefore, she and her companions prayed that the child might be born in good time. Their prayer was immediately answered, and the child was adopted by a Christian woman.

The day of their triumph having come, they were led out of the prison to the amphitheater. Joy sparkled in their eyes and appeared in all their gestures and words. When they came to the gate, the guards would have given them, according to custom, the superstitious heathenish clothes with which they had to adorn themselves: for the men, a red mantle which was the habit of the priests of Saturn; for the women, a little fillet round the head by which the priestesses of Ceres (goddess of growing vegetation, daughter of Saturn) were known. The martyrs rejected these adulterous ceremonies and vestments, and through Perpetua said that they came hither of their own accord and on the promise that they would not be forced to wear or do anything contrary to their religion. The tribune then consented that they could appear in the amphitheater dressed as they were.

Revocatus was immediately dispatched by a bear. Saturninus was attacked first by a leopard and then by a bear. Afterward he was exposed to a wild boar, but the beast refused to touch him, though he killed the keeper. Then Saturninus was tied near a bear, but that beast did not come out of his lodge, so that Saturninus, being sound and not hurt, was called upon for another encounter. In the meantime Perpetua and Felicitas had been exposed to a wild cow. After the first attack Perpetua perceived Felicitas on the ground, much hurt by the toss of the cow, so she helped her to rise. They stood together, expecting another assault, but instead were led to the

gate where those who were not killed by the beasts were dispatched at the end of the show by the *conféctores*.

All the martyrs now were brought to the place of butchery. But the people, not yet satisfied with beholding blood, cried out to have them brought into the center of the amphitheater that they might see the last blow. At this some of the martyrs rose up and, giving one another the kiss of peace, went of their own accord into the center of the arena. Others were dispatched, without speaking or stirring, where they stood.

Perpetua fell into the hands of a very timorous and unskillful apprentice who gave her many slight wounds, making her suffer a long time. One badly directed stroke caused her to utter a cry of anguish—yet, finally, she had the courage to steady the point of the young gladiator's trembling sword and guide it to her throat, when a roar went up from the seventy thousand spectators in, next to Rome's, the largest amphitheater in the world.

Then came the edict of Decius, after about thirty years of comparative security for the Christians, in the year A.D. 249. Terrible in the severity of its terms, it was carried out with horrible zeal. And it was in this epoch that the figure of St. Cyprian came grandly to the fore.

Tunis—End of Piracy on the Barbary Coast— Pacification of Tunisia

Eventually the sap was drained from the sinews of Roman rule. Bad government was succeeded by anarchy. Down came the Vandals like wolves from their haunts between the Vistula and Oder in A.D. 429, overrunning Gaul and Spain, thence sweeping into North Africa, under Genseric, their King. Scourging the land, wiping out all existing civilization, and exploiting the people, they

went on until Byzantine powers, under Emperor Flavius Anicius Justinianus the Great, snatched it back again in A.D. 533.

Carthage finally succumbed to Hassan-ben-Nomane who sacked and destroyed the land completely in A.D. 698. Christianity became senile or died. The faith of Islam spread. How completely this destruction must have been, one is able to judge by contemplating the ruins—mute sentinels today of a once mighty empire and civilization.

A second invasion occurred in 711, when Arabs also crossed over to Spain and conquered the lower portion of the peninsula. Later, Spaniards and Portuguese came upon the North African scene, seizing the best of its ports in the days of Charles V, and it began to look as if North Africa would become a Spanish colony. But Spanish thoughts then were aglow with the discoveries of Columbus, when a new route to the riches of "India and Cipangu" was believed to have been found. And as the North African littoral was not efficiently cared for, two corsair brothers—Arouj and Khair ed-Din, also known as Barbarossa—and renegade Greeks made their evil presence felt, driving the Iberians from Algiers and placing the whole land of Mauretania—Tunisia, Algeria, and Morocco—under Turkish sultan's hegemony.

The real Barbary coast of the romantic days of these corsairs was the whole North African littoral. Here pirates and corsairs had their secret lairs in inlet harbors, who pillaged and murdered among themselves as often as they did among strangers.

This piracy and slavery business continued to flourish until, during the reign of Louis XIV, Admiral Duquesne was charged with suppressing the pirates of the Tripolitanian coast. This celebrated French Admiral—after whom the original site of Pittsburgh was named—got down to real business, sighted eight of the Barbary feluccas, and gave them chase. They took refuge in the Sultan's own port of Chios but, with the Frenchmen close on their heels, were captured forthwith, forcing the Pasha of Tripoli without more ado to conclude a treaty containing many onerous conditions, including the release of all French prisoners and the return of a ship the blackguards had taken.

Still more years of piracy and slavery continued, until Admiral

Blake, a fine British sailor who had never trod the deck of a vessel until he was fifty, did his bit to sweep these fierce Mediterranean pirates off the seas. He entered Tunis in 1654 and, notwithstanding the fire of batteries on shore, he succeeded in destroying the entire piratical fleet of the Bey. France and Holland also joined in the fracas, but it was the United States Navy and Stephen Decatur, in 1804, as much as any other power, that drove the Barbary pirates from the seas.

Many a bombardment ensued in those days to frighten the Arabs into yielding their Christian slaves. The favorite threat of the Algerian deys was, when attacked, to threaten to fire Europeans from the cannon if the foreign ships opened fire on the town. The threat was sometimes effective, as on one occasion forty-nine French captives were done away with in this fashion.

However, French interests in this country began to grow, and the French Government backed up its citizens who had commercial disputes with the Algerian deys. But France waited her chance, a chance that came when the Dey slapped the face of the French consul. France did not hesitate one moment to protect her flag and avenge the insult, with the result that Algiers passed into the hands of France. Troublesome tribes in the interior and south also gave France another excuse for establishing a protectorate over Tunisia.

A closer look at French-Tunisian history reveals that France did her utmost to prevent Tunisia from having closer ties with Turkey, although not entirely with the open consent of the other powers, such as Spain, Italy, Britain, and Germany, who feared that with Algeria in France's realm Tunisia would follow. After the Crimean War of 1854, Turkey, of course, looked for sovereignty over Tunisia, while England, having acted as a moneylender to the Dey, and on account of the proximity of Malta, also thought of a Tunisian protectorate. England, after all, had invested quite heavily in Tunisian ports, railroads, and waterworks. But there still was Italy to contend with. Italy, for years, had sent her sons to Tunisia, and in the decade following 1870 more than twenty thousand Italians had immigrated thither. Italy had also bought the railroads from England.

Trouble had been in the air for a long time in Tunisia. In December 1878, an Italian consul, Signor Maccio, was sent to Tunis with secret instructions to pave the way for an Italian protectorate. As has been so customary among diplomats of all ages, Maccio began to sow seeds of discontent among the populace. France, however, was not to be caught napping. Having in the meantime secured England's and Germany's consent following the famous Berlin Congress in 1878, at which it was agreed that there would be no objection by them to France's Tunisian protectorate, France went to town. All France looked for now was a plausible excuse for occupation.

That opportunity soon presented itself when the Dey became delinquent in the payment of his debt to France, and the Dey became only too eager to sign the treaty which was forced upon him. France then began to bestir herself by mopping up the interior and looking after the defenses.

The Dey was told, not too politely, to keep his long nose out of the country's foreign affairs, and a resident general was appointed to "guide" the Dey in all his activities. In addition, the resident, general, the commander of French troops, two native ministers, and a French secretary general would constitute the Tunisian cabinet.

With Tunisia thus firmly tucked away in the bag, France began her pacification. She began to build large works, improve the ports, build good roads, while French industrialists interested themselves in Tunisia's important mining industry. No wonder, then, that Tunisia, under France's capable administrators, made great strides. When the French entered upon their Tunisian protectorate in 1881 in all earnest, only the coastal fringe was cultivated. Since then they have done a great deal in that country and, having performed wonders, they regard it as their own. It was the French who discovered that country's phosphates, who spread the colossal olive forests of Sfax inland, until today that country can boast of millions of wealth-giving trees. They also built a network of railroads, excellent motor roads, rendering most places easily accessible in this small, compact country. They also built excellent harbors,

and they multiplied the area under wheat by three, and the herds by ten.

Hence Tunisia today is something more than a productive unit in the French system, with its naval base at Bizerte and its division with Sicily of the mastery of the straits. Tunis is the real key to France's North African possessions and of Malta. No wonder France does her darnedest to keep Tunisia firmly in her pocket. . . .

The French, who maintain, or rather first established, law and order, have not changed the natives themselves. They tactfully sway scepter outwardly with great success, and they lack race prejudice and mingle with natives as their equals. That is as it should be. They have not always been too tender in their dealings, it is true, but they have not made any efforts to suppress the old Moslem faith. They simply exercise tolerance and avoid any undue outward friction. Underneath, as we have had occasion to observe only recently, we discern an ever-smoldering fire that harbors hatred, animosity, and rancor. For the Moslems, with few exceptions, will remain France's enemies, if not until their dying day, at least until their quest for nationalism and independence is fully satisfied.

True, France has conquered well and taken on the ways of the land, but there is no telling whether its soul is in danger. Native customs, languages, temperament, and instincts maintain their course and flow along, stunning all with their fathomless depths. The Moslems have changed mighty little from the habits and customs of their ancestors, who occupied the land centuries before the earliest Roman warriors flooded the North African continent. A people that has lived for thousands of years amid sand dunes and desert carved by the wind into all sorts of whirls, ripples, ridges, and undulations, heartbreaking in its apathetic and morose state, is the very symbol of eternity. The immensity of the desert is bound to have nourished the sterile, fatalistic, and cruel creed of the native and has made his mind and attitude so different from those of any other mortal in this world.

*Exploring Carthage and Roman Relics—
Bizerte, Sousse, Kairouan, Queen Cahena*

For days I wandered around and explored Carthage—its Punic tombs, the Temple of Tanit with its votive stelae, which were all that Scipio spared, nosed through the Lavagerie Museum on the Byrsa, traipsed from one basilica to another, the small one near the railway bridge above the enormous baths of Antoninus Pius, and the cisterns that the Carthaginians left for the Romans to embellish. I stopped at the Basilica Major, where Felicitas and Perpetua were buried, and stood near the flotsam of the theater that the Vandals, to make a reputation, wrecked in A.D. 449. I also crawled, as it were, along Punic drains and into elephant stables, possibly trying to sniff the past. And as I stood there contemplating these remnants of a bygone age, that vast emptiness of void tombs, baths, and amphitheaters, there was something intensely pathetic and tragic about these dumb, inanimate leftovers standing there exposed to the elements and telling their tale of destructions by Rome in vengeance, by the Vandals in suspicion, and by the Arabs in fickleness.

The discoveries of the last years on this site have been momentous. Of immense interest, for instance, was the discovery in 1902 of the sarcophagus of a Phoenician priestess believed to have lived in the third century B.C. While the colored marble sarcophagus itself is of the best period of Greek workmanship, in the representation of the priestess we have a figure of a type unlike any Greek art known, a countenance of a noble loveliness and charm. As expressed by an archaeologist: "The brilliance of color, and strangeness of attire, far from detracting from the dignity of her presence, seem to enhance the noble simplicity and reserve suggested by her

figure. A rare and lovely personality seems to have been the inspiration of the sculptor. She was not Greek, nor Egyptian, and the Semitic features are hardly recognizable. The dove in the figure's right hand may well be taken as a symbol of her own gentle beauty and sweetness. Surely this is a pure type of Phoenician womanhood. That majestic calm which is the outward and visible sign of the highest courage within comports well with the reputation of the women of Carthage, and their bearing in that terrible siege which tried them unto death."

Another find was the unearthed Roman palace built up over an old Punic burial place. Luxurious, though of diminutive proportions, this palace or villa possessed a pavement in mosaic worthy to rank with that classic example of the Villa Hadrian at Tivoli. This mosaic is also on display at the Lavigerie Museum.

I also came to a wine cellar, of the time of Augustus, whose bricks were made twenty-five years before the birth of Christ, as the dates on the bricks revealed; down a slope I reached the forum, the Temple of Apollo, and the baths of Theodora, while beyond was a stretch of the aqueduct. Here, also, was the place where, on March 2, A.D. 202, two Christian martyrs fought with beasts and where, in sharp contrast, High Mass was celebrated by the Primate of Africa on March 7, 1895.

There were, finally, remains of marble gods reduced to torsos, goddesses with chipped features, and lifeless mailed figures of male warriors, mosaic hunting scenes, laughing nymphs, in addition to a mosaic of Virgil dictating the *Aeneid* and recounting his wanderings from Troy to Latium.

Another place of interest, with Roman ruins, grand, forlorn, and slowly crumbling, and a place that also has felt the hand of races that have surged across the land, was Utica, erstwhile capital of Roman Africa, founded by Phoenicians centuries before the Christian Era, and today nothing but an Arab village called Bou Chater, located to the west of Tunis on the road to Bizerte.

Almost a neighbor of Carthage is Sidi-bou-Said, easily the most picturesque place around Tunis, if one excepts the low-flying fishing village of La Goulette, better known by the Italian name of

La Golette. Sidi-bou-Saïd played an important role in the sixteenth century, when Charles V occupied it and it became a fortified stronghold of the Iberians. Strengthened further by Don Juan of Austria after the Battle of Lepanto, it was captured by the Turks. For the devout, La Goulette derives added interest from the fact that St. Vincent de Paul was a captive here in the seventeenth century.

Northwest of Tunis is the French naval base Bizerte, also known as Hippo-Diarrhytus of the ancients, whose inhabitants were continually scrapping with neighboring Carthage. A Roman colony when the empire was running with the tide, it became one of the sanctuaries of Moors expelled from Spain.

Sousse, an important and steadily growing port, with about as mixed a populace as one may see in any Mediterranean city, continued for many years, in days gone by, as a pirates' lair. The souks of Sousse are extremely fascinating, as is the port, which is made increasingly colorful by the diversified sails of Italian and Maltese fishing craft and the dhows of Arabs, and the miscellaneous hotch-potch that associates itself always with any seaport. No less noteworthy is the great signal tower of the Citadel, a reconstructed pharos, or lighthouse, called Khalef-el-Feta, which operated here in A.D. 1088. Finally there is the Kasbah, perched high on the hillside, overlooking from its loftiness the Arab quarter and souks.

While Sousse cannot compete with Carthage in historical Roman interest, its claim to antiquity still admits few rivals. Founded in the ninth century B.C. as Hadrumentum, it is somewhat older than Carthage. Agathocles laid siege to the place in 307 B.C., Hannibal retreated here after his defeat by Scipio in 203 B.C., and its fortifications were destroyed by the Vandals in A.D. 434. It succumbed at the order of Justinian to the army of Belisarius, was invaded by Arabs in A.D. 663, and after the defeat of the Byzantine army at Thysdrus (now known as El-Djem) in A.D. 689, it came under the hegemony of the caliphate at Bagdad. Such is the historical record of a place which under subsequent French direction has risen to become one of the most prosperous and busiest ports of Tunisia.

South of Tunis, in understandable solemnity, slumbers the city

of Kairouan, which, by virtue of its mosques, presents one of the prettiest side shows of the Arab world. After driving through the small Italian colony of Grombalia along the coast, I struck inland and crossed an immense and featureless plain, a dreary slum of nature, broken occasionally by endless patches of olive growths, cactus, and other desert vegetation, until I reached Kairouan, situated at the other end of a stale plateau, certainly a queer and unusual location to put a holy city and shrine. Yet here is where Okba-ben Nafi, the conqueror of Africa, chose to plant his camp and his great mosque less than forty years after the death of the Prophet.

As I drove into this historic town, the shapeless squalor of its streets and decrepit dwellings and the poverty of the youngsters who scampered round the car for baksheesh had me wondering whether history was really worth the making. And then, just as suddenly, the grand surprise as I came face to face with the great Mosque of Sidi-Okba, massive, god-like in this heap of dirt. In a gigantic courtyard, with a heavy pylon at the other end and a simple arcade running its course completely around it, rose the mosque endowed with all the grandeur one could expect of a people with such moral, and unsuperstitious monotheism. Kairouan has guarded to this very day its religious supremacy as the Holy City of the Eastern Maghreb and accordingly shines as a place of pilgrimage for the faithful from all over North Africa.

Kairouan's native quarter is entirely free of French innovations and has remained exactly as it has been for centuries. Yet here, of all places, the doors of the mosques of Sidi-Okba and Sidi-Sahab, nicknamed the Mosque of the Barber, are open to the "dogs of infidels," provided one puts babouches over one's shoes or removes them, as I did, before entering. The Sidi-Okba within, distinctly of the classical type, with seventeen aisles and eight large aisles crossing them at right angles, has been rebuilt and oftentimes added to. The *minbar*, or pulpit, the faïences, ceilings, and the very finest of Hispano-Arabic details are of a superlative luxuriance and very intriguing.

The Mosque of Sidi-Sahab, or Mosque of the Barber, is built

over the sepulcher of one of the Prophet's companions. According to the legend, its name derives from the fact that Sidi-Sahab always carried with him three hairs of the beard of the Prophet. These hairs were buried with him when he died, of course, and this accounts also for the extra devotion and veneration in which this mosque is held.

Beyond Sousse, Kairouan, and Sfax lies a rather interesting section of the country, which has become known for its many oases and *chotts*, the latter being wide surfaces of so-called marshy land. Actually great depressions in the soil, these *chotts* must have been dried-out beds of some long-vanished river, lake, or bay. Whatever their origin, the fact remains that their crystallized surfaces have been, and still are, veritable deathtraps for the uninitiated who might stray from the beaten caravan tracks that cross these *chotts*. They are said to be very ancient, and an account of a caravan that vanished in one of them was published by a Spanish historian in the ninth century, although Herodotus, the Greek historian, mentioned them already in the fifth century B.C., as he referred to a Lake Triton, probably the Chott Nefzaoua of today, which had an outlet into the Syrtis River, which is known today as the Gulf of Gabès.

The southern portion of Tunisia is renowned for the huge crop of dates it produces. Here date is king, and the oases of Gabès and Tozeur are called the *Pays des Dattes*, for here, as well as at Sfax, flourish the finest date palms known to the botanical world. These oases also rank as the most populous and beautiful of all those found in the great African desert. Between Sousse and Sfax, after a delightful drive, I came to the outskirts of El-Djem, the Thysdrus of the Romans, at one time one of the richest cities of North Africa.

After the Romans had destroyed Carthage, they were forced by the logic of events and in order to gain security on their frontiers to advance farther and farther into the interior to the south, and westward along the North African littoral. Their policy at first was one of creating buffer states and protectorates, not unlike the native states of India. They had no desire, however, to penetrate the remote recesses of the Atlas Mountains, the habitat then of savage

tribes. The buffer state was necessary as a protection for the rich Roman farms, villages, and cities. And when Rome's imperial power gradually absorbed the more settled portions of the country and had turned them into Roman provinces, they pushed the buffer state even farther. Thus it was that Carthage, one-time rival of Rome, and many others like Thysdrus, whose amphitheater still stands, and Caesarea, capital of the ancient native dynasty of Numidia and often referred to as the Athens of the West, became outposts of a mighty empire whose names are forgotten, except where the spades of archaeologists have cleared the sites to reveal their vast foundations.

Thysdrus of the Romans has been buried countless years, but its amphitheater, whose massive pile became visible against the horizon as I neared El-Djem, has been preserved for posterity. While the first view did not give an accurate impression beyond its shape, it stood out nonetheless with startling effect as the only object on the huge void plain. Then, as I drew nearer, I began to take in more details. Though actually it is tremendous in size, I gained the impression that its complete isolation might have conveyed a somewhat exaggerated impression of its enormous proportions. It is a spectacle of exciting quality, nonetheless. Running from east to west, the monument forms a long ellipsis, of which its greater axis measures 489 feet, its smaller 407, and its circumference 1200 feet, while the arena itself is 300 feet long. The wall is 66 feet thick, while the galleries are 60 feet wide. The four stories above the ground are supported by 64 arches separated from each other by beautiful Corinthian capitals. What once was the upper story has by now completely disappeared, while the long and lofty galleries and broad staircases, which also served as seats for the spectators, have all but sunk into oblivion.

While space does not permit going into the long struggles between Romans, savage tribesmen, and Arabs in which this arena played a conspicuous role, suffice to say that this great oval, besides performing its conventional functions like the Colosseum at Rome, also served as a fortification against oncoming Berber and Vandal hordes. To withstand these assaults it required indeed more than

ordinary powers of resistance, for soon after the founding of Kairouan the Berbers, who had aided the Arabs in their invasion of the country against the foreign invaders, found that their new masters were even worse than the Byzantines, and they revolted. Under leadership of Queen Cahena they defeated the Arabs at Carthage and, retiring to El-Djem, they turned the amphitheater into a fortress, where they defied for more than three years all the efforts of Sidi-Okba to dislodge them.

It has been the subject of considerable conjecture as to whence this Queen Cahena originated. Tradition asserts that this Sahara queen had placed herself at the head of the Berber tribes and worked like a beaver for a cessation of the rivalries and internecine troubles that had undermined their very existence. Through her daring, victorious career, and by her indescribable patriotism and courage, she earned for herself a never-to-be-forgotten reputation. A woman of extraordinary beauty, she was often sought by pashas and caids of a great many tribes, but she rejected them all, including one caid, a tyrant known for his vicious and debauched character, who was wont to demand seignorial rights of every female coming to his attention. Thus his evil eyes had also lighted on Cahena, who in order to free herself and her people from such a pest devised a plan by which she hoped to circumvent the evil designs of this tyrant.

On the day he was about to claim his fulfillment, she, like a new Judith, plunged a dagger in his breast. Proclaimed subsequently Queen of all Berber tribes, her reign was very successful, during which she conquered the Mussulmen in a series of triumphant campaigns. City after city paid her tribute, and several Christian dignitaries even came to extend congratulations, but by an irony of fate the Jews, who had looked upon the Arabs as their liberators from Byzantine rule, failed to share in the general rejoicing. Instead, they cursed this nomad queen, going so far as to compare her to a Nebuchadnezzar. For some time peace reigned and prosperity ruled in that part of the dark continent, until, after five years of comparative quiet, the Arabs returned with a powerful army. The great amazon assembled all her forces, while the Christians, jealous

of her success, concluded a separate peace with the Moslems. This treachery, filling her breast with deep resentment and fury, roused her to renewed action and, calling the Berbers' together, she resorted to the most unusual measures, laying waste all of North Africa, sacking its cities and ruining its gardens. Desertion after desertion of Berber tribesmen followed, while Christian and Jew never forgave her for having devastated an empire.

And then, in A.D. 703, the Moslems, under General Hassan, again invaded the Maghreb, and the two opposing forces met at ancient Thysdrus, whose Roman amphitheater still bears the name of the great Berber Queen. It was here that Queen Cahena met her Waterloo. The carnage was so great that no Berber escaped. And when Cahena's advisers urged her to seek refuge in the hills, she exclaimed solemnly that she who had commanded the *roumis* (Christians or foreigners), Berbers, and Arabs, could die only as a queen. And it was thus that Cahena, the Berber Queen, fell gloriously by her own sword.

To end this story in true Moslem fashion General Hassan, not content with her downfall, neatly cut off her head and sent it in a beautiful casket set in jewels and gold to the Caliph at Bagdad in A.D. 704.

Such is the epic, briefly summarized, of this great Berber Queen, who earned for herself a place of honor in Woman's Hall of Fame, side by side with the pulchritudinous, unfaithful Helen of Troy; the faithful and beautiful Penelope, wife of Odysseus, and, despite the harshness of the Bible on women, beside such heroines as Rebecca, Deborah, Ruth, Esther, and France's Joan of Arc.

Tunis of the Podgy and Waddling Women, and Souks

After this brief survey of the history of Carthage and events that have been blended in the early Tunisian pattern, let's retrace our steps and revert to Tunis proper and its so-called podgy and waddling women. It must be said first that not all Tunisian women and girls look like overcharged balloons. On the contrary, I found that a great many Tunisian girls are as slender and flat as a pancake as many of our own typically American young ladies, but once they reach the marriageable age, the picture changes, and the bigger and flabbier they are, the more lusciously alluring they appear in the eyes of their swains. What the average Tunisian then looks for are pretty eyes and pounds of fat.

While most Mohammedan ladies shield their charms of countenance with a soft veil falling from just below the eyes, the Tunisian Moslem lady has her head swaddled in black, as if her husband had tied her pretty head in a black bag so tight that the bag split just enough for her to peer through the slit.

The Jewish women of Tunis, on the other hand, do not wear veils, but put even their Mohammedan sisters in the shade when it comes to fat. And while the young Tunisian Jewesses are visions of loveliness, their mammas, in high-coned hats, rich raiment, and white satin slippers, like to attain the maximum proportions of corpulence to satisfy their husbands' ideal of grace and beauty.

Except in Constantinople or Cairo, there is nothing as oriental as the old Tunis of souk, mosque, and minaret. Less spoiled by the encroachment of extraneous influences than Algiers, the native quarter of Tunis might well be a chapter out of the *Arabian Nights* as one strolls up one narrow, twisting ruelle and down another

labyrinthine whitewashed tunnel. Its vast spider web of narrow streets and cul-de-sacs are still like those of the days when pashas kept their harems well filled and a thriving slave traffic flourished. Its shops are windowless, mere alcoves in the wall, with little holes that are spaced in the roof, sufficient to let in some light but not to let out some of the odors.

The other Tunis, down by the docks and harbor, is as conventionally twentieth-century as Paris or New York. Here, as one watches that ceaseless motion on the boulevards, everything bustles with that cosmopolitan glamour and polish which we so fondly refer to as present-day progress. Tunis' modernity and vitality become evident to even the most blasé of tourists, and with so much of its life concentrated on the stately Avenue de France and Avenue Jules Ferry, these avenues become the scene of constant activity, a veritable kaleidoscope of Tunisian-French life. The palm-shaded and flower-bordered promenades are resplendent with stores, bulging with wares from all over the world, and hotels and cafés, reminiscent of *La Ville Lumière*. In fact, a most rewarding section for sight-seeing and strolling.

"When a man is tired of Tunis, he is tired of life" so might today's visitor to that city paraphrase Dr. Samuel Johnson's comment on his eighteenth-century London. And like that ancient English capital, the city of Tunis, in which old and modern verve are artfully blended, is like a cornucopia of alluring riches for the contemporary sight-seer. Of course, to me, the inner Arab city, with its swarming hordes of peoples of East and West, was the most fascinating. Here the familiar vied with the unfamiliar in scenes that bewildered the eye. It became difficult at times to decide where to focus my attention first.

In addition to grim battlemented walls and towers, high above all, behind the Dar-el-Bey, and overlooking the rooftops of souks and the city below, there are the Kasbah and the quaintly decorated minaret of the mosque, the oldest in Tunis and undoubtedly one of the finest of all decorative minarets in the Islamic world. While other Tunisian minarets are extremely delicate in design and more or less ornate, they do not possess the impressive luxuriance of the

one in the Kasbah, which was the work, not of faithful Mussulmen, but of so-called Italian "infidels."

Bab-Souika, just outside the Arab quarter, on the way to the Kasbah, hums with the animation of native life. In the Halfaouine section we find a plethora of Moorish cafés and coffeehouses; Bab-Djedid reveals another aspect of Arab *dolce-far-niente*, while the Place Sidi-Baian, with its Jewish belly-dancers, may provide a moment of diversion to the "cultural-minded" and ought not be missed.

Dawdling along, and before entering the noisome Rue de la Kasbah, with its thriving shops and haggling and squabbling, I tarried for a moment at an Arab café frequented almost entirely by native folk of every shade ranging from blue-black to blond. Outside, a group of solemn-looking patriarchs, stroking their short beards and gesticulating with slender fingers, possibly mulled over the meaning of some obscure passage from their Koran. Half inside, a massive and gorgeously attired dusky, possibly from the Sudan, was inhaling smoke from a quaint-looking hubble-bubble and blowing successful smoke rings. In contrast to their grave elders, some obstreperous youths were shouting and laughing as they rattled the dice on a backgammon board; behind them, a pale, emaciated-looking individual was taking festive puffs from a tiny but deadly pipe of kif. The attitudes of this strange crowd were as varied as their physiognomies, recalling to me familiar figures of the past, as though there had been a biblical resurrection.

As I walked inside, a bulky man in the baggy trousers of the East was toting drinks and hubble-bubble pipes. The air here was quite heavy. A hawk-eyed man who could easily have doubled for a Barbary pirate was hammering at a rickety piano; a potbellied gent was scratching at a viola held between his knees, a sickly-faced, smudge-eyed Maltese, dressed like a Moor, was rattling his fingers against a tom-tom; and a man as old as the Djurdjura hills spasmodically shook a tambourine. They were trying hard to emit an oriental air. And what an air! I shall remember for many a moon this fanfare, whose bombilations at times became so deafening that I began to wonder whether the world was coming to an end. And for syncopa-

tion, whoop, and screech, this pandemonium should stand as a living monument to dissonance, and I was indeed glad to escape this cacophony and dash into the Souk-el-Attarine, or Perfumers' Alley, where the atmosphere was clear, and essence of sweet flowers instead of harsh sounds was in the air.

This souk, my favorite, roofed with stone and cingy spirals of red and green, was about as archaic as the Arab conquest of Africa. It was dark and reasonably cool, and the warmth of the sunshine that managed to pour through added to the fragrance. Perfume dealers were sitting in their shops like spiders waiting for the flies. About them a galaxy of bottles of distilled blooms—quaint-shaped bottles with Arabic inscriptions—silk sachets of dried leaves; candles of multi-hued wax. Some were immense gilded candles, some taller than a man, just waiting to be picked up for funeral processions. I also spotted little ivory eggs in which a scent-saturated tuft of cotton or wool was thrust that would keep the essence of perfume for months and, so I was told, for years. I watched as one of these perfume craftsmen was pounding some leaves and blossoms by hand in a mortar.

As I nosed around, I happened to see some necklaces and bracelets of these people's much-cherished amber. Just for fun I had different kinds of perfume streaked onto each wrist with a glass stopper, after which I went away smiling and also smelling like the Attar Alley itself, but that seemed to please the vendors immensely.

The left wall of Perfumers' Alley, sparkling, as it were, with bottles and shopkeepers' eyes, constituted also the outside wall of the University's Mosque. About here I ran into numbers of students in skullcaps and tasseled *chechias* as they slipped past the mosque door with leather books of learning in their hands.

Just off the Souk-des-Grains (grain market) is the Street of Pearls. In this romantically named thoroughfare, and close beneath the squat, mushroom dome of the Mosque Sidi-Mahrez, was a brass-studded and bolted doorway, closing an entrance between two slender marble columns. These columns, I learned, were snatched from ancient Carthage by some unscrupulous Turk or Arab. Above the entrance was a graceful Moorish horseshoe arch providing the

sole access to a typically oriental establishment, built three hundred years ago by some Turkish pasha who fled from Constantinople for political reasons and for his country's good.

Slowly sauntering through the pillaged court of the slave market, which seemed to have outlived its usefulness, I reached the milliners' section, where cross-legged artisans were deftly turning out colorful chechias for their Arab customers. Close by, shoemakers were stitching and embroidering the gold-threaded arabesques of their ancestors.

In an open market place a lively performance was being given by a snake charmer. All around him was a knot of squawking children and grownups, to whom this sort of entertainment was a never-failing source of delight and—terror. I had been attracted to this circle by the sounds—a relentless drumbeat ending in a savage tattoo, and chants that, by the time I nudged closer, had crescendoed to a wild frenzy. The white-turbaned charmer, reminiscent of a performer in some black-magic ritual, began to run around his sleek, skinned charges, whose heads were raised in immobile concentration. Suddenly he lifted the snakes, placed them around his neck and face in a gesture of ecstatic love-making, opened his mouth wide, and let the poisoned tongues shoot spring-like into it. He pushed their heads together for a few seconds deeper into his mouth and with his eyes shut kept them there in some incommunicable ecstasy. .

Native Medicine Men— Quacks, Sorcerers, Omens

Nearby was a medicine man surrounded by a weird conglomerate of so-called medical decoctions: skulls of foxes, lizard skins, sand serpents, beaks of cocks, cocks' combs, leopards' claws,

and bottles upon bottles of evil-looking liquids. It is interesting to note that native peoples here, too, widely distrust white man's methods of healing the sick, a thing that is so true in many other places in the world, in spite of the spectacular work done by white doctors in all sorts of tropical sicknesses, plagues, and sanitation generally. And all because most natives believe in the supernatural, curative powers of certain animals and plants. It is, of course, only natural that a people exposed to constant dangers to health and bodily well-being should have developed many simple means of protection. True, some of these methods are far wrong, and all because some of these people have no accurate knowledge of human physiology, but in many cases, in which this knowledge is commensurate with their reasoning, results are often quite satisfactory. Yet there are quacks galore, and here, too, for instance. I spotted now and then a so-called patient approach, tell the story of his ailment to the medicine man, who, listening in grave silence, finally produced the so-called healing powder, herbs, or drops, and in one case, I observed, a scrap of paper only on which some magic curative power was written.

Close by this fakir (maybe fakir) were some stalls occupied by affable native ladies who, besides selling many decoctions, also made overtures for a fixed fee to interpret dreams—bad, good, or indifferent. They also sold strange-looking seeds that were supposed to rejuvenate or prolong life, at least so they swore by the beard of the Prophet. At one stall I tarried a bit longer as I watched the antics of a large spider imprisoned in a bottle of honey. I was told by the female medicaster that the woman who swallowed this honey would find it a great deal easier to keep her husband faithful to her. This quacksalver also had a very fine collection of some charming, darling little snakes that were used, she said, in a dried state, promising to restore sexual potency and assuring a crop of male heirs. Needless to say, these stalls were doing the liveliest business in this market, and no wonder, as these fakirs, or fakers—charlatans and tricksters—knowing full well that superstition and some sort of demonology play a large role in Arab and Mohammedan life, capitalize on the credulity of their patrons.

I learned that many animals are held sacred by these people. Some are used as a source of omens; others are considered highly efficacious for the relief and so-called cure of many maladies. So there exists among them quite a variety of beliefs and customs connected with the horse. For instance, many Arab tribesmen regard the horse as a holy animal. Some even regard the horse as a member of their family, so that a horse may be saluted first before a man would greet his family, by bidding the horse good morning, touching the horse's head with the right hand, and then kissing the fingers of that hand. If a mare has given birth to a male foal, it is quite customary for the natives to celebrate the event on the seventh day, as they do on the birth of a child. A Moorish professor in Fez also told me that young girls among some tribes will often smear their vulva with the lather of a stallion in order to prevent the growth of hair.

As is well known, the wild boar and domestic pig are regarded by Moslems as unclean animals and therefore must not be used by them as food. The flesh of swine is strictly forbidden to Moslems (it says so in four different places in the Koran), yet in ancient times Mohammedans were accustomed to eat pork. It then came to pass, according to a legend, that the huntsmen of a village shot a wild boar and divided the meat among the village's households but omitted to give a proper share to a poor widow. She began to cry and complain, and Allah, upon hearing the complaint, punished the villagers with an avalanche of rain, thunder, sickness, and death. Stricken by fear, the villagers hurried to the kadi of the Prophet and asked him why they were thus punished. The kadi thereupon asked them whether they might have done something to invoke the anger of Allah. And after thinking the matter over, they told him about the boar. The kadi then told them that Allah undoubtedly had heard the widow's laments and had decided that that part of the animal that they should have given to the widow should never be eaten by anybody. Since no one could remember what part of the boar it really was, it was decreed that Mohammedans should abstain from eating pork altogether.

The hedgehog is said to have been once a man who prostituted

his sister and was punished by being transformed into a hedgehog. This animal is considered by Arabs to be very rich in medicinal properties, while some parts of the animal are used by many tribesmen as charms against the evil eye. These same tribesmen believe that, if a bridegroom is incapable of consummating his marriage on his wedding night, he should fumigate a part of his anatomy with the smoke of hedgehog bristles. This may also explain to their satisfaction why melted fat of the hedgehog must be used as an aphrodisiac to increase virility.

Some Arab tribesmen believe that red ants are Christians, big black ants are Jews, and small black ants are Mohammedans or shereefs. And should there be small black ants in their houses or tents, they believe them to be blessed. If a person is wont to sleep too much, live red ants are put into his food to give him the wakefulness or alertness of an ant.

These tribesmen also have some peculiar ideas about locusts, believing that they are a combination of or have the peculiarities of many other animals. Hence they say that a locust has the legs of a camel, neck and eyes of an elephant, head of a bullock, and is the possessor of 366 varieties of medicinal properties. Moreover, female locusts, when fried in butter after legs and wings have been removed, are said to be not only very delicious as a food but strengthen the body and increase sexual potency.

This brings us finally to the louse, as many Arabs have the idea that there is a little *baraka* or something holy in the louse. Hence, according to Arab belief, lice have a natural affinity for holy persons, and to have lice is therefore considered a Moslem characteristic. Hence the maxim: "He who has no lice does not possess the true Mohammedan faith." Lice and fleas are therefore given to the faithful in order that they will not oversleep and forget their early-morning prayer.

From the Souks to the Court of the Kadi

Remembering that the Place Bab-Souika, just outside the Medina, was at one time one of the most picturesque spots of Tunis, I retraced my steps to the narrow but colorful street. Situated in direct line between souks and the Place Halfaouine, and with half a dozen major streets converging upon it, it might well be called the Columbus Circle of native Tunis. While it is an extremely busy thoroughfare, probably the most distinctive feature of this tuelle lined with bistros is its avalanche of barber establishments and their tonsorial artists. The Arab barber, by the way, not only seems well qualified to shave your beard and trim your pate but will with equal readiness cup you, extract your teeth, manicure your nails, staining them a beautiful red, and cut your corns. Now all these important operations are performed *alfresco*, right in the open street. And to show that he is no novice in his profession and to inspire the fullest confidence, one tonsorial artist had the outside of his establishment adorned with glass showcases, in which he displayed a large collection of teeth and an array of corns pinned like *lepidoptera* on a velvety background.

Leaving the barbers with their teeth, corns, and what not behind, I continued my so-called Cook's tour until I landed at the Souk of Women, a place one does not so easily forget. Here endless merchandise—pieces of cotton, silk, striped *foutahs* in gorgeous colors, *gandourahs* of colored cashmere, pieces of beautiful embroidery, silver and enameled anklets, armlets, and bracelets, coral and silver earrings—were changing hands. And, surprisingly enough, most if not all of the bargaining and haggling was going on outside the double row of tiny shops. In the center of the narrow roadway a loudly gesticulating knot of women was scrambling around a bright

remnant table, and I could not keep from smiling at seeing vindictive, olive-colored fingers snatching pieces of silk or what not from one another in some sort of Klein-on-the-Square, Macy, or Gimbel bargain-basement fashion.

A shout, and I stepped aside quickly, as a lad came running head on with little receptacles of steaming coffee. An incessant clang of hammers emanated from the metal market near the Rue de la Kasbah, while close by, in the Souk Sakajine, saddlers were seen toiling like busy bees turning out high-pommeled yellow saddles. No less noisy were the activities going on in the jewelry mart, where barbaric doodads were being haggled over by buyers and sellers screeching at one another. I learned that, once a deal had been consummated, buyer and seller would partake themselves peacefully to a small government office, to have an official examine the precious metal to certify the gold content and genuineness of the gems.

Finally I expressed a more than casual interest in the souks where fez makers were pressing the red caps into shape, because it reminded me of a story that I had read about a Jewish merchant in Tunis who had commissioned a French importer to import for him a large consignment of black hats, green shawls, and red silk stockings, the traditional type of wear of Jewish people in those days. When the merchandise arrived from France, the Jewish merchant repudiated the order for one reason or other. Hauled before the Bey of Tunis, who in those days administered justice himself, the Jewish dealer not only denied having given the order but disclaimed knowing the French merchant.

"Where are your witnesses?" the Bey asked the Frenchman.

"I have none, sire, I haven't even got anything in writing," the Frenchman replied.

"Well, as it is your word against his," the Bey angrily retorted, "I do not see any way of awarding judgment in your favor. Case dismissed."

Withdrawing sadly, the Frenchman of course bemoaned his fate in the realization that this would mean total ruin to his business. But he had hardly reached his office when he was startled by a

great hubbub in the streets. Rushing out to see what all this commotion was about, he noticed a vast crowd, mostly Jewish people, following one of the beylical servants, who was making the announcement that "each Jewish citizen who, within twenty-four hours after this proclamation, shall be found in any street of Tunis without black beaver hat, green shawl around his shoulders, and red stockings on his legs shall be seized forthwith and taken to the first court of our palace, to be publicly flogged, to death." Within one hour the shop of the French merchant was literally besieged by Jewish people only too anxious to pay him any price he chose to ask for his derelict cargo of black beaver hats, green shawls, and red stockings.

The law is of course administered a great deal differently today by what is known as the Court of the Kadi. Visiting this court, I found it not only most attractive architecturally but also greatly interesting from the standpoint that one may observe here some of the recondite customs of the native population. Here all matters relating to Moslem family life—marriage, divorce, and inheritance—are gone into and settled. The courthouse itself has three arcaded aisles, the center one open to the sky and protected by an awning when the weather is unusually hot. Flanking the sides are recessed bays and chambers, in which the kadi renders judgment. A most pleasant little fountain trickles in the center. There is also a small room near the entrance for prisoners and witnesses to be called up by the kadi.

When I visited this court on a Thursday morning, the best time usually to see the court in action, a lot of excited Arabs were milling about, taking no pains to conceal their varied, and often violent, emotions. The richly dressed kadis, wearing special turbans of white linen folded in a most peculiar and elaborate way, looked as if they already had one foot in the grave; still it must be said they were very venerable men. As they sat serenely comfortably on luxurious divans strewn with soft cushions of rich brocade, there seemed nothing wrong with the life of a kadi. To add a finishing touch to all this, there were some court attendants who were extremely colorful in their quaint attire and red fezzes.

As this court was largely used in divorce cases, there was, of

course, a large number of veiled women present. I felt sorry for these ostensibly unhappy women, who in many cases proved guiltless of fault beyond that of barrenness, of being no longer young, or of having lost their good looks. This may require some additional explanation. Here a man may divorce his wife without having any real cause for complaint, and only because he is tired of her. In such an event he is obliged, or rather forced, to return any dowry she may have brought him at their marriage.

Among some desert tribes divorce is almost as common as marriage, which takes place at a very early age. It happens very often that a boy of thirteen or fourteen marries a divorced woman who, being older and "wiser" and having a knowledge of worldly affairs, takes care of him when he is young and manages the household. Ten or more years later, having become thoroughly experienced in these "worldly" affairs, the same fellow may marry again, this time a girl of twelve, after which his first wife is divorced from him and often becomes his servant. True, the *Aṣab* is allowed by the Koran to have four wives, but only those well in the chips can afford such a luxury.

It is interesting to note that, according to Westermarck, "Islam looks upon women with an unfriendly and suspicious eye, and it pronounces their general depravity to be much greater than that of men." According to Mohammedan tradition, the Prophet said, "I have not left any calamity more hurtful to man than women, and women are stupid and ignorant as well as wicked." The Arabs feel that women are friends of the devil. They are possessed by the *djinn*, who help them practice their witchcraft. Further, they believe that many women are really *djinn* in disguise. Their looks are also dangerous. If therefore, you meet a woman who has an evil eye, the Arabs say, spit in her way and wish her the *qrina* (said to be a female spirit causing the death of infants).

There is a widely known saying in Arab lands that when a boy is born a hundred *djinn* are born with him; when a girl is born, there are born with her a hundred angels. But every year a *djinni* passes from the man to the woman, and an angel from the woman to the man, so that when a man is one hundred years old he will

be surrounded by a hundred angels, and when a woman is one hundred years old she will be surrounded by a hundred devils. A no less complimentary axiom has it that what the devil does in a year a woman does in an hour.

In spite of the low opinion in which Arabs hold women, a man, they say, should not hesitate to marry one. Though Islam regards marriage as a civil contract, it nevertheless enjoins it as a religious duty, incumbent upon all who possess the ability. They say that when a servant of God marries, verily he perfects half his religion. It is related in the traditions that the Prophet once asked a man if he was married. Being answered in the negative, Allah said: "Art thou though sound and healthy?" When the man replied that he was, the Prophet said: "Then thou art one of the brothers of the devil."

The Moors maintain that a married man is blessed in his life and goes to paradise after death, whereas if a man dies a bachelor, he will rise again with the evil spirits. Among some mountain tribesmen a belief prevails that a young man who has been captivated by a pretty girl to become her lover is compared to a fish who has been caught by a sea gull. Finally, of a man who has wasted all his money on ladies of easy virtue it is said: How was his tent burned? By little tambourines and a reed flute.

A Tunisian Dinner Party

A well-to-do Tunisian had invited me to his home for dinner, an event that was not to be missed. If food plays a part in this chronicle, it is only because food is a focal point of interest in any strange land. And this dinner compared both in prodigality and complexity with many elaborate repasts I have enjoyed in other oriental lands. Its composition was typical and most unusual. I hope I am

not blamed, therefore, if a bit of food here and a wee morsel there should nourish these pages. Hasn't it often been said that food and love make the world go round? And just as an army, according to Napoleon, is able to "move on its stomach," so has this globe trotter moved on his. And as, according to a Moorish proverb, "a good meal is known by its odor," I must declare that the feast my Tunisian friend had prepared exceeded all expectations.

I have always been cognizant of the fact that there are a great many things one has to keep in mind when one is a guest in native surroundings, and that one has to avoid doing anything contrary to native etiquette that might offend a host. Further, paradoxically enough, one has to forget occidental table manners, except in so far as they are based upon consideration of the feelings of others, and finally, one has to do in Tunis as the Tunisians do. The well-bred Tunisian Arab is as great a stickler for the proprieties as the most conservative American. Knowing this, I began by removing my shoes at the door of the dining room. This courtesy, I knew, would be appreciated, for the carpet was bright and should never be marked by muddy or dusty shoes. The mat upon which I was invited to sit was also immaculate in its whiteness. After I had made myself comfortable, a girl brought in a silver tray, upon which there were tiny glass tumblers, a silver teapot, a caddy of green tea, a bowl with lumps of sugar, and a glass containing the omnipresent sprigs of mint and verbenä. Nor should I forget to mention the "gazelle's hoofs," so called from their shape, a most delectable compound of almond paste and spice, and the *f'kakıs*, or dry biscuits.

Before the tea ceremony began, the girl brought in a brass basin and ewer of water, and I was expected to cleanse my right hand from all impurities that I might have brought in from the outside. A brass incense burner in which sandalwood had been placed was also brought in, and my host invited me to let some of the fumes waft in my hair (that is, whatever hair there was to waft it on, as I am almost as bald as a coot).

After my host had brewed the tea—that is, he poured out a little of the mint- or verbenä-flavored tea and he had tasted it himself, making certain that the sample suited him to a T (no pun in-

tended)—he commenced to fill up the tumblers. I knew, of course, from past experience in that country among native peoples that to make a perceptible noise in drinking it was considered a token of one's appreciation. So I made plenty of noise in drawing it from the tumbler to the mouth and made doubly sure of my host's pleasure. Once this tea ceremony was over, the tray was removed. And now, as though needing to assure me of my welcome, my host repeatedly urged me to keep on eating and drinking, even beyond the limit of my capacity, and this because an Arab believes that no bigger compliment can be paid to the niceties that have been prepared for one's delectation than by their consumption.

A large table now was brought to the center of the room, on which reposed a very large tray with the first course—puffs of delicate pastry fried in butter and larded with meat. This was followed by steaming stews well spiced and savory with well-flavored gravies. Dipping a fragment of bread into the gravy, my host first said: "*B'isma Allah* [In the name of God]," which the other guests and I were expected to repeat. It is an Arab belief that should a person omit saying the *bismillah* before eating, the djinni, or evil spirit or devil, will eat with him. So *bismillah* followed with a sop from the dish.

Then came an immense dish filled to overflowing with the positively royal and truly unforgettable kouskous. This affair was so big that an army easily could have subsisted on it for weeks. There were sinister-looking sleek gray balls of *tripes d'agneau* artistically posed on the sloping sides of a veritable mountain of semolina, all this well garnished with raisins, peas, little bits of cabbage and cauliflower. Hard-boiled eggs and carrots and potatoes peeped out from little indentations in the semolina. An artist, an interior decorator, or landscape gardener could hardly have designed this masterpiece any better. My heart sank when I beheld it, and all because, to me at least, kouskous is an embodiment of my worst nightmares. And when the *sauce piquante*, which almost burned the skin off my lips, was sprayed over my portion, my agony was complete, yet, *pour la politesse*, I refrained from showing it but rather continued to emit

plenty of "ahs" and what not to express my delight at this culinary *chef-d'oeuvre*.

I felt by this time like a stuffed turkey. My mouth was always filled, yet my host continued to reproach me for my lack of appetite. So what could I do but put my best stomach forward. And then when I'd thought this gargantuan struggle was at an end, in came a large roast of mutton flavored with argan oil, which was torn asunder by one and all. It made me shudder, yet on with the noble work, so I took some too.

The next course was *ouefs sur le plat* swimming in olive oil, and after that came deceptive-looking sausages, sizzling hot, the first taste of which was tops but whose lavish seasoning with so-called *fel-fel* (red pepper) brought real tears to my eyes.

And then, of course, there was dessert, cunning, weirdly colored *afrah* cake confections twisted into fantastic shapes and made with honey, dates, oil, caraway seeds, and so forth, and a huge platter of red grapes. Another servant brought rose water again for mouth and hand ablutions.

To top all this, I was given a real drink delight—a smooth liquid that sure tickled the palate and was as fragrant as any I had ever tasted. Called by mine host *orgeat* and said to be as costly as the best champagne, it tasted at first like almonds, and so it was, for it consisted of the juice of crushed almonds to which the essence of orange blossoms, drops of rose water, and a little sweetening had been added.

"May Allah be praised," mumbled my host as I reclined for a while as gracefully as is possible for a stuffed pig to recline on a pile of multicolored cushions, secretly praying that the Lord would save me from indigestion and what not. Then, after a thousand mutual expressions of thanks and blessings, accompanied by what bowing and scraping I could muster in my discomfiture, I stepped, or rather shambled, to the door, where my shoes awaited me. And so I had had another sample of the dining-out art in Tunisia and true Tunisian hospitality, which has no parallel.

As I wended my way back to the Palace Hotel as best as I could, thinking about this latest of gastronomic explorations, a weird, low

sound struck my ear and interrupted my musings. It was the call to prayer, a warning to the faithful that the hour for evening devotion had arrived. Many natives about had heard it, too, and were spreading their felts or mats on the ground for the performance of this nightly orison. Facing Mecca-ward and bowing to the ground, they went through the set ritual used throughout the Moslem world. But that cry—I can still hear it—as one voice failed, another carried on the strain in ever-varying cadence, each repeating it to the “four quarters” of the heavens. Pitched in a high, clear key, the Moslem confession of faith was heard: “*La ilaha ill-Allah, wa Mohamed er rasool-Al-la-a-h* [Allah is Allah, and Mohammed is his Prophet. The Will of God. There is strength but in Him. O God, forgive us our sins, and open to us the gates of thy pity]. *Allahu Akbar* [God is great]!”

*“Mektoub” It Is Written—
Moslem Beliefs, Practices, Sayings*

Faint vestiges of the Baal of the Phoenicians, carrying appeals to lust of the flesh, coupled with unspeakable memories of orgies that once prevailed at Sodom and Gomorrah, and exercising a great attraction for primitive peoples, continued for centuries throughout the earlier and later Islamic religion. The message of Mohammed came as a harbinger of hope and deliverance, and against cruelty and paganism the idea was set up of a god before whom all Mohammedans were considered equal. Emulating therein the earlier Christian faith, it was a religion of strong personality as opposed to the evils of idolatry, superstition, and priestcraft. In fine, it gave to even the most illiterate tribesman a creed that he could understand.

Nonetheless, this fiercely monotheistic faith inculcated by Mo-

laminated into this great philosophy, the Koran, still made use of superstition in a different form. That, perhaps, spelled the secret of the success of this simple creed. While Mohammed prohibited "abominable idolatry," a fetish was made of the Koran. Making of this great book something greater than God himself, it was used exclusively in a really superstitious, extra-worldly way. Man's weaknesses were dismissed as instruments of fate, of Kismet, which was to be the universal law, with man the creator only of his own temporal destiny.

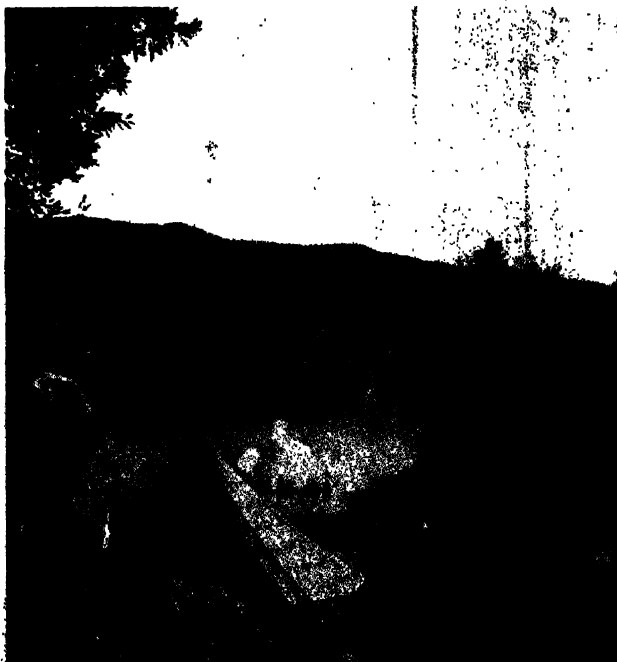
Hence, as the most important problem in the daily life of the Mussulman therefore is religion, every Arab who has not been degenerated into atheism believes in Allah, in Mohammed, in the world to come, with its eternal damnation or salvation. Not only does he believe in all this, but he continues to live up to the precepts of the Faith in every moment and action of his life. It would therefore appear that Mohammedanism is not so much a religion as it is a way of life. And while it is in itself a complete solution to all the problems that beset the Mussulman's life, it is not only a teaching of religious principles but the framework of all social laws. The Mussulman believes that a person who does what he should do will have not only a clean soul but a clean body too. Hence the ablutions, forbidden meats and wines, and the many postures taken during Moslem prayers five times a day. All these were invented with a definite purpose in mind. For instance, as the Arab was dirty by nature, he was taught to wash himself before saying his prayers and, in case there was no water, to cleanse himself with sand.

Since it was known that pork was bad for people living in hot countries, it was forbidden, and as the laziness of the Oriental was more or less proverbial, physical exercises were devised for him in his daily prayers. He was furthermore taught not to frequent women of loose morals. Because of his nature, however, the task was made less difficult by allowing him to have more than one wife, and in recognition of the inconsistency of human nature, laws were devised that enabled him to free himself easily from marital bonds should he consider it necessary. To make him rise early in the morning, the first hour of prayer was ordained before sunrise. And



Sfax, a fishing port on the Tunisian eastern coast is almost in the heart of the date and olive country. It is known for its very large olive-oil industry, modern oil refineries, and perfume-making establishments. Sfax's ancient Arab walls and ramparts, while most imposing, would provide little protection from an enemy onslaught in this atomic age.

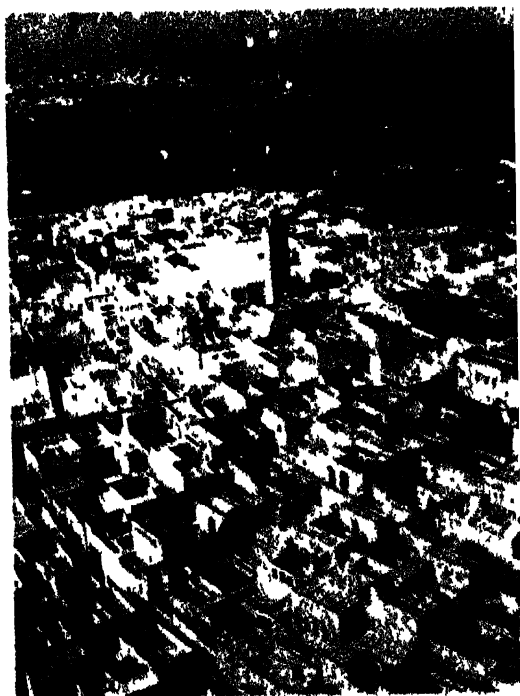
Mulai Idris, Morocco's holy town of Mohammedans and sanctuary and tomb of Mulai Idris, founder of the first Arab dynasty, might almost be called second Mecca. It is renowned for the annual pilgrimage of thousands of devout Moslems and for its religious festival, which is not only picturesque but a must for every Moslem. Thousands of tribesmen and men from cities and villages congregate here for days of fasting and homage.





In the Middle Atlas Mountain regions of Morocco, at Aguelmane of Sidi-Ali, one may witness some of the quaintest Moroccan native religious festivals, bringing before one's eyes vestiges of ancient Arab-Berber civilization.

A bird's-eye view of Rabat-Salé, twin cities situated on the estuary of the Bou Regreg River, might almost be compared to St. Paul and Minneapolis. Rabat itself, the capital of Morocco, is considered one of the finest cities in all North Africa. It is a very old and also a very new city. Salé, originally the Roman town of Sala Colonia, is reached by crossing the pontoon bridge connecting the two cities. Once a stronghold of Barbary pirates, Salé's souks are renowned and provide the answer to a tourist shopper's dream.



in order to prevent him from taking too long a snooze or siesta, there were to be prayers also for the middle of the day.

Since women in religion were thought to be the cause of much trouble, the Koran provides that women are to have nothing whatever to do with the rites. Furthermore, since two great religions had passed before it, there could be no question of ignoring them. Hence one finds practically the whole Old Testament in the Koran, as well as the coming of Jesus (Aïssa). But here is where the belief stops, because, according to the Koran, God substituted another man for the Christ to be crucified, with Jesus going straight up to heaven like Elijah. The Koran further states that Jesus will come again on the Day of Judgment, but Mohammed will not.

These doctrines completed what Judaism and Christianity had begun. They were made even stronger by the precept of "equality of all men in the fold, and fierce hatred for all outside it." It is hard to realize this hatred, but it exists at all times. Arabs regard us as "infidels" or unbelievers and are firm in their belief that we are not chosen to inherit paradise, nor that we "shall sit by the river under the shade of the trees and be fed on delicious meat and drink wonderful wines that do not intoxicate." That is the great barrier that exists between Mohammedanism and other creeds. It is unsurmountable, and the reward for the faithful, they believe, will be paradise, while for others it will be hell.

The one fundamental point dominating the whole of Islam is summed up in that one word, *mektoub*, or "It is written," and since every Mohammedan is a fatalist, he believes that nothing will occur in life that is not ordained, and as there is no free will, all will be up to Allah. This is exemplified in some way by the following Arab maxim: "When God created the earth He took a handful of dust in either hand, casting it to the right and to the left. The dust cast to the right was destined to be those who would always be happy and inherit paradise, while the dust cast to the left would be those having woes and damnation." Mohammedans also believe that all things, good or bad, are determined by the Almighty and that sins are predestined and divided into two categories, the greater and lesser sins. While the former involve theft, adultery, usury, drink-

ing of wine, and the bearing of false witness, the latter deal with the other weaknesses of human nature; but whatever they are, Moslems feel that man is destined to commit them, and nothing can prevent him from so doing. This may explain why Arabs and Moslems in general take life so philosophically and placidly, never hurry or get themselves into unnecessary irascibilities when things go wrong. They firmly believe in mektoub, or that what is written is written and that no power but God can alter it.

Moslems further believe in heaven and hell, which are generally depicted as places of happiness and torment. Above hell, they understand, there exists a bridge as narrow as a hair and as sharp as a razor's blade, across which souls of the departed must pass to get into heaven. While the sinners slip and fall into hell, the righteous ones cross safely, with the aid of sheep, into heaven. They finally believe that mankind is divided into three categories—those who, denying Mohammedanism, are destined to eternal fire, those who believe in one God, though, being sinners, pass through a state of purgatory before entering paradise; and those few strict Mohammedans who go direct to heaven. In other words, they believe hell to be an accentuation of all the hardships of life in the desert, while they feel that heaven promises all those things Moslems have never seen on this earth.

There is of course a great deal more about a faith that bulks so large in the Moslem's life and destiny that I must leave unsaid because of lack of space. However, to round out this record, let's see what part this religion plays in the Mussulman's public and private life.

The fundamental principles of Islamism are five in number: the *chahada*, or confession of faith; the prayer, almsgiving, fasting, and the pilgrimage to Mecca. The first, the *chahada*, consists of the formula: "There is no God but God and Mohammed is his Prophet." A child must recite it from puberty; the dying must also endeavor to say it at the moment of death. The second, prayer, is prescribed by the Koran in the following terms: "Accomplish thy prayer for it preserves from sin and from reprehensible actions. To pray to God is a solemn duty." Almsgiving is the third of the indis-

pensable practices of Islamism, and the Prophet said: "Almsgiving wipes out sin as water quenches fire. He who gives alms today will be filled with satiety tomorrow." Almsgiving is therefore obligatory for all. As for the Moslems' practice of abstinence as part of their religious exercise, Mussulmen fast during the month of Ramadan, the ninth month of the Mohammedan year (the Mohammedan year being eleven days shorter than our solar year).

A Mussulman prays five times a day—first at *fedjeur*, or daybreak, before sunrise; at *eulam*, after meridian; at *dohar*, midway between noon and nightfall; at *aseur*, just after sunset, when his day of labor is at an end; and at *mogreb*, when night actually falls. There may also be a sixth prayer, at *eucha*, or suppertime. Still, not all professing Mussulmen pray five times a day, as there are just as many backsliders in the Mohammedan religion as in other religions.

The devout Arab, for instance, will dismount from his horse, mule, or camel, come out of his tent or house, and will even alight from a train, if possible, or from a motorcar to say his prayer at sunrise or sunset in the open air. In fact, the Mussulman does not need the stimulus of a temple to express himself toward his God. In that respect he may be far ahead of the other faiths and religions throughout the world.

The spectacle of the Arab's sunset prayer in the desert or in the market place, as I have often seen it, as he stands barefooted on his tiny rug or carpet, facing the East and Mecca, is impressive beyond words. Not even the most skeptical could deny to the simple Islam faith the virtues granted to many religions more ceremoniously complicated.

It may be interesting here to describe the symbolism of the eight positions of the Moslem's prayers, to explain the attitudes and postures one observes everywhere in the Moslem world.

1. Standing: "I offer my God, with sincere heart, and with my face toward Mecca, two *rakoh*," or prayers.
2. Still standing, but with open palms raised to each side of the face, the thumbs touching the ears: "God is great."
3. Still standing, with the right hand crossing the left over the

chest, he repeats: "Holiness to Thee, O God, praise be to Thee. Great is Thy name," and other prayers of the Koran.

4. Still standing, the body inclined forward and the hands, with fingers separated, placed upon the knees: "I extol the sanctity of the Great God."

5. Falling upon the knees: "God is great."

6. Still on the knees, he makes a bow, three times repeated, the forehead and nose touching the ground, reciting: "I extol the sanctity of my God, the Most High." This practically finishes one *rakoh*, but there are usually added certain recitations from the first chapter of the Koran, with perhaps a repetition of the postures.

7. Before finally leaving the place of prayer, the act of witness, or *tashabhud*, is given, by which he raises the forefinger of his right hand and repeats: "I affirm that there is no God but God and Mohammed is the Apostle of God."

8. The last position is the *munjat*, or supplication, when certain suitable verses of the Koran are repeated.

All staunch Musselmen recite the prayers of their beads, just as all good Catholics say their rosary, and they use a string of ninety-nine beads, each representing one of the ninety-nine perfections of Allah. This string may be a costly one, but more often than not it is a string of crude wooden beads, since the faith of Islam is a very simple and unobtrusive one.

As noted elsewhere, the Friday prayer at a mosque is an experience not to be missed. It is as much a social event as public prayer is among other faiths. Eager to attend a Friday's service at the mosque, I trailed the throng from town and desert after the first *zawal*, or call of the muezzin. There were no women seen going inside, for except on special occasions Mohammedan women are not admitted to the Holy Prayers on Fridays. The ladies were talking shop instead at the local cemeteries. As I entered the edifice, having removed my leather belt and shoes and left them at the entrance, a brilliant light lent much-needed brightness to the otherwise somber interior and showered down on the turbaned, praying faithful monotonously wailing the Koran's prescribed verses. Near me, between two pillars, stood two Moslems reciting a litaney to the

Prophet. From the rear came singsong voices from pupils of the Koran school.

Then suddenly, from the gallery of the minaret, came the muezzin's second call to prayer, his face turned toward Mecca. This was followed by the Imam's long, dreary prayer of exhortation, the *khotba*, as cut-and-dried and monotonous a discourse as some of the sermons one listens to in other churches.

When the last exhorting couplet had issued from the Imam's lips, an expression of a sort of relief, or perhaps of native joy, came over the assembled faithful as they filed outside, still imbued apparently with the one thought: "May peace be thine, O Mohammed, Prophet of God, Ruler of Mecca and Medina, and Lord of all Musselmen now and always."

Arab Maxims, Proverbs, and Superstitions

In writing about my visits to the peoples of Algeria, Tunisia, and Morocco, I found that the real interest lies not so much in the broad outlines of their history as in their strange habits and customs. Most revealing to me, however, are their maxims and proverbs adopted from the Koran or apocryphal books of the Prophet. While some of these maxims and proverbs have become real Arab classics, many others have been perverted or simplified by those of other tongues.

The Arabs have a maxim which might well be put into a motto suitable for the creed of any man: *El-Khams*, *El-Miter*, *El-Ansab*, *El-Aglane* (all so-called inventions of the devil, they say). The first is not to worry; the second, not to gamble; the third, to avoid stones or thorns in one's path; and the last, to settle arguments by reason instead of by the drawn sword.)

Arabs explain their abstention from wine or strong drink by an

act of the Prophet forbidding its use in the following legend: One day the Prophet happened to see a group of men making merry and drinking wine. Blessing them, he said: "Drink at your ease, you have the benediction of God." At the end of a brief interval the Prophet, passing that way again, saw them fight among themselves and learned that one of them had been killed. He then vowed upon their heads that wine was a curse upon them, and that no one who was given to imbibing it should hope to enter heaven.

Arabs believe blindly in the fact that warriors must have the following ten outstanding qualifications: They must have the courage of a cock, the assiduousness of a chicken, the heart of a lion, the briskness of a wild boar, the trickery of a fox, the prudence of a hedgehog, the swiftness of a wolf, the resignation of a dog, a sword that is always drawn, and the same speech for friend and foe.

Arabs also have a lumber room of proverbs, maxims, and aphorisms which, though derived from Mohammedan traditions, are largely of secular origin. For instance, some tribesmen will say: "He who is careless will be left to scratch himself," and "If the market is full, look after your goods, and stretch your neck." Also the following: "A man who owns sheep is advised to watch them." "Be a jackal before the jackals eat you." And when a well-to-do person is asked why he goes to the expense of keeping watch over his belongings, he answers: "To be eaten by lions is better than to be tormented by hyenas."

When a robber has been caught, many persons will come and explain that they, too, have been robbed. This has given rise to the saying that "when the cow falls down, the daggers are many." The duty of almsgiving, one of the five practical duties of Islam, called the Pillars of Religion, is embodied in the proverb: "Give what there is in your pocket. God will bring you what is absent," and as Arabs also believe that in practicing charity you should not forget the needs of your family nor your own, they have the following adage: "Don't let charity go out of your house until the children are satisfied." Finally, the following axiom poke fun at a person who might really live in comfort but is too stingy to do it: "He is

like a butcher who sups on intestines," or "sups like a donkey," or again, "He carries his gold and silver, yet wants stew."

Arab Mores, Manners, and Morals

One day as I was lounging under the protective roof of a small café where I had gone to seek surcease from the Tunisian sun, I met a professor of Islamic law, whose acquaintance I had made earlier at the University of Fez. A bulky Frenchman past his prime, with a high forehead and strong nose, his eyes lighted with candor as he talked, while true Gallic culture and *bonhomie* seemed to exude from him. Desultory conversation, at first about commonplace topics, soon turned to more serious matters as he branched off into the field of Arab manners and idiosyncrasies in general. It so happened that at a corner of the ruelle where we were sitting we observed a man being bled by a barber. This was done for congestion, the professor told me, a most useful remedy, simple as can be when properly done, and doing no harm to the victim. The only thing necessary, he said, was to make an incision in the neck. I suggested that we have a look at this fellow's procedure; and as we moved closer, the barber, dressed in a rather ludicrous getup, was placing in the incision a metal tube to which a small cup had been attached. A vacuum was being created by suction in the cup, and the patient, judging by the forlorn look on his rather dumb face, seemed greatly relieved.

Continuing our walk and talk past knots of townspeople, braying donkeys, and asthmatic, stupid-looking dromedaries, we pushed our way through a crowd that had gathered round some marabouts, of whom there appeared to be a surplus wherever we went. These fellows were demonstrating their everlasting, undying saintliness. Death among them, the professor confided, is not a necessary pre-

requisite and, almost without exception, these holy men are self-ordained. There are in reality three kinds of *noblesse* among these Arabs, he went on—the aristocratic class, or the *noblesse de race*, descended, so they believe to their own satisfaction, from Fatima, the Prophet's daughter. Then there is the *noblesse militaire*, descendants of Arab conquerors, from whom Mohammed and his family also descended, and finally, the *noblesse religieuse*, a hereditary nobility, like the former, but a distinction that can be acquired only by meritorious performance of a religious duty.

He told me, too, that the people of Islam look upon themselves, according to tradition, as belonging to one of the branches of the white race. According to the legend, Allah is said to have called the chiefs of three tribes to the bank of the river; these three were supposed to have divided the world between them. Allah then placed three sacks on the opposite bank of the river and ordered the three chieftains to swim across and choose a sack each. The first one, swimming across swiftly without so much as causing a ripple, chose a sack that contained masons' tools and weapons. He became the white man, builder of towns and the ancestor of conquerors. The second fellow moved much more slowly, swam less rapidly, disturbed the water slightly, and came out tinged. Fetching the second sack, which contained farming implements, he became the father of the yellow race, a race of husbandmen. The third man, moving in a slovenly manner and being a very awkward swimmer, stirred up all the slime and dirt that were at the bottom of the river, so that he emerged quite black. The sack he had to fetch appeared to be completely empty. He became the ancestor of the colored race, the slave of the other two.

On the subject of Moslem family life, I learned that it is subject to certain laws founded on traditions antedating the Koran, and also on the Koran itself. Its organization is based on the patriarchate, or line of succession exclusively through the male line, which is so well illustrated by the widely quoted Arab adage: "The sons of our sons are our sons, but the sons of our daughters are the sons of strangers."

Before the advent of Mohammed, wives belonged to their hus-

bands. They were no more than chattels and considered part of the inheritance. This also referred to daughters, whom the fathers sold in marriage. Their one thought about woman was that she had come into this world to amuse them.

The Prophet promptly improved the lot of the Arab woman, making her not a thing but a person, and settling upon her certain rights. Still, Arab behavior is dominated nonetheless by three principles: the fear of God, the respect due old age, and the unimportance of women in social life. A natural consequence of such a social order is that no Mussulman will ever salute any woman when he meets her in the street, not even his own mother, wife, or mother-in-law. In fact, he must pretend that he hasn't seen them. As for the woman, she is not allowed to address a man in the street except in case of an emergency, and then only briefly and in a low voice. When two Mussulmen who know each other happen to meet, the younger one bows, placing his right hand over his heart, and the older one responds in like manner. An inferior approaching his superior embraces the superior's turban or burnoose. Two persons of the same rank kiss each other on the shoulder, yet two relatives who meet after a long absence kiss each other on the lips. A son who does not live under the same roof with his father will also kiss him when they meet, but should he live with him, he does not salute when they meet.

Arabs say it is bad form to walk quickly, as "slowness comes from heaven and haste from the devil." To eat in the street is considered the gravest possible breach of good manners, so much so that the evidence of a man who has the bad habit of eating in the street is not acceptable in a court of law.

Antithesis is often used out of politeness. For example, one should not hurt the feelings of an invalid by a remark which would draw attention to his infirmity. Thus a blind man is addressed as a clear-sighted one, a term which at the same time conveys the wish of the speaker to see him recover his sight. When asking for a light, it is quite customary among Arabs to say: "Give me peace." This curious formula originated from the fact that in the pre-Islamic period the chiefs—caids and sheiks—lighted the fires on the hills to

call the warriors to arms. Fire, therefore, was looked upon as the symbol or attribute of war, hence the antithesis employed, "Give me peace," in order to ward off bad luck.

The Arab primarily, before all the world, is a man of great calm and nobility, and his stately walk down the street in his long robes is also typical of his attitude both in private and public life. Hence the humblest shepherd may often look most dignified.

Then there is the Arab's courtesy. An Arab is never rude deliberately. He may be insincere and say what he thinks will please, but he will do his utmost not to jar anyone's sensitiveness. His hospitality is proverbial, and no visitor to his home, no matter how humble, will find him wanting in this respect. Rich man, poor man, relative, or infidel, he will be asked to come in and share the repast, meager though it be. Charity and fraternal quality being the chief principles of the Koran, these are carried out rigorously. A beggar is never turned away empty-handed; no man is despised because he is poor or not of the family.

Well-born Arabs are proud of their names and titles and will tell one at length about their lineage. One of the questions caids and sheiks will always ask when meeting a foreigner is: Is he or she of good family? We are all brothers, they say, but it is the great families that must set the example for the less fortunate.

To the uninitiated the calm mask of haughty indifference which characterizes Arab faces conceals a great deal of oriental wisdom. This view is, however, open to question, and it is generally believed that the appellation "Wise Men from the East," as it applies to Arabs, must have come from their profound knowledge of the Koran and its precepts, which, in many ways, imbues them with utterances of depth and veiled meaning.

In business the Arab is said to be honest—that is, if it should prove worth while. The Arab may or may not be low on morals—something that is not for me to say—but of one thing I am reasonably certain, and that is that he is high on humor and can tell a darn good story. He may also lie when it seems expedient, but it is very rare to find one who will do so under oath with his hand on the Koran.

In the average Arab household in the native quarters of the mixed communities, southern oases, or under the tents in the Sahara, one becomes quite impressed by the extraordinary respect shown the head of the family. It is quite common for a great many people of one family to live under one roof, but it is only the head of the family who counts. Among the nomads, the caids of the tribe are used to counting their people by the heads of families only. In the home the father reigns supreme. He usually has his meals apart with his eldest son, and in some cases there may be three groups of diners—the chief with the older men and guests, the sons and their friends, and the retainers. The food is brought in and placed before the first group, who, after having had their fill, pass it on to the second group, and so on to the third. Should a *caid* or sheik come into a café with friends and a younger member of the family happens to be there, the latter will leave at once in order to lay no restraint on the older men.

Hence it should become clear that etiquette constitutes a powerful factor in Moslem life, and the proper conduct for every conceivable situation of an Arab's existence is prescribed by unwritten laws of behavior, and even words, gestures, and attitudes are set by tradition. Adherence to them is strict. This may also explain why the Arab knows two forms of writing: *neshki*, of and by the common people, and *diouani*, the writing used by officialdom. It was Solomon who said that "speech is a passing wind, and that to harness it one must know how to write." Arabic is written from right to left (like the Hebrew), and no capital letters nor punctuation are used.

As for clothes, an Arab's raiment consists of a shirt, socks, sometimes drawers, a pair of baggy trousers, leather slippers like unfinished pumps, while a sweater and jacket are usually worn over the shirt. This jacket may be a smart embroidered affair or a European-style coat, all of which is covered by the *gandourah*, a long white robe made of wool, silk, or cotton. On their heads they wear a turban consisting of three separate pieces, the *gannoure*, a high framework made of felt on which the *check* is placed, which, covering it entirely, surrounds the face, covers the neck, and is tucked inside

the coat. Around the chech a silk band or camel's-hair cord, known as the *khiete*, is wound. The reason for this cord stems from the fact that the Arabs always wanted to have a rope handy to attach to any receptacle when drawing water from the Sahara wells.

In the course of my conversation with the professor of Islamic law we also touched upon the subject of Arabian music, which, according to him, was an unknown quantity. In fact, he said, the native music of all African tribes was of slight importance, and while it may give modern tunesmiths something new to work on, Arab music never attains a great height. Virtually all their instruments have the appearance of penny whistles, toy drums, and home-made fiddles. Often producing the most unheard-of noises, the worst offenders may be the *ketja*, which makes a cat-like sound; the omnipotent *djerbouka*, which looks like a bottle or large flower vase, over the wider end of which a piece of parchment has been drawn; and the harrowing gimbri and lamenting violas, which emit rather terrifying deep sounds. The real king of an Arab orchestra is the *bendir* player, whose instrument is some kind of drum, or a cross between a tambourine and a flour sieve. There may be, moreover, a whole battery of accompanying instruments, or only a supporting pipe or flute, but whereas the pipe may be played alone, the bendir, never. All these instruments form the regular accompaniment to the movements of the snake charmer and that other strange individual who eats scorpions for the delectation of tourists at a franc per scorpion.

The composition of an Arab orchestra is not always the same, as there exist divers combinations, but the bendir is never absent. And there may be, too, some *chekacheks*, or pipes, some *tabellas*, and a *Mejoued*, an imitation of the European-type viola. It is with these crazily mixed elements that the Arab concerts are given. The music, if music it can be called, rises and falls in erratic cadences, sometimes brutal, sometimes soft, but never melodious, and always shrill and brassy. No wonder the real essence of this intensive Eastern music must seem at best discordant to anyone whose musical ear is attuned to classical pieces.

An anecdote French colonials are wont to tell of a certain bey of

Tunis has some bearing on the question of the queer native taste along these lines. About a hundred years ago, before France's legions invaded Tunisia, Mussulmen sovereigns of that period bought European slaves from pirate ships cruising and marauding the Mediterranean. One of these unfortunate captives, hauled before the Bey and questioned as to his accomplishments, admitted in a rash moment that he had been the conductor of an orchestra.

"Just what I have been looking for," said the Bey. "I always wanted to own a real orchestra."

The prisoner began to feel mighty uncomfortable, fully realizing the danger that menaced him, as there were no instruments, hence he told His Majesty that he needed one big drum, several small ones, large and small flutes, violins, violoncellos, and cymbals—in fine, what he really needed was a complete orchestra.

"I have more than enough to pay for all this," the Bey replied as he barked out an order that these instruments be purchased at once.

"But the musicians?" queried the prisoner, utterly mortified.

"Musicians? I shall see that you'll get fifty Negroes."

"But," the conductor asked in despair, "do these men know music?"

"That is your affair," the Bey thundered, "and if in one month they cannot produce, you will be impaled. That is all."

The captive was led away, fully convinced that he had but one month to live. Still, he would see what the Negroes could do, so he began the task, making them rehearse fourteen hours each day; and as he was a Frenchman, he had them practice the well-known simple French tune, "Les Petits Bateaux." But his efforts only plunged him into deeper despair. One of the flute players managed to repeat more or less accurately four or five measures, but the violinists could produce no more than one sour note from their instruments, while the trombones brought forth a series of melancholic sounds. Only the big drum rose to the height of the occasion. And so it went, until the fatal day arrived, when the Bey summoned the orchestra leader before him.

"Well, are you ready?" he asked the shaking conductor.

"Your Majesty——" the already-half-dead musician began to say.

"Then play," came the imperative command.

The fifty dusky musicians commenced to tune up their instruments, no two of them in the same key. The cacophony and caterwauling they managed to emit were almost indescribable. However, when they seemed to have attained some semblance of unison, the conductor gave the signal and they began their attack on "Les Petits Bateaux." The result, in a word, was heart-rending, and as the ear-splitting torture continued, the conductor feared that in another ten minutes he would be impaled. The "concert" ended with a solo on the big drum. There followed then a brief but ominous silence. The Bey seemed absorbed in thought, while the conductor's knees quaked. Then the silence was broken.

"Not bad at all," His Majesty said slowly, "but I liked the first tune best of all." This first tune was the discordant attempt by the fifty "musicians" to tune up their instruments.

The orchestra leader breathed more freely again, and from then on he gave concerts every day, the favorite piece remaining the tuning up of the band. And he grew old and wealthy in the service of the Tunisian Bey.

Superstitions, Witchcraft, Evil Spirits

Superstitious practices are widely rampant among the Tunisian natives who are uneducated and deeply attached to their religion but modify it at will by the addition of an infinity of beliefs. Without altering their spirit, these beliefs have become an important part of their religion. The intellectual Mussulman of the upper class is, however, free from many of the superstitions that are so prevalent in Tunisia and that literally dominate the lives of the peasants. Nevertheless, there is a universal belief in spirits throughout the whole of the Moslem world, the more so since the Koran

recognizes the existence of supernatural beings—a race intermediate between angels and mankind.

In all my traveling throughout North Africa it was not too difficult to learn of the simpler and more forthright superstitions of the indigenes, but I found it harder to ferret out the more recondite customs and beliefs, since, not unlike people in other parts of the world, the North Africans displayed a most curious reluctance to discuss these things. Nevertheless, I managed to learn something from my informant, the professor, who never wearied of enlightening me, also from hints here and sentences there and from doing a bit of research of my own.

The light of extensive study on these subjects has given rise to the belief that their spirits are divided into two categories—peris and djinn. Of these, the peris are spirits of both sexes who never come to earth except to make their presence known by good deeds. Usually living only in the ethereal regions, where they feed on the juices of flowers, perfumes, or essences, they are closely akin to the good fairies of our Western legends. The djinn, on the other hand, are much more energetic than the peris, Arabs believe. They never cease persecuting mortals, sometimes with harmless pranks, other times with cruelty, and they are classified as of the earth, water, and air. Superstitious Arabs believe that these djinn live mainly in Kaf, an imaginary mountain that encircles the earth. And by preference they are said to haunt the woods and mountains, assuming any shape at will, yet mostly the form of frogs, which one must be careful not to tread on for fear of attracting bad luck. These djinn seem to show a like preference for ruins—old Roman ruins especially—and are also said to be met with at crossroads. They can transform themselves at will into lions, jackals, or serpents, and they are said to commit innumerable misdeeds. It is fortunate, therefore, the Arabs believe, that they can make deals with these spirits and protect themselves, too, by touching metal, of which the djinn stand in great fear.

From what I have been able to gather, it would seem that the superstitious Arab believes that everything in nature, large and small, whether animal, plant life, or mineral object, has a soul, and

that these souls have the power to leave their original status or habitats and settle in others more congenial to them. These same Arabs believe that the djinn are particularly fond of visiting the surface of the earth, where they come into contact with mankind, to whom they show themselves in many different shapes. They may often look like the very people the Arabs are accustomed to see in their markets. Not overlooking the female species, the Arabs have a notion that many a man marries a female djinni, or djinniyeh, by mistake. He believes that she may be kind to him for a time, provide him with money or other worldly goods, but most likely will kill him or drive him mad sooner or later. Very often, too, the djinn are said to disguise themselves as animals—goats, donkeys, camels, cats, dogs, tortoises, snakes, or what not. Hence no one would dare hit a cat at night, since one is never sure to what species of djinn this animal belongs. For the same reason these Arabs consider it extremely dangerous to throw stones at a dog, before sunrise especially, since so many djinn are known to be about disguised as dogs at that time. They also believe that a falling star or comet is a dart thrown by the angels at some djinni or other who may be listening to their conversations at the gate of heaven; and should a person stumble in the dark, he is believed to have stepped on a djinni. Should one eat a great deal without feeling filled up or satisfied, Arabs feel that there must be djinn in his body sharing the food with him; and should one look into a looking glass at night, a djinni may get into one's eyes and make them extremely sore.

When one considers the superstitious tendencies with which these people are endowed, it is no wonder that many other tales and beliefs have been hatched. For instance, Arabs believe that there are certain persons especially susceptible to djinn and their attacks, such as newborn babies, lying-in women, brides and bridegrooms, Negroes and butchers.

While traveling among the coastal people of North Morocco, I learned about a very interesting djinniyeh called Aisha Quandish. When I tried to question my guide on this ghostly apparition, he shook at first like an aspen leaf and then twitched about and jumped

like a parched pea, but he finally told me that this djinniyeh is a grown-up woman with a beautiful face, the legs of a goat or ass, and the body of a she-goat with low-hanging breasts. I have since learned that this Aisha Quandish, or Quedesh as she is also called, was the name of a temple harlot in the ancient Canaanite cults. Known to be very libidinous, she was particularly fond of seducing handsome men. As with the cult of Astarte, worshiped by Canaanites, Hebrews, and Phoenicians, prostitution was widely attested to as a religious rite in her service. Claimed to have frequented rivers, springs, or the sea, this Aisha has also been associated with fertility. From all this there is good reason to assume that the frivolous Aisha Quandish—the old goddess of love—has been degraded to a Moorish djinniyeh or disreputable character.

Besides these djinn, the "evil eye" is also regarded as a frequent cause of misfortune throughout the Moslem world, thus giving rise to the Moorish proverbs, "The evil eye empties the house and fills the graves," and "One half of mankind will die from the evil eye, which owns two thirds of the graveyards." So strongly do these people believe in this evil eye that, should some accident occur at a feast or a wedding, it is generally attributed to the evil eye.

This belief in the evil eye is obviously rooted both in the expressiveness and uncanniness of the look, which make the eye on the one hand appear as an instrument of transmitting evil wishes, on the other as an original source of injurious energy emanating from it involuntarily. When the look of a person is accompanied by words of praise, the danger of the evil eye is considered very grave, so that it behooves people to add as a precaution the phrase, "Allāh, may God be blessed." As this superstition seems to be akin to fear, it is interesting to note that it is also common among Western peoples who, when praising one's own health or prosperity, add "knock wood."

Not every one, the Arabs maintain, is endowed with or possessed by the evil eye, and some have it in a higher degree than others. For example, persons with deep-set eyes or those whose eyebrows are united across the bridge of the nose are considered especially dangerous. The eyes of women—old women and brides particularly

—are more feared than those of men. This may explain to a certain degree why Arab women live such a secluded life and veil their faces, not only because of masculine jealousy, but also for fear that the evil eye may injure them, and why Moors are often reluctant to disclose their intentions, which has given rise to the saying: "Into a closed mouth no fly will enter."

Against the multitude of so-called invisible and often terrible supernatural phenomena, it is only natural to assume that these Arab people have an equal number of protective omens and preventatives. The natives have therefore arrived at a method of protecting themselves against another person's evil glance. This is done by stretching out the fingers of the right hand toward the person and saying: "Five in your eye," or "Five on your eye." As they are convinced that the hand and five fingers afford sure protection against such dangers, small flat images of hands made of silver are considered very popular generally. I have seen many women in the city of Fez with such a charm dangling from each temple. Among certain Berber tribes boys wear a ring with a hand motif on the right ear lobe, and in Marrakesh I saw many a door to a house, wall, or shop on which the five-finger charm was displayed in one form or other.

Aside from using the five-finger amulet, these people resort to another means of throwing back the baleful power that emanates from the evil eye, and that is through the image of an eye. Natives reason that if baleful energy can be transferred by an eye it can also be thrown back by the same means. Hence the image of an eye, or in many cases a pair of eyes, is commonly used as a charm. Curiously enough, facsimiles of a pair of eyes were frequently used among ancient Mediterranean peoples—Egyptians, Phoenicians, Carthaginians, Greeks, Etruscans, and Romans. Ancient Greeks were wont to protect their holy lyres and temples with such charms, and this evil-eye belief is also known to have existed among Aryan peoples. Moreover, it has been mentioned often in the Veda, Zend-Avesta, and in the literature of Greek, Roman, and Celtic peoples.

Reproductions of these ornaments in gold and silver are much-sought-after tourist items, and I even spotted these hands painted

on fishing boats in La Goulette Harbor. There are of course many other types of charms. Tunisians often carry little sachets or amulets containing verses from the Koran in the folds of their turbans or around their necks. Protecting the wearers against sorcerers, miserable and vengeful ghosts, and other evil spirits, these amulets are often seen dangling from the necks of their animals.

Strangely enough, this belief in spells, witchcraft, and superstitions seems a contradiction in a people so wrapped up in religion. It does not enter their heads that bringing supernatural powers to bear on the matters of this world, be they for good or for evil, is like placing oneself on the same exalted footing as the Almighty. However, the Arab people maintain that, since angels do exist, djinn and other creatures of the underworld are just as comprehensible and can be invoked in a similar way to fulfill requests.

I have met Arabs who tried again and again to have me believe that dragons do exist and that there are people who have seen and spoken to them. Hence their belief that certain animals are supposed to bring good or bad luck. One tribal woman in the hills showed me some amulets made up of lizards' feet, hoopoe feathers, and jackals' teeth, which she placed around her babies' necks.

Birds are also believed to be sacred. Among these the stork ranks very high. An Arab caid told me that storks really are *tolbas*, or very learned Mussulmeh, transformed by Allah into storks as punishment for having partaken of food during the Ramadan feasting period. It is also believed that when storks raise their heads toward the sky and clack their beaks they are really the souls of punished Moslems saying their prayers.

When it comes to the preparation of salves and poultices and the use of incantations and exorcisms, Tunisian sorcerers are considered the most skillful in the world. Not only can they fulfill all the obligations of clairvoyants, but these geomancers and soothsayers capitalize on the constant fear of their ultra-gullible charges. Their self-supported superiority is supposed to be based on the following legend: One day the Prophet, choosing from among the celestial hosts a number of angels, entrusted them with a mission to accomplish on earth, where they were to remain but a few days.

Completely captivated by the beauty of the earth and its mortals, the angels stayed much longer than had originally been agreed upon, with the result that they did a very poor job. When they returned to their celestial abode Allah not only withdrew them from their respective battalions, afraid that tales of their adventures might instill evil thoughts into the minds of the rest of the angels, but in order to punish them even more, he condemned them to pass several centuries between heaven and earth. The angels are now using their time making talismans, which they throw down to earth. And as these angels are stationed right above the city of Fez, something that is known only to the soothsayers, it is generally believed that these precious talismans are gathered up daily by these crafty judges of human nature.

• Nearly all Tunisian wizards are said to be healers. Each has his or her special remedy—usually a magic formula condensed into one sentence written on a slip of paper. This slip of paper is usually employed in two ways: either slipped into a little sachet and applied to the affected part of the body, or put into boiling water, which the patient has to drink. If one dose proves ineffective, more infusions are given to the invalid.

The natives of Tunisia also credit precious stones with great virtues. Hence the ruby is said to strengthen the heart's action and is a sure-fire preventative against cholera, plague, and against being struck by lightning. The application of emeralds to a serpent's bite or a scorpion's sting renders them innocuous. It is also potent, they believe, against epilepsy. The turquoise is said to cure eye diseases, while it also preserves the milk of nursing mothers. The bloodstone, too, has many virtues, as it not only prevents toothaches but also stops hemorrhage, disperses bad luck, and ensures good fortune and a long life. The topaz provides a sovereign remedy against bilious attacks and jaundice. The diamond, they feel, is all-supreme as a cure for every ill to which the flesh is heir. Lastly, the cat's-eye makes one invulnerable and invisible even in battle.

Closely related to the evil eye is the curse. The Moors and other indigènes are particularly fond of cursing the mother or father of any person or animal with whom they are angry. It is the mother

who is generally cursed, but grandfathers, too, come in for a large share of the curses, and the following one is commonly used: "God damn your grandfather, and the grandfather of your grandfather of him who does not curse your grandfather." A curse upon one's ancestors is understood to involve all the descendants as well, and vice versa. This in itself may provide the answer to why Moors, not unlike other Mohammedans, are innately fond of marrying cousins, because then the wife cannot curse her husband. Should she still do so, the curse would fall, through their common ancestor, also on herself. Apropos of this, a native proverb says: "He who has been broken by his parents will not be repaired by the saints, and he who has been broken by the saints will not be repaired by his parents." For the blessings of parents are as powerful, they reason, as their curses, and "He who is blessed by his parents is covered by them, and he who is cursed by his parents is stripped of his clothes by them." Finally, the dangerous nature of a woman's curse is no doubt connected with the prevailing notion of her so-called uncleanness, which again has led to the Moorish proverb, "The curse of an unclean person is sharper than a knife."

Tunisian Fables

Tunisians, not unlike all other North African indigenes, delight in stories of all sorts, but especially in those in which the beys of Tunis play a part. The stories may also deal with the deeds of other august personages or with those in which the so-called evil-doings of the foreigners or Jewish people are held up to public execration. Actually there is no need to understand or speak Arabic to comprehend fully the narrative of a native storyteller, as the meaning of what he relates is made thoroughly clear by his facial expressions and those of his audience. These storytellers—psychologists

first and past masters in the storytelling art—will vary their repertoire of expression, gesture, and voice continually during their séances.

Apart from listening to these storytellers on a number of occasions, I also had the good fortune, thanks to some friends at the native university, to secure some of these tales, a few of which I quote herewith almost verbatim.

A SULTAN'S SON IS ALWAYS A SULTAN

In the olden days there was a bey of Tunis who was famed throughout North Africa for his great wisdom and equity. He never pronounced sentence without first having most carefully examined all the circumstances that might have mitigated or aggravated an act brought to his attention. One day a man was brought before him charged with a heinous crime, sworn to by all assembled witnesses.

Death, therefore, seemed to be the only sentence to pronounce, but the Bey, impelled by his anxiety not to yield to a first impression, postponed the passing of sentence until the following day, in order to give himself sufficient time for mature reflection, after which he betook himself to his private chambers. There he sank so deeply in thought that the Beya (his wife) hastened to inquire what it was that so troubled the spirit of her lord and master. His only answer was a request of her to command the presence of their three sons. When his sons appeared, the Bey explained to them in all detail the affair with which he was so taken up. Then, turning to the youngest son, he asked him what action he would take in such a case.

The youngest replied: "I would put him in an oven and roast him alive."

"As for me," the second son said, "I would cut him up in pieces like a pullock."

"And thou," said the Bey to his eldest son, who had remained silent, "what wouldst thou do in my place?"

"Father, I would reflect long before I would pass judgment, for fear that I might condemn an innocent man. And even if I thought the accused guilty, I would consider carefully whether in the act committed there was not some circumstance capable of extenuating the gravity of the crime or calling for my mercy."

The Bey remained absorbed in thought quite a long time and finally dismissed his sons. Then, looking the Beya straight in the eye, he said to her, "Answer me truthfully, certain as you are in advance of my pardon. Are your three sons all genuinely mine?"

Knowing well the character of her spouse, the Beya replied without hesitation. "Since your pardon is certain, I will hide nothing from you. One morning, passing near the kitchen of the palace, I saw the baker, who had brought the loaves of bread to be baked. He was so handsome. You were neglecting me, and I could not resist the violence of my sudden desire to be taken by this man. So I invited him to my private chambers and had intercourse with him. The youngest one of our children is the son of the baker. Another time, under the same conditions of neglect from you, I was passing the same way and beheld the butcher. He was also a fine, strong, and handsome young man. He came at once, at my beckoning, and we had intercourse several times. The second of our children is his. Now with regard to our eldest son, I swear to you——"

"Say no more," interrupted the Bey. "He is certainly mine—the son of a sultan is always a sultan."

These words became a proverb which has been handed down through the ages to the present day. They are still held in honor throughout Tunisia and the rest of the Moslem world.

LEGEND OF THE TORTOISE

Toward the end of one of those radiant days of a Tunisian springtime, when one so keenly appreciates the caress of the refreshing Mediterranean breeze, a caïd sat with some friends on the terrace of his villa, the garden of which stretched down to the seashore. The conversation passed from one subject to another and lingered on the question of the love of all mankind, and more particularly of that of Orientals for tales and legends dealing with the marvelous.

A tortoise happened to cross the path before their eyes. "Do you know," said the caïd, "that this animal is of Jewish origin? At least," he added quickly, "if one may credit a Tunisian legend," and at the insistence of his friends he told them the following tale of the tortoise.

Once upon a time there lived in Tunis, but how many centuries ago only Allah knows, a Jewish tailor, highly renowned in his particular trade. There existed no one who could excel him in the fashioning of lovely cloths of gold and silver into beautiful costumes. And only those costumes that had passed through his hands were considered elegant and chic. The one fault of the tailor, however, was that he could not touch any of the rich tissues entrusted to him to make up without being tempted to purloin a bit for himself. He fell so quickly and so often into this bad habit that it was said that his riches accrued rather from his thefts than from his honest earnings.

Then one day, by the will of Allah, he became ill with a high fever. In his delirium he believed himself to be wrapped in all the pieces of materials he had filched. When he recovered consciousness again, he looked upon this vision as a warning from the All Highest; and, smitten with remorse and repentance, he took an oath that if he recovered he would never again put to one side for his own profit any portion of his customers' materials. He got quite well again and for some time kept faithfully to his vow. He resisted even the most beautiful embroideries, and he became the most conscientious and economical of all tailors in Tunis.

It came to pass one fine day that a merchant on his way home from a long journey in a far country handed over to him a piece of exquisite material, woven of gold and silver threads and embroidered with pearls, from which he was ordered to make a grand ceremonial coat which the merchant desired to present to the Bey. When the tailor felt the fine and beautiful soft cloth of such lovely texture between his fingers, all his good resolutions took flight, and he was once more tempted by the demon who, he had believed, had been vanquished forever. Unable to resist the strong temptation, he cut off a large piece of the very handsome material and put it to one side for his own use, as had formerly been his custom. His wife, seeing him do this, hastened to remind him of his oath. But he replied that, though he had indeed bound himself so far as the materials he had seen in his vision were concerned, he had not done so with regard to any other kind of material, such as this. Allah, angered at such an exhibition of bad faith, turned the tailor into a tortoise and marked his shell in various colors, among which was also the gold of the stolen cloth.

"Ever since then," the caid concluded, "Jewish people have banned the flesh of the tortoise from their selection of foods."

TALE OF THE MULE

The mule has always been the butt of Arab proverbs and legends, and so there is a story told of a woodcutter in the Kabyle forests who, having left his mule tied to a tree, found it gone when he went to look for it after his work was done. Two robbers—just plain horse thieves—had passed by there previously, and one of them had made off with the mule, leaving the bridle and saddle harnessed to the other robber, who had remained behind.

"Who might you be?" the wood chopper asked. "And where is my mule?"

"I was your mule, good master. Years ago I insulted my parents, and Allah turned me into a mule," the fellow said. "And just now Allah has turned me back again into a human being."

As the wood chopper was greatly surprised, he did not know what to say or do for the moment. "I will stay with you always," the thieving rascal said merely to gain time.

"Well, since you are no longer a mule, I don't want you, and you are free to be on your own," the wood chopper said.

Three days later, coming to the market place, the woodchopper saw and recognized his mule in the hands of a trader. As he did not dare claim him, knowing full well he could not make the claim good, he merely tweaked the mule's ears, shouting at him: "So you've been insulting your parents again! Well, it serves you right. May you now find a harsher master than I have been!"

. NAOUCHA, THE TALE OF THE HORNED OWL

One morning as I was exploring the outskirts of a small Tunisian village I happened to spot under the roof of a small dwelling a nest of young birds of prey, later identified as horned owls, said to be the most savage of all the nocturnal species. A native who had been following me said in an awe-stricken low voice as he shot a frightened glance around: "*Oulad el Naoucha*," meaning, "The children of the Naoucha." His eyes really popped. As I did not know what he was talking about and did not show any alarm at all, he added in the same tone of fear that these birds were the ones that killed little children. He then shouted to someone hovering nearby:

"Fatima, may Allah protect thy child. El Naoucha lives under the roof of that house." Then across the heads of the crowd that had been gathering floated bursts of anxious shouting and lamentations. The noises were sufficiently creepy, heaven knows, and I wondered what mysterious drama lay behind all this.

As no one there was willing to give the real reason for all this hubbub, I asked a learned Mussulman later to explain, but in him, too, I perceived a certain reticence to go into the matter. "It is not ignorance," another one said, "but it is dangerous to utter the word of El Naoucha, especially to a foreigner. To do so is certain to bring bad luck to anyone." Later I was told the following story:

Once upon a time an evil-hearted woman living in the Tunisian hills was sorely in need of a *rebal*, or sieve, to sift the flour for the kouskous dish she wanted to prepare. She called her little son to bring her one from another room. The child was playing at the time with his little friends in the yard and, carried away by the excitement, did not pay any attention to her call. She became so angry that she ran out, grabbed hold of her son, and beat him so hard that he fell down dead, while none of the neighbors, who had been standing around, lifted a hand to interfere. All this in spite of the Arab custom that prescribed that should a parent strike a child in the presence of others someone had to order her to stop. Realizing what she had done, the woman began to weep bitterly. Calling upon Allah, she said that she had nothing more to live for and implored Allah to grant her one wish, and that was that henceforth she might fly in the air like an owl, and since the responsibility for her act also rested with her neighbors, she would kill all their children unless they protected them with a *rebal*.

Deeply touched by the repentance of the guilty woman and angered by the attitude of her neighbors, whose intervention might have prevented the disaster, Allah granted the woman's wish, and she fled away in the form of a *naoucha*, or horned owl. Since then El Naoucha has been on the prowl, killing little children, and woe betide the mother who forgets to hang her sieve outside her *gourbi* (hut) at night. She will surely find her little ones smothered the next morning, their chests scratched by the claws of El Naoucha. And while no one ever has seen that bird of ill omen at work, it is generally believed that it flies silently in the night looking for children unprotected by a *rebal*.

Since learning of this tale, I have been able to understand why one sees black pots or marmites and earthenware pans on so many housetops in Tunis. While their significance at first escaped me, I was told that they were put there to frighten the horned owl away. Likewise, a rebal is hung outside the huts of natives in the country, reminding El Napucha of her crime and putting her to flight. No Arab woman will leave her baby alone in the house after dark, and should she have to go out, she takes her child along on her back, covering its head with a rebal in place of a hat.

Morocco—Tangier, the City Protected by the Lord

I was sipping an absinthe in a café in the Petit Sokko, the center of Tangier. It was the lull of the afternoon. A drowsy breath of wind wafted from the sea, a sort of careless yawn that lent some surcease from the heat of the Maghreb plain. In the front of the café Arab idlers were playing tricktrack and dominoes. In the shadow of an arch an Arab was reclining on a rush mat, while a yellow-skinned marabout in white robe and wearing smoked glasses was busy reading from a leaf covered with cabalistic figures.

Tangier, erstwhile den of pirates, astride the left shoulder of an exquisite bay, revealed an almost smoldering whiteness, except for its rooftops, which are tinted blue, believed to keep flies away. Far beyond rose miniature skyscrapers; to the rear clustered residential sections jammed with imposing villas, mansions, and modern hotels complacently and opulently set amid well-kept gardens profuse with oleander, lemon and orange trees, pink geraniums, and purple bougainvillaeas. Nearer the sea, dwellings of the affluent dotted the green hillsides. The sea, sparkling in dazzling sunrays, looked like a big lake. A massive piece of rock—one of the ancient Pillars

of Hercules—rising out of the sea and guarding like a huge sentinel the entrance to the lake on whose shores mighty civilizations of the past have risen, blossomed, and disintegrated, loomed in the distance. Cultivated plains and fertile valleys contributing a wealth of color to the scene fringed the shore. In the offing rose the lower mountain ranges.

Graceful and slender minarets rising above stately palms and buildings appeared like tangible expressions of thanksgiving to heaven for all this serenity. Around and above it all, encompassing sea and land within a jeweled frame was the arch of heaven—exquisite, glorious, tenderly blue. . . .

In the city proper, a whisper of Old World atmosphere blended with the barbaric strain, exciting one's mental vision, something the otherwise unsurpassable city of Algiers failed to accomplish.

The bistro began to fill up. French officers sat down, ordered their drinks, and began playing cards. An occasional knot of French soldiers—bronzed, lithe men with peaked caps—tramped by. From a side street came some noisy Zouaves in baggy pantaloons, soft fezzes stuck on the backs of their closely cropped heads, and tassels dangling down their necks. A bit of comedy was provided by the cumbrously clad Chasseurs, whose swords were constantly getting in the way of their much too big boots.

Tangier, legendary Garden of the Hesperides, and a great deal different from the days of Hannibal, when it was called the "Flower of North Africa," is today the Eldorado of financial bandits, loan sharks, black marketeers, smugglers, and the flotsam and jetsam of every country under the sun. A *flâneurs'* paradise, slightly mysterious, that is neither Africa nor Morocco, Tangier is a spot that excites the senses despite its hordes of impoverished aristocrats, who have swooped down upon the place, first because it has no income tax, next because it offers endless scope for unorthodox financial manipulation. Officially, it should be said, Tangier subscribes to rigid moral codes and doctrines imposed by its Spanish people, but behind that rigid façade loom practices which, to call a spade a spade, are distinctly shady. This should come as no surprise, since Tangier is unreal, befitting a place built upon a so-called artificial

constitution and run by agents or representatives of some nine nations, without any national allegiance or historical continuity. Hence, because of this strange international status, one has in Tangier a free money market without any strings attached. Here, too, black marketing is quite *au courant* and legal. It is also saddled with an anomalous postal system—Spanish, French, and British—each selling stamps of its own country at rates that are of course also different. One pays less for a letter to America sent from a British post office than for a letter mailed to a spot a few miles outside Tangier.

There exist also three distinct kinds of people who have flocked to these shores—foreign residents, of whom there is an abundance, made up chiefly of diplomats and their satellites; local gentry, European and Moor mainly; and last, the tourist and passing residents “doing” the country or being “done,” in turn. Some of the foreign residents—retired army and navy men, missionaries, retired people from other walks of life, and pseudo bohemians—have settled here because the Tangier climate is decidedly salubrious; others, as has been mentioned, because there is no income tax; and still others because they feel they are close to “home,” and by home is meant the Rock of Gibraltar. However, no matter what the reason, the fact remains that all regard Tangier as a substitute for something they have lost somewhere else and maybe a poor substitute at that. As for the remainder of the hotchpotch, the actual natives, in a sense, could be the French, Spaniards, Moors, and Jews who make Tangier their permanent home, and they are the ones who live for the present.

This is Tangier, the axis of the Moorish universe, a place that has basked for centuries on the shoulder of Africa as a next-door neighbor of Gibraltar, right under the very nose of the West. It is a fragment today of the savage world upon which Joseph's brethren looked with a touch of envy, and it is nestled between the Syrtis and the Atlantic Ocean, on a high plateau of the Barbary Coast, between the Sahara and the Mediterranean.

Statistically, the 147 square miles of Tangier's International Zone is run jointly today by several nations, including the United States,

with the Moorish Sultan living in the French zone. That this leads inevitably to all sorts of administrative peculiarities and diplomatic jockeying, together with a superfluity of government, needs no telling.

The earlier history of Tangier (actually called Tandja, or the "City Protected by the Lord," and commonly called Tingis) extends far into the mists of antiquity. Known among Moors and Arabs as the Maghreb, and among modern geographers as Africa Minor, this portion of North Africa has given shelter to numberless pure-blooded white races—the Libyans, Greeks, and the tribe known to-day as Berbers. As for native Jews, it was Ptolemy Soter who set down 320 as the year this race established itself in the Maghreb, where these ingenious people have played a most significant part. The Goths took Tangier from the Romans and linked it with the government at Ceuta. Alphonsus of Portugal (surnamed the African) conquered the place in 1471. It was given as a dowry to the Princess of Braganza, daughter of John IV, King of Portugal, in 1662, when she married Charles II of England, but the English did not consider it really worth the keep, so they demolished its forts in 1684.

Tangier's early history is closely bound to that of the whole of Morocco, and for well over thirteen hundred years the descendants of Mohammed, ruled by shereefs, managed Morocco, or Mauretania, as its Roman invaders used to call it. Tangier has had a history whose pages have been bloodstained and checkered. Barbarous Moorish tribes and other savage hordes spilled across the Atlas in ever-increasing numbers. They terrorized Europe, conquered Spain, yet founded a civilization which was kept alive while the remainder of Europe remained in darkness. Tribute flowed into Moorish coffers from all principal European countries to ensure them against further enslavement.

Then came the Spanish Inquisition at Seville in 1480, when the decay of Moorish hegemony became general. Since then many noble and rabbinical families—aristocrats of Spanish Judaism—fearing a renewal of Jewish persecutions, left Spain to seek refuge in the Barbary States. Tangier, Oran, Constantine, Tlemcen, Fez, and

Marrakesh then became great Jewish centers and exercised a powerful influence over the Maghreb's native Jews, who, even to this day, observe the customs of Spain.

In later years the history of Tangier and Morocco was inextricably linked with the larger European powers. Morocco was needed by France to render possession of Algeria and Tunisia secure, and France's dream of becoming the custodian of a large African empire could be realized only if Morocco could be brought into her fold. The Turks had never actually extended their suzerainty over Morocco. They had ruled instead a very ancient shereefate or sultanate at the coast, while in the interior of this rugged land the Sultan's power had never been very great. This interior was some sort of no man's land. Morocco had stood, moreover, in a very bad odor of piracy, which often brought a hornets' nest about her ears. Spain, which had coveted the Moroccan coast line for a long time, did a little poaching on her own when the others were caught off guard and snatched the two cardinal points of Ceuta and Melilla.

With the second half of the nineteenth century and the advent of the steamship, the highly lucrative business of privateering received a severe jolt. As steamships were able to make a faster getaway, profits went down the drain and piracy worthies were forced to cast about for other methods of racketeering. Still, there always were the ships the elements kept battering against the rocks, providing a sea-fall for the crooked Dey and his slippery cohorts.

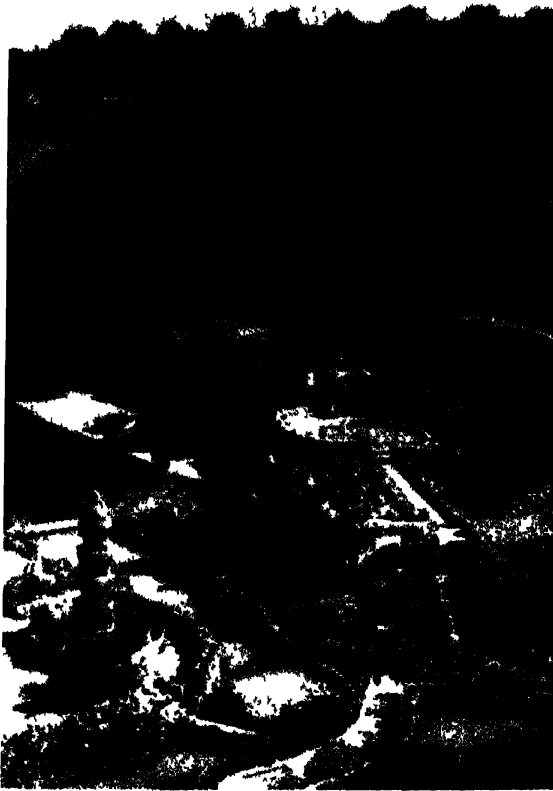
England had maintained a treaty with Morocco for a long time, although no actual use had ever been made of it, while Spain forced Morocco to sign a treaty that gave her a port facing the Canary Islands in 1860. Sultans in those days were not too particular about what they signed, and the Sultan of Morocco proved no exception. As he was a bit negligent in keeping his promises, thirteen European states met in a conference at Madrid in 1880 to decide on a common Moroccan policy. They forced a treaty down the Sultan's throat which directed that foreign nationals from then on were free to secure properties in Morocco. It proved extremely difficult to make the Sultan stick to his given word, and concessions never were granted. Then Germany closed a commercial and colonization

treaty with Morocco, but very soon discovered to her dismay that Tangier was not worth the candle. Several years later, in 1894 Spain tried her hand at the business, claiming that her national honor had been trifled with, and to assuage her wounded feelings dispatched some troops, resulting in the yielding of additional parcels of Moroccan territory to Spain.

In the same year Sultan Mulai-el-Hassan died and was succeeded by Abdul-Aziz, who displayed a great fondness for all that smacked of European innovations. He was so naive and luxury-craving that, borrowing right and left to buy what he wanted, he went all out for things he never needed—dolls, cameras by the hundreds, bicycles, balloons, dozens of pairs of skates (although Morocco had never seen a snowflake), and grand pianos by the dozen (although he did not know one note from another).

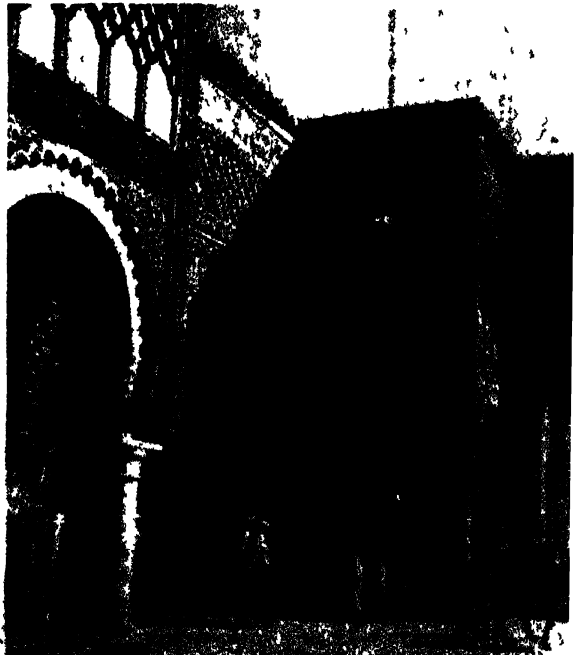
France took advantage of the situation and very cannily laid the foundation for a French protectorate over Morocco and, when she was finally sure of her moves, discussed the affair with Britain, Spain, and Italy. England consented forthwith, provided France would not raise any objection to England's occupation of Egypt. Spain seemed also willing, provided she'd be counted in on a portion of the loot: that is, that Spain's possessions—the strip opposite Spain—would become a North Morocco protectorate. Italy was also won over when France agreed not to oppose Italy's occupation of Tripoli. But there was still Germany to contend with. That country waited for counterproposals and a suggestion of her portion in the colonial loot. These proposals were never forthcoming and frustrated Germany was in a dither, and so was the Kaiser, who, on a trip to his summer residence at Corfu in March 1905, stopped over at Tangier and made one of his many bombastic speeches, in which he declared that he not only recognized the Sultan as an independent sovereign but that he could never endorse the French-English agreement.

Now a diplomatic tug of war began. Von Bulow threatened war. The pugnacious French Minister Delcassé, who apparently had pulled a boner, came a cropper after he had suggested a war to the finish rather than accept Germany's proposals. Charles Rouvier, his



Meknès, in Morocco, with its terraced olive and date groves, for which this region is famous, is one of the imperial towns, or one of the Sultan's residences. It has been said by Arabian authors that Meknès was taken over by the Almoravides in the eleventh century, but under Sultan Mulai Ismail, contemporary of Louis XIV, it had its finest period of prosperity. He wanted to make Meknès a Moroccan Versailles.

The famous Bab-el-Mansour, or Mansour Gate, of Meknès, one of the most imposing of Meknès's four gates, through which issues a floating population from every point of Morocco. These gates, like almost all Moorish architecture, are veritable objets d'art; carved masterpieces, in fact.





Palace Jamai, or Dar Jamai, in Fez, is an old Moorish palace built in the nineteenth century during the reign of Sultan Mulai Hassan. It was bought in 1922 by the Transat Hotel Company. Exquisitely appointed, embellished with beautifully colored polychrome tiles, the place is an aesthetic delight and one of the must show places to anyone visiting this delightful and colorful city of culture.

successor, asked Germany for an explanation of her intentions regarding Morocco, and Germany replied that this was a matter for all the powers to decide, at least those who had taken part in the Madrid Conference of 1880. A new conference was held in Algeciras in 1906, which ended in a German victory but which, as expressed by one French diplomat, "provided for everything except what actually happened." The conference was a drawn-out affair. Germany, in urgent need of iron ore that Morocco possessed in great quantity, also coveted a naval station and demanded the very portion facing the Atlantic, where there had been much evidence of iron ore. Germany, however, seemed to play a lone hand; Italy (because of Tripoli) sided with France; and as Germany soon realized that she would never be able to put through her own schemes, she did all she could to obstruct the French plan. The result was that Morocco came under the control of foreign entrepreneurs, who would have access to it under identical conditions. To begin with, Morocco was to receive a port police under Spanish and French "instructors" and a Swiss general command. There was also to be a state bank, with fourteen shares and with capital furnished by thirteen foreign powers. France, however, enjoying a privileged position, would remain entirely free to arrange and settle her own border problems.

All this looked very practical on paper, but in reality the execution of these conditions proved no easy matter. Morocco had always been in a state of anarchy in the interior, and France was hankering for the first real opportunity to take possession of the most important ports on the Atlantic coast. Germany also had done her share of conniving and had found an eager ally in Mulai Hafid, brother of Abdul-Aziz—who not only used Germany's money secretly to further his own double-crossing schemes, but forced the abdication of the Sultan. Once that had been achieved, he joined France in 1907. As the tension between the powers over Morocco grew more insistent, Germany was finally obliged to recognize France's political supremacy in Morocco, on condition that the latter would not become a protectorate and that Germany would be given a share in that country's exploitation. France agreed but used her full weight

to prevent Germany from getting any concessions, with the result that German exploitation in Morocco became a practical impossibility.

Then bedlam broke loose again in Fez, where, owing to a rebellion, the lives of Mulai Hafid's subjects and of the Europeans were endangered. And when Mulai Hafid asked for a French army for the protection of his capital, this was exactly what France had been angling for. Germany, on the other hand, claimed that such overt action would infringe upon her rights and reduce the Convention of Algeciras to a mere scrap of paper. Ostensibly to protect her German nationals, Germany then dispatched the battleship *Panther* to Agadir, south of Casablanca, but the real motive behind this junket was to claim a protectorate over western Morocco. Cries of war were raised once more, and Germany protested vehemently, although not one German rowboat had put in there since 1765.

The British lion, greatly disturbed at the prospect of having a German naval station so close to the Rock of Gibraltar, wagged his tail and roared disapproval. The warning was heeded, and for the third time in six years war over Morocco was again avoided. France offered to pay Germany, provided the latter would consent to her protectorate over Morocco. Germany finally agreed to abandon all her claims if France would hand over French Congo and France's priority right of sale to the Belgian Congo. By now it had become thoroughly clear that what Germany was really after was to have her colonies—the Cameroons, German East and Southwest Africa—linked up with the territories situated between. This would make her dream of a large African empire extending from ocean to ocean come true. Germany realized, however, that this goal could never be attained without England's consent, while the French lost little sleep over Germany's lofty ambitions.

In the end all Germany finally got was a small strip of territory (a mere one hundred thousand square miles of jungle land in the French Congo) that provided the Cameroons with two outlets to the waters of the Congo. For this she agreed to recognize a French protectorate over Morocco, provided Germany was to enjoy the same customs duties as the other powers. The treaty was signed in

1912, by which France secured a protectorate over a territory she had coveted for years, and Marshal Louis Hubert Gonzalve Lyautey, the man who performed wonders for France's colonies, became Morocco's first resident general. Sultan Mulai Hafid abdicated in favor of his younger brother, and the gentlemen at the Quai d'Orsay breathed heavy sighs of relief.

A *contrôle civile* was instituted similar to that in Tunisia, while municipalities were established with European and Mohammedan members. The seat of the resident general was to be at Rabat. The Sultan—only a figurehead—was "assisted" by French advisers, who also guided Morocco's foreign affairs exclusively. To Spain, by special treaty, the northwestern twelfth portion of Morocco was assigned, and it was in this corner of the sultanate that the Spanish Civil War broke out in 1936.

Tangier's present status is that of an international city over which the sovereignty of the Sultan of Morocco is recognized. The Sultan is actually represented by a *mendoub*, which, together with him, has jurisdiction over all legal issues. Moreover, the Sultan, assisted by his henchmen and assistant officials, has practically exclusive control. A French administrator, with British and Spanish assistants, comprises the executive government, while the government offices are filled with recruits drawn from all nationalities—with the exception of the public works administration, whose office is headed by a Spanish engineer. Local legislation, which as a result of these complicated matters is an international legislative assembly, is in turn answerable to a committee of control maintained by the consuls general of those foreign powers. As Moors and Jews are Moorish subjects, they are excluded from jurisdiction in the international administration, all of which inevitably adds to the complications of running this city. Moorish and Jewish cases are adjudicated in the Islamic and rabbinical courts of law, whereas mixed tribunals administer their jurisprudence over other cases. As all this may sound complicated and confusing, one is led to wonder whether too many cooks might not spoil the broth. But wherever there is honey there will always be bees.

Sights and Sounds in Tangier— Street of the Male Harlots

Under the roof of the coffeehouse, which was pleasantly sheltered from the Moorish sun, Ali, my Arab guide, a renegade if ever there was one, was snoring merrily and talking in his sleep—dreaming, perhaps, of the Moslem hereafter or of some Circassian charmer in the Rue de la Galèche (Street of the Devil). Ali had trusted to kismet, knowing full well that at some time of day I would call him to start on our voyage of discovery into the bowels of Tangier proper.

"Allez-houp," I called as I was ready to go, and I must have startled the rascal, for he jumped up in such consternation that he fell headlong over the marble-topped table and landed in a puddle. Ali now was fully awake, yet he moved very slowly. Getting excited and hurrying were terms he knew nothing about. All during the time he guided me around he remained always in that attitude of *laissez-faire*. Maybe this supreme indifference made him immune.

Dawdling along the winding streets, Ali tarried near a snack bar to get himself a bite. Moorish people have their snack bars not only about the market places but also in the crowded streets. They are little box-like stalls under a high wall, or small lean-tos of stick and thatch. Here *kabobs* were being prepared—slivers of meat cut into pieces the size of small walnuts or filberts, and smaller bits of fat. These were rolled in chopped parsley, while pepper, salt, and cummin seed were added. All this was pounded together and threaded on skewers, then laid across an earthen pot shaped like a boat, in the bottom of which was a charcoal fire. And here the kabobs broiled slowly over the coals, and I must admit they gave forth a most appetizing and savory odor. Half loaves of bread were ready,

and the hungry passer-by was being loudly invited to come and partake of this smoking-hot alfresco repast for a trifle of cash. I tasted some and found it pleased the senses as immediately as a mouthful of good wine.

Two snack bars away another kind of kabob was being prepared from a basinful of ready-seasoned mincemeat, which the native chef rolled into small balls, sticking them on skewers and grills. These open-air chefs were doing a roaring trade in these delicatessen morsels, and Ali had the time of his young life. I must say this for Moorish food, which is mainly prepared by Moorish women: the meat I had in Morocco was never too tough. I was told that these women have a way of plunging it into boiling oil and then cooking it for a long time. The result is that often even the toughest old rooster or sinewy ox joint comes to one's table tender enough so that it can be easily separated with the fingers (as invariably all Moorish people do).

Going up and down Tangier's streets, we nudged our way through the milling crowd that in increasing commotion began to fill the place. Tethered at a corner were two camels, roaring and braying and making a most ungodly racket. Little black donkeys whose long ears kept flapping lazily in the heat kicked all the mangy dogs that came within their reach. Flocks of goats with short horns and stubborn mules were engaged in the most agreeable pastime of biting each other's ears. An occasional native tourist guide lolled around the curb, hoping to snare a party of tourists, while interspersed through the mob were the mendicants and unsavory fry—sharp-looking and wicked Levantines—who worked for haunts of dissipation. Arabs in burnouses; Jews in blue robes, skull-caps, or big black hats; fleshy-lipped Tunisians; women with and without *yasmaks* (veils)—all were headed for the Street of the Devil, one of the narrow alleyways in the crowded Medina, the native section of the city. Natives of Sousse in their dark blue garments and black djellabs introduced an incongruous element into this none-too-tranquil harmony of white, brown, and gray.

In a little square Ali drew me to a corner where a group of people were crouched around a native performer. Edging closer, I wit-

nessed something I had seen many times in the Near and Far East. It was a weird performance in which a native and a scorpion were the *dramatis personae*. The scorpion, 'an animal resembling a miniature lobster, was pointing its tail, known to have a venomous sting, upward. Instead of killing the little brute, the native had a much more sinister fate in store for this pest. Egged on by the wildly gesticulating crowd, he forced the scorpion down with the pointed blade of a poniard and with a stick drew a circle around it. He then released the scorpion, which started to whirl around the circle at a terrific speed. Strangely enough, it never moved out of the circle. Solemn as a judge, the cruel native watched the beast. Suddenly, apparently well pleased with himself and equally satisfied that the scorpion had made a sufficient number of revolutions to no avail, the native performer divided the circle in half, with the result that the scorpion had only half of the original space in which to whirl around. The faster it whirled, the louder the outbursts of the audience as it shouted its approval of the native's antics. Unmoved except for the fierce glimmer in his eyes, the performer kept his gaze glued on his prey, reducing the space again and again. At last the grand moment for which he and the audience were anxiously awaiting came, and the scorpion found itself caught in a space so small that it became well-nigh impossible to whirl itself around. Yet, with its venomous tail in the air, it began to whirl around so fast that I found it difficult to follow its movements. It never ventured out of the boundary line the cruel native had drawn so carefully in the sand. Then the climax. The end was in sight at last, when the scorpion stuck the venomous point into its own tail and committed suicide in a fashion.

The audience, whose shouts had grown wilder and fiercer, now howled with emotion. Triumphant hurrahs rose in gusts as they threw coins to the performer. As for him, he merely spat on the ground. His cruel work was done. . . . Walking away, musing upon the vagaries of Moorish native cruelty, I finally reached the conclusion that there is too wide a gulf between the West and the East to lay down a dogmatic analysis of native philosophy.

Sauntering on along winding, slowly ascending thoroughfares,

past the noisy grain market and courtyards where tethered camels emitted the customary hideous noises, we reached a fountain around which veiled Moorish women, balancing round earthenware jugs on their shoulders, were gossiping. Here, too, ragged water carriers were busy filling their goatskin receptacles, and half a dozen urchins were splashing one another and having a gay time. Later we reached a Moorish cemetery. Women in white shrouds and white veils, sitting impassively among the graves, apparently were enjoying their vacation from their iron-barred grillages and monotony. We finally came to a section filled with a jolting ethnologic hotchpotch of people whose blood either was pure or streaked, with dozens of foreign strains. A miniature of the world, as it were, with types and races that at one time must have swarmed around the Tower of Babel—adventurers from every clime, women with and without diaphanous veils, sharp-looking and often wicked-looking traders, sleek merchants from other cities, peasants of the hills, and tribesmen as gloomy as their sullen desert.

Threading my way more or less aimlessly through the colorful throngs and leaving the Street of the Devil, where motion flowed into a harmony of action, sound, and color, I reached a section around and about the Rue de la Galèche, Tangier's street of the *maricones*, notorious for its display of cavorting male harlots and degenerates, and unrestricted by law. These perverts, practicing their unhappy métier, seem to cater to a demand that is abnormally large. The solidity of this business, carefully protected by doctrines of *laissez-faire*, rests upon the philosophical basis that whatever the eye does not see should not bother anyone. While Japan has its Yoshiwara, Paris its *maisons de passe*, the United States its call houses, apartment-house drags, and subterranean promiscuity, and other places of the world a predominance of mentally diseased sadists, masochists, and homosexuals, Tangier lays claim to this nightmare of *male maricon belles*, happy hunting ground of the Moor. In the Rue de la Galèche and other streets, whole rows of houses are chock-full of these dregs of humanity dressed in evening gowns, with painted lips and powdered faces, loitering before the doors of tiny cribs, inviting one and all filled with desire to enter

their Valhalla. By day a drab street, by night a garish, loud hotbed of Tangier's perverted amusement world. All about, the womanless street was aswirl with bearded men in fez and burnoose. Business was brisk and full of promise in the Rue de la Galèche.

Tangier's Mellah— Trials and Tribulations of Moroccan Jews

Not far from here we invaded the Medina, Tangier's hoary quarter, and thence the Mellah, located some distance from the city proper and separated by a wall. Here thousands of Jewish people lived and suffered and were persecuted for hundreds of years, never venturing forth, for to remain here offered them the best protection from the onslaughts of the Moors. Nevertheless, they suffered all the injustices, miseries, and humiliations endured by their no less fortunate brethren in the ghettos of Central Europe, Russia, and Nazi Germany under Hitler. On them every degrading menial task was imposed. Jewish butchers, for example, were forced to salt and pickle heads of rebels, which then were stuck on pikes above the city's gates to serve as a warning to others. Since their freedom in 1870, the tragic past with its razzas, persecutions, and rapine has fortunately not returned.

Curiously enough, the word *mellah* actually means "salt." Hence the derivation of the name of the quarter allotted to these unfortunate people. The Mellah is actually a Jewish city within a Moorish one. Traditional manners and customs have undergone few changes here, with the exception of two racial attributes—hospitality and solidarity—which have practically disappeared. Swarming with an excited but apparently well-behaved crowd on the day we visited it, this Jewish quarter presented a very fantastic picture. The majority of the men, whose ill-fitting and sagging trousers were much

the worse for wear, were either garbed in black kaftans or simple gandourahs, while their heads were covered with kerchiefs or fezzes. Most of the men seemed to have shaved their pates, leaving a tuft of hair at the crown. Prematurely aged and worn-out women, many of whom reminded me of the Spanish types I had seen elsewhere, were for the most part rather good-looking. The older ones wore what is known among Jewish people as a *schaitel*, or wig, while their heads were likewise covered by kerchiefs, a peculiarity indigenous to Jewish tribes throughout the Moroccan desert.

There actually are two divisions of Moroccan Jews: the Berber Jews, who settled here long before the arrival of their co-religionists who were banished from Spain during the Inquisition, and those who were later exiled from Spain, known as the Sephardim Jews, a title shared with their co-religionists in Portugal, Turkey, Algeria, Tunisia, and Egypt. About the origin of the former very little is known, except that tradition has it that they were refugees from Palestine and descendants of people driven out by Joshua.

Besides these two main divisions, there also exist many tribal Jews—a sullen, cowed, and rather fanatical people—whose strange and ancient customs persist to this very day. Having lived for centuries among Berbers and other indigenes in the Sahara Desert and mountain regions, they have remained in a state of retarded progress. While little is known of their own traditions, they are nevertheless rigid adherents to their religious ordinances, even though in a rather antiquated form. On the other hand, one tribe—inhabitant of the Glaoui Atlas Mountain area—are a war-like, fierce-looking people, the very antithesis of those miserable-looking and unfortunate creatures of other mountain reaches. This tribe is rather unique, being known as the fighting, warrior Jews of Morocco. A tireless lot, they are said to be able to trek for hours and days across Atlas Mountain ranges, with their children strapped across the backs of the women.

No less interesting from an ethnological standpoint are the albino Jews residing in the Moroccan plains and mountain area not far from Mogador on the coast. Blind as moles, they have yellowish hair, pinkish eyes, and reddish complexions.

As Jews were not permitted to acquire property outside their mellahs under the earlier regimes of the sultans, these places became terribly overcrowded in the course of time. Yet despite the contempt and oppression accorded them by their Moslem rulers, the oppressors were nonetheless eager at times to avail themselves of the Jews' business abilities and acumen. Hence the Moroccan empire's rulers did not hesitate to draw their advisers from this race, and no one exercised greater power at the Moorish courts than did one Maimaran, without whose money and influence the brutal Mulai Ismail could never have attained the sultanate at the close of the seventeenth century. This Jewish statesman had a formidable rival in one Mos bin'Attar, another worthy of his race, whose signature appears with that of the Moorish plenipotentiary on the 1712 treaty with Great Britain, which has formed the basis of every subsequent agreement with European nations.

The two divisions of Jews are different in type, dress, and language. Those living in the coastal regions speak Spanish; the other group, residing in the interior, speak the Arabic and Berber tongue. There are also wide differences in their customs. While those on the coast—the Spanish-descended Jews—have kept pace with the civilization that has surrounded them, those in the interior, living among fanatical Berber and Arab tribesmen, are, by force of circumstance, morally, socially, and economically below the status of their co-religionists of Spanish origin.

Bringing with them a higher standard of civilization in the first place, the Spanish Jews abandoned the practice of polygamy, which still exists among the Berber Jews and seems to have been permitted under Hebraic law in the fifteenth century. They freed themselves of this practice by including a stipulation in all their marriage contracts that the husband agree not to take a second wife without consent of the first one. Without contravening the unalterable judicial permission of polygamy, this contractual clause is still incorporated in all the Sephardim marriage contracts.

In retrospect, these Spanish-descended Jewish people, a vigorously increasing race, have been a decided asset and still are a credit to the Moorish state. As they are keen businessmen and have

enjoyed full religious and political liberty for the last fifty years, the lot of these people has greatly improved, and they have progressed in a manner that is commendable. Their charities are marvels of economic organization, and the sacrifices they have had to incur, and still incur, for the furthering of the welfare of their communities are beyond all praise. Moreover, their educational system for rich and poor alike is excellent, and there is hardly a Jewish child in any of the Moroccan coastal cities who cannot read or write at least two languages, and some speak even more. In fine, these Spanish-descended Jewish people, who proved themselves organizers of remarkable ability and searchers after knowledge, have been and still are a great credit to Morocco.

The nomadic Berber Jews, living chiefly in Saharan mountain villages, separate from but adjacent to those of the Berber tribesmen, dress much like the tribesmen and are conspicuous by their black or dark-colored cloaks, black skullcaps, or round black hats like those worn by our Quakers. This raiment is peculiar to the Berber Jews. Their customs also are as strange now as they must have been in the days of their ancestors. Thus I was told that on her wedding day a bride-to-be visits the ritual bath, which, because of the traditional shortage of water in the Sahara, is changed only once every six months. After this sacrificial bath the bride-to-be is escorted back to the hut or house of her parents, where, after being dressed in bridal attire, she is carried on the skin of a wild sheep to the husband's abode. Here she is carried to a room on the next floor, while a clot of young men wait in the yard below for what proves to be the most interesting part of the strange ceremony. Still peacefully reposing on the sheepskin, the bride is swung through the open window to the yard below, to be caught before she hits the dust. And the one who is fortunate enough to catch her is permitted to carry her to the bridal chamber, where it becomes his paramount duty to lend a helping hand to the groom during the consummation of their union. Practically next door the guests make merry and stuff themselves with kouskous.

Mothers-in-law also have a function. They are the only ones permitted to enter the bridal chamber to congratulate the newlyweds

and, beaming with pride, to show the bride's bloodstained negligee to the sensation-hungry women next door. This has, of course, its less pleasant side too. For if the girl has been indiscreet before her marriage, she is divorced right there and then. And for his trouble the angry husband may claim the return of all the money he expended. Should her husband, however, fail to treat her well, she can also undo her marriage by shouting "*Nifex*" (which means "your nose") three times in succession, after which she is permitted to retain the wedding gift. Why the word "*nifex*" and its symbolic meaning, no one has been able to explain.

Cultivating small tracts of land, the Berber Jews carry arms and will put up a scrap, if forced to, for the protection of life and property. Living in truth a life apart, they are usually protected by the Berber chiefs of the region, to whom they pay tribute. The murder of a protected Berber Jew makes it a requisite for the Berber protectors to take revenge upon the murderer. Quite a number of these Berber Jews are also caravan men, traveling with little trains of mules or donkeys far afield into less accessible regions beyond the Atlas Mountains. Others are tinkers and petty traders, while their more prosperous co-religionists are money-lenders, jewelers, tailors, and, like St. Paul, makers of tents.

Perhaps, according to their way of thinking, they live a harmonious life, undisturbed by the cosmic reflections and worries that hound people in the rest of the world. The problems of that small world in which they live—which to them is not entirely devoid of perplexities—are settled for them, mayhap, by a pious devotion and religious faith molded into a pattern as they advanced through the ages.

As both Arab and Jewish people have been and still are afflicted with eye infections, history has preserved for posterity a legend of a case in which a sultan's daughter was cured by the skill of a Jewish scholar and rabbi who was widely renowned for his miraculous cures. According to this legend, one Ephraim Anquava, Rabbi of Tlemcen, a scholar of repute, had come to Marrakesh in 1391 to seek refuge from persecutions against his race in Spain. Seated on a lion with a serpent issuing from its jaws, he left for Tlemcen,

where, arriving before the city and halting in a field, the natives, upon beholding this strange spectacle, came forth and offered him the freedom of their city. Visibly moved by this unusual display of hospitality, the rabbi decided to stay there and continue his Talmudic studies, which had been so rudely interrupted in Castile. Taking up his abode in a ramshackle house, he devoted considerable time to the curing of the eye disease that ravaged the natives of that district.

Aby Tashfin, a sultan who reigned in Tlemcen in those days, had only one daughter, who was stricken with this eye disease shortly after the rabbi's arrival. As the town's medical men had tried to cure her, but without avail, the Sultan's advisers told him that a rabbi, mounted on a lion, had recently come to town and must surely have been a messiah or messenger from the Lord, as he had been responsible for many phenomenal cures. The Sultan commanded his vizier to bring the man before him. The rabbi prescribed a cure which proved so effective that it did not take long for the Sultan's daughter to be well on the road to recovery. The Sultan was so elated that he sent for the rabbi and, embracing him, told him to name his own reward.

"Hear ye, O noble Sultan," the rabbi said. "All that I ask for is to be permitted to bring to your city all those religionists of mine who dwell in nearby places and elsewhere, and to permit them to build a small house of prayer."

This simple, unselfish wish was granted, with the result that the Jewish people flocked to this town from Spain and other places in Morocco, losing no time in building their house of worship and laying the foundation for a prosperous community of Jewish people in Tlemcen.

On the tomb of this rabbi's grave, which to this day can be seen, appears the following inscription:

This is the Tomb of Him who was our pride, the Crown of our Head, the Light of Israel, our Helper, our Chief and our Master. A divine Cabalist. Illustrious wherever Israel was scattered, a performer of miracles. The Head of the Community. The Chief of All Rabbis, the Great Rabbi Ephraim Anquava. May his memory be a protection to us and to all our Israelite brothers.

The Istiqlal, Morocco's Independence Party

Tangier's chief distinction may or may not lie in the fact that it is the home of the nationalist leader, Alla el' Fassi, outstanding symbol of Moroccan nationalism. Born in Fez in 1914, El' Fassi founded the Istiqlal, or Independence Party, in 1914. Poet of no mean repute, he became a professor of Arabic literature and Islamic law at Morocco's leading university, the Karaouine at Fez, when he was twenty. Portly, pudgy, and of medium height, with a short beard fringing his round face swathed in a white turban, El' Fassi, passionately devoted since his youth to the idea of his country's independence, has fought for years to secure this at all costs. Arrested by the French and then deported, he was imprisoned in Gabon for nine years, and when he returned from banishment in 1946, El' Fassi was hailed everywhere not only as a leader but as a martyr too. And as the French would not permit him to reside in Fez or anywhere else in French-controlled territory, there remained little else for him to do but to settle in Tangier, where he resides in an ultra-modern apartment house in the International Zone.

Alla el' Fassi is by no means anti-French; in fact, he concedes that France has done a great deal toward his country's welfare. All he wants is to see his country independent, blaming France for her neglect in preparing Morocco for the eventual task of self-government and accusing France for the lack of education for the masses and failure to raise their moral and social standards. Meanwhile the role of the Istiqlal is to secure independence at all costs and to seek replacement of the French protectorate by a simple treaty between two sovereign states. So far the Fassis have not been too successful.

The former Sultan, Sidi Mohammed ben Yussuf, an intelligent and amiable though rather weak Moor, was quick to recognize that

the spirit of discontent and demand for self-determination that had spread like wildfire throughout the Near and Far East would also make a tremendous impact on his country. He cast his lot cautiously with the Istiqlal. That proved his undoing, and he was deposed in 1914 and sent into exile.

So far the Istiqlal is not properly organized for what would amount to a revolution. It was nonetheless able to provoke some bloody disorders that might have stifled some of the key economic aspects of that country, but the Quai d'Orsay and France's most dynamic and tremendously able resident general, Augustin Guillaume, were not caught napping, since France's very existence throughout North Africa was at stake.

While the active terrorists are a small minority, failure of the French Government to clarify its policies has greatly reduced General Guillaume's authority. It has likewise made it difficult for him to cope with the nationalist terrorist problems.

From the American viewpoint, these fervent nationalists might reduce the United States' five-hundred-million-dollar investment in five sprawling mammoth air bases and sabotage them over a period of time, for their security is very weak, despite the forces that the Glaoui can muster to guard these fields. The United States is limited by agreement to a total of eight thousand men and officers for these bases, and the nationalists may someday strike where it will have the most effect, and thus work into Communist hands. As one authority summed it up, however, these American bases may still give us 10 per cent more hitting power, as the Russians would have to skirt the entire eastern Mediterranean and cross all of North

Africa to get there. These bases, on which the United States has been working for several years, are roughly twenty-five hundred miles from Moscow by jet plane, or four hours' flying time for a modern bomber. If war with the Soviet Union should come, these bases may well play a decisive role.

As it should be apparent that it is also to our interest that Morocco remain stable and tranquil, it is understandable that the United States has viewed with great alarm the riots that have sprung up all over that country recently. Nationalists at first got out of hand, but thanks to the strong measures taken by that stocky, compact, tenacious, and extraordinary resident general, Augustin Guillaume, who knows Berber, Arab, and Moor like a book, the revolt was crushed, the Sultan given the boot, and reform promised—at least at a later date. Still, the rash of terrorism in Casablanca and elsewhere continues.

Never legally recognized, the Istiqlal, as a party, developed rapidly inside Morocco and organized along Communist lines, on a basis of local cells. It was nevertheless careful to avoid joint action with the Communist Party in order not to compromise its position with the United States and with the United Nations. On the whole, despite the presence of many foreigners, militant Arabs and militarism of the Tunisian and Algerian varieties have made little headway, although the Communists have been desperately striving to fan the flames of resentment against the French and so-called American imperialism.

The Istiqlal, with its Moscow-inspired slogans, has had some success and bears a striking resemblance to similar groups in Egypt and the rest of the Middle East. It is evidenced by an active hatred of the French, advocacy of progressive Arabization of Morocco, the maintenance of a liaison with similar groups in the Middle East and Pakistan, for instance, and of active relationship with the Arab League. As already mentioned, the basis of the organization is the local cell, with the entire apparatus greatly resembling Russian Communism, even though the Istiqlal does not appear to have switched toward Soviet-propagated ideologies.

The Istiqlal also has a religious aim: to strengthen or streamline

the practice of Islam and replace the mystic cults and powerful religious fraternities with a simpler orthodoxy. The latter have aligned themselves with the powerful Pasha of Marrakesh and his allies among the Berber tribesmen and the French. The pashas and caids have been generally hostile to the Istiqlal, which they look upon as a threat to their feudal authority and public order. That is why El-Glaoui, the Pasha of Marrakesh, who is said to have three hundred thousand armed Berber tribesmen at his command, remonstrated with the Sultan, accusing him of being the Sultan of the Istiqlal and leading the nation to ruin. The warning was unheeded, and the Pasha was told to leave the Sultan's palace, whereupon the Pasha, accompanied by Shercef Abdel Hayel Kittani, leader of the Federated Moslem Fraternities of Morocco, began a triumphant tour of the country on August 4, 1914. This was followed by a gathering of these two with the country's principal nobles at Meknès, sanctuary of Mulai Idris (founder of the first Moroccan dynasty) a week later, where they took solemn oaths to remain firmly united and not to rest until success had been achieved. The rest of the story is now well known. Sultan Ben Yussef was deposed and exiled, and the seventy-two-year-old Sidi Mulai ben Arafa became the Moslems' spiritual leader and Morocco's new Sultan—the latest act, one hopes, in a drama of nationalism and personal aspiration to power, and colonial interests that has been unrolling in this part of the shereefian empire for years.

Rabat, Capital of Morocco

The best and least expensive way to travel from Tangier to Rabat—capital of Morocco, residence of His Majesty the Sultan, seat of France's resident general and of the Makhzen (shereefian government)—is by train. Of course there always is a great to-do

about getting from the Spanish zone into the French. After traveling for several hours across the Spanish section, one must first take the Spanish passport-control hurdle, then get through the French passport, money-control, and customs business. Once these barriers have been satisfactorily negotiated, the country on the French side is all yours and you are free to start on your blessed way.

The trip to Rabat was rather uneventful, and save for undulating fields of luscious green, colorful but almost endless vineyards, fig trees, and other tropical growths, what arrested my attention most were flocks of storks—sacred birds—perched on nests built in tree tops, on roofs of houses, minarets, and mosques. Emitting a most amusing, often laugh-like clatter of bills, some storks would volplane first over our train, then sail through the air like gliders, with the greatest of ease. As many legends and stories have been woven around these interesting birds, it might not be amiss to put down here that a native considers it a blessing when storks choose his abode to build their nests. Should the storks abandon these nests, however, he regards this as a bad omen.

One legend tells how a stork came to the Kadi of Fez many years ago and laid a pearl necklace at his feet. A search was made for the rightful owner, and as no one showed up to claim the jewels, the kadi sent for the *mueddhin* to try to find out whence this bird might have come. After an extensive search it turned out that the stork once had a nest which a certain man had lately cleared off his roof. When this fellow was brought before the kadi, he admitted that he had chased the bird away. He then was asked whether he would sell his house and what price he would want for it. When the price was agreed upon, the kadi first sold the necklace and then paid the man with the proceeds, leaving the house in the care of an administrator, whose duty it became to tend, doctor, and feed ailing storks that might nest on the place. The dispossessed bird also rebuilt its nest there. This abode, which is called Stork House, still stands on Stork Street in the city of Fez. And it is claimed that there exists a similar Stork House in the city of Marrakesh.

According to ancient Moslem writers, storks are believed to be charmed people who use a peculiar dialect when conversing among

themselves. To kill a stork or to take an egg from a stork's nest is believed to cause one to contract a severe fever. The same writers relate how a company of Arabs had been transformed, at the request of the Prophet, into storks because they had sacked a caravan on a pilgrimage to Mecca. They further contend that the reluctance to kill storks may be due to the fact that storks utter their cries with great regularity and that the motion they make with their bodies resembles that of Mohammedans at prayer.

When storks are white and clean when they settle on a house, natives believe that there will be a great deal of sunshine and scorching heat and that the year will be bad; but if the birds are gray and dirty, there will be plenty of rain, and the year will turn out to be a good one.

Finally, there is the legend of a stork who at one time had been a judge. It seems that he got married and committed two cardinal sins after the consummation of the marriage. First, he had made his ablution with buttermilk; next, he had smeared the threshold of his chambers with soap so that all who called would slip and fall. What made matters even worse, he used to burst out in loud laughter at his callers' predicament; in fact, he laughed so loudly one day that Allah heard it and asked him why he persisted in treating his Moslem friends so badly. Unable to secure a satisfactory reply, Allah then turned him into a stork. And that is why to this very day a stork wears a black or white cloak not unlike a judge, has henna color on his feet, antimony-blackened eyes like a bridegroom, and produces a laugh-like sound.

• Rabat, situated at the mouth of the Oued Bou Regreg, is one of the four imperial towns or residences of the Sultan. Like all other Moroccan cities, it comprises a medina (native quarter), a mellah (Jewish section) enclosed in ramparts, and a modern part graced by broad avenues and well-laid-out gardens. Rabat is considered one of the finest cities in all of North Africa. It harbors a nest of nationalities, and in its busy and noisy streets floats a babel of dialects—almost as many and varied as are to be found in any Near Eastern metropolis. And true to the maxim that “the proper study of man-

kind is man," there seemed to me to be no place where mankind could be better studied than in this exotic yet modern city of Rabat. For the place is literally packed with oriental peoples who, despite the inroads of our Western "machine age" and superficial civilization, have retained their mysterious, natural, and unhindered state against all odds. Through its busy streets swarmed the omnipresent tribesmen from the Atlas and Djurdjura Mountains, Moors and Arabs from points north, red-fezzed *hadjis* (men who have made a pilgrimage to Mecca) in holy dress on holy, and maybe unholy, errands, Moorish women striding along decked in robe and veil, while patriarchal-looking indigenes, sporting that aristocratic tilt of chin with true hauteur, seldom were seen without their canes. I also beheld bright-eyed and opulently dressed Jewish women and buxom Negresses flaunting barbaric jewelry, their arms and ankles laden with silver bangles and bracelets. In fine, here was a heterogeneous lot of peoples scooped up, as it were, from all parts of the East, West, North, and South, thrown down in this place to loll around, vacillate, and squat in boulevards, ruelles, nooks, and corners of the Rue de la République, Avenue Foch, Rue Souika, or the Kasbah. Last but not least, apart from the debonaire and dapper French, raced the nervously scurrying American tourists with tremendous vitality and speed, unmindful of hustle and heat.

Still, Rabat's chief charm seems to lie, aside from its being the seat of the resident general, in its variety—a variety it possesses by virtue of having become the residence and rendezvous of all who came to rule and be ruled, and of its being at once a very old and very new city. Rabat itself was founded in the twelfth century by the Almohade Sultan, Abd-el-Mumin, who concentrated an army here to fight in Spain. It was later enlarged and embellished by Yakoub-el-Mansour, who wanted to make it his capital. Having been turned years later into a Corsair republic, notorious throughout the Western world, Rabat became a refuge for Moors who had been pushed out of Spain. With the death knell to privateering, the place lost its importance and went downhill, until it won its way to prominence again in 1912, when Marshal Lyautey chose it

to be the seat of the general residency and administrative capital of Morocco.

Concentrating my sight-seeing efforts on the native quarter chiefly, I explored that portion extending from the Kasbah of the Oudaia, and adjacent to the souks, to the famous Hassan Tower close by the river and the Boulevard bou Regreg. The Kasbah, built toward the end of the twelfth century and overlooking the estuary of the Regreg River and the Atlantic Ocean, is comprised of the famous garden, the Medresa, formerly a Makhzen dwelling, the Kasbah's gate, and the inner quarter. The imposing Kasbah gate, leading into the inner quarter, is of yellow sandstone, which when wet seems to cast a golden reflection on its surroundings. The terrace of this gateway yields a splendid view of Rabat proper and of Salé, situated on the right bank of the river, and of the mouth of the Bou Regreg itself.

As one enters the Kasbah, a narrow thoroughfare leads to a broad square and a battery of old Portuguese, Spanish, and Arab cannon, their hooded breeches pointed valiantly out over the river and, as if in mocking subterfuge, sweeping the approaches of the Kasbah. I was held spellbound by the magnificent view from here, which was a delight to the eye. To one side, a short distance from the sheer, gleaming coastal rocks, was the Atlantic sparkling in the dazzling sunshine. Far below, the Regreg River flowed into the sea over a bar drenched by white, feathery sprays and marked by a long line of wicked-looking breakers. Across the mouth of the winding river and straight across from Rabat on a low hill, and surrounded by a wall dominated by a single minaret, lies the old pirate city of Salé, where Alexander Selkirk, prototype of Robinson Crusoe, was held captive for several years during the earlier days of his career.

From the Kasbah I wended my way to the Hassan Tower standing in all its loftiness on the east bank of the Regreg River, adjoining the ruins of a large mosque and drowsing amid a forest of broken columns. Built by Sultan Yakoub-el-Mansour toward the end of the twelfth century, it may well be called the unfinished sister of the Koutoubia Mosque of Marrakesh or the Giralda of Seville in Spain. Measuring 53 feet on one side and rising to a

height of 147 when it was left unfinished, its walls are covered with large panels of ornamented arcades.

Heading for the southern section of Rabat and crossing the Zaer Gate, I came to the old walls of Chella, considered one of the most picturesque sites in Morocco and revealing one of the prettiest views imaginable over the hills beyond. It is said that the Phoenicians established a trading depot here, and Sala Colonia was for centuries an advance bastion of the Roman Empire. After it fell, it managed to preserve a form of life in which all the characteristics of Latin and Berber coalesced. When the place was abandoned for good in the middle of the twelfth century, its people moved to Salé's present location, and in later years the Merinide sultans chose Chella as the site for the royal necropolis. Today the Roman ruins and Merinide tombs have been cleared of debris, and nothing remains of what was once a thriving city but the ruins of a mosque, a graceful minaret, some mysterious sacred springs, and the tombs of the Merinide Emi Abou el-Hassan Ali, or the Black Sultan, and that of his mother, Chams el-Doha, Light of the Morning. In the Roman town of Sala Colonia, a portion of which has been uncovered, a paved forum, the infrastructure of a triumphal arch, some mutilated statues and broken columns with Latin inscriptions have been left for posterity.

Deciding to visit Salé, I crossed the pontoon bridge over the Bou Regreg connecting Rabat with this Moorish city. Like all sites where the European resident is nonexistent, Salé has a charm all its own. As a result of this, and also because of its comparatively hidden location, Salé seems to have remained perfectly free of foreign influences. Even the tribal people have left it alone; why, no one really knows. At first sight Salé looked white, serene, and mysterious, and while some native guide had tried to put a bee in my bonnet by saying that it would be impossible for a foreigner unaccompanied by a guide to visit Salé and get out again, I told him to take a dunk in the Bou Regreg and went it alone. I did not find the experience too hard or too dangerous. I went in, saw, and came out, completely unharmed and none the worse for the experience.

As already stated, Salé was once an important stronghold of

Barbary pirates, and many a foreign girl has been sold into slavery in the Boulevard Circulaire and the town's square, and many an old Salé family could, if records had been kept, trace its blood back to a European prisoner. In fact, I happened to set eyes on a Moor with green eyes, fair skin, and blond hair, who, had he been attired in European clothes, could have easily been taken for a national of some northern country.

Salé's handsome dwellings, walled garden, and imposing porticos, some of great beauty with carved and stucco ornamentations, interested me most of all. After a gander at the Merinide Medresa, Mellah, and the souks, I stopped by the market which, with its concrete and white tiles, like most Moroccan markets, was spotlessly clean. In fact, the gates in the Rabat market, near the Bab-el-Bab, are closed after one and the market cleaned down with hose and brush, which is quite something in an oriental country. Here, as at Salé, the meats—veal, lamb, and mutton—are imported from France, even though Moroccan beef is fair. Fish also seemed plentiful, which is easy to understand, as it is brought in not only from the Atlantic but from the rivers as well. And for those gourmands or epicureans who have a penchant for game, there were such gustatory delights as red partridge, wood pigeons, turtle doves, ring doves, wild guinea hens, woodcock, snipe, wild duck, and wild boar.

I spent considerable time in Salé's souks, particularly at the tiny cobblers' places where the yellow babouches, richly embroidered slippers, were made. Aside from Salé's renowned embroideries, its souks were chock-full of forged or raised metal objects; articles of leather; mats and coffers in *thuya* and cedar—pleasing to the eye and displaying a delicate, painstaking touch. Marveling that men could do so much without real mechanical assistance, I found a visit to Salé's souks the answer to a tourist shopper's dream.

Modern Rabat owes its grandiose looks to the vision of Marshal Lyautey, France's colony builder. Leaving the native quarter and surrounding ancient walls untouched, showing thereby greater discretion and taste for the romantic and ancient than so many others, who have destroyed, torn down, and rebuilt, all in the interest of modernity and twentieth-century hurry-scurry, the marshal

erected outside an entirely new city of splendid boulevards, avenues, public gardens, residential quarters, and an imposing government district. The large government buildings, railway station, post office, state bank, Lyauty Mausoleum, general library of the protectorate—all are designed in a style that, though distinctly modern, has not lost its Moorish character. Even the Catholic cathedral, with its so-called Gothic appearance, nonetheless looks Moorish. A magnificent ancient gate has been used with great ingenuity as the crowning point of the new Avenue de la Victoire, said to be one of the finest thoroughfares in the world.

The residence of the resident general and its many administrative departments constitute a separate quarter. Each department is housed in a snow-white villa set amid well-laid-out gardens with Moorish fountains and water runs, the vast complex presenting a most enchanting unit. The gardens are a riot of oleander, golden mimosa, red flaming hibiscus, and hedges of purple bougainvillea, while its tropical note is furthermore heightened by banana and other palms whose boles throw wide, grateful shade on walks and road. The broad avenue facing the government quarter of this cleanest of Moroccan cities is enlivened by the blue uniforms of the *shaoush* (sergeants), the brown gowns of Goumier soldiers, and the white, red, and ivory-colored uniforms of French troops assembled in the capital.

In the comparatively short time the French have held the protectorate over Morocco following the massacre of French officers at Fez in 1912, they have accomplished a great deal that is impressive. Before the arrival of the French, the country had never actually been free from internecine strife. Sultan Mulai Hafid, though a strong man and evidently desirous of doing well, had to overcome usurpers, rivals, powerful pashas, and bandits. Political and administrative corruption were the rule rather than the exception. As the task in those days proved too difficult for him, weighted down as it was by constantly arising complications with European nations, he took refuge in the diversions of his palace, until he finally agreed to carry out the terms of the Franco-Moorish agreements signed by his predecessor, Mulai Abdul-Aziz, at Algeiras.

It was at this time that Marshal Lyautey, who had already made his mark as an able officer and administrator in other places under the French tricolor, became the first resident general, and a happier choice could not have been made. He realized that the only way to restore peace and security in Morocco was by the institution of a program of public works and the introduction of justice. His personality appealed to the Moors, over whom he at once exercised a great influence. It was upon his recommendation that the French Government advanced the sum of twelve million pounds for public works, roads, harbor improvements, railroads, giving employment to a large number of natives. Peace in the more accessible regions of Morocco thus was quickly assured by this admirable policy. A new treaty was signed between France and Spain, eliminating the spheres of each and altering to some extent the boundaries as laid down by a previous treaty. Mulai Hafid had abdicated, and his younger half brother, the now exiled Mulai Yussuf, succeeded him. The early part of 1914 found the French zone in Morocco in a state of increasing organization, and World War I placed Morocco in an anomalous position. The whole south was under the French protectorate and therefore became a belligerent state, but the Spanish zone, since Spain was neutral, had to remain neutral too. The Germans were immediately expelled from the French protectorate, and the representatives of Germany and Austria, who resided at Tangier, were placed on board a French warship and conveyed to Italy, while their compatriots were expelled to Spain.

No words of praise are adequate to express the brilliance of the policy of Marshal Lyautey in Morocco during the war or the able manner in which his work was seconded by the men about him. In the space of a few years the interior of Morocco was transformed from an unknown and hostile land into a veritable tourist paradise, a change that is due mainly to the great genius of Lyautey, who must rank as one of the greatest colonizers the world has known. Today few countries can show a better record. Administration is now efficient and maybe less corrupt. Standards of public health and education have risen. There are excellent partly electrically driven trains and modern paved motor roads. Morocco's economic

wealth and much of its previously untapped resources have been multiplied many times over, and within the past forty years the French have accomplished a great deal more than the Moors have in the last hundred years.

However, with France no longer the great power she was, she is most anxious to create an impression of power by building up her strength here. Hence the Maghreb is regarded not so much as a land belonging to the Moors but as a portion of France, an annexation of France's economy. Instead of preparing sufficient numbers of natives for self-government and training them as civil servants, France contends that the Moor is unable to run his own affairs. While Lyautey tried hard to increase the prestige of the Sultan, his successors have tried equally hard to keep him locked up in a gilded cage.

In considering all these facts, it behooves one to pose the query whether the nationalists have or haven't a grievance against the French protectorate. Whatever the answer, it should not be difficult to realize that the French feel very nervous about this nationalist fervor and are doing their utmost to keep it down by suggesting some measures of reform, yet a long way from self-government.

At present there is a rather equivocal political situation in Morocco, with a sultan reigning side by side with a French resident general, and with the presence of nationalists, who are displaying decidedly anti-French views. While not a colony and merely a protectorate, Morocco in actual fact has a status that differs very little from that of a colony. It has its own ruler in the person of a sultan and its own shereefian government. Still, the effective powers of the Sultan and his government are restricted, and the country's real ruler is the resident general. There also exists a very small legislative assembly, a *conseil du gouvernement*, composed of two separate bodies, the one French, the other native, meeting twice a year for only one week. The meetings of this council are not only attended by the resident general but are also presided over by him, and all the deputies can do is air their grievances and discuss them with him, but they lack the power to impose their will or overrule his verdict.

As for the Moors, they are apparently quite content to jog along

in the same slipshod manner their forefathers did; the same carelessness marks their conduct in everything; the same unsatisfactory results inevitably follow.

Who and What Are These Moors?

Since I have repeatedly referred to the name Moor, a word whose origin has been the subject of considerable conjecture, an understanding of the Moorish character and mores is in order.

Local people in Morocco assert that, on purely philological grounds, the name Moor, a European invention, is more or less unknown in that country. No more precise definition of Moors could be given than that of *Maghribin*, while the land of the Moor is known as the "Land farther West," or *El Maghreb el Aqsa*. The name we are wont to bestow on Morocco is but a corruption of Marrakesh, meaning Morocco City, and a Spanish corruption of the word *Marueccos*.

Local tradition claims that the genuine Moroccans—that is, the indigenous people of Morocco—are the Berbers among whom the Arabs introduced the Mohammedan religion and brought civilization. As a small segment of these Berber people fused with colored people and their Moslem conquerors, it is only to this amalgam, this blended race, inhabiting Moroccan cities, that the word "Moor" can be applied.

One of the most revealing traits of the Moorish character is its morality, or rather lack of it, since it not only is founded on custom and tradition, but springs from a complete lack of affection, as we know it, between individuals. Moors lack entirely the gregarious instinct that in most men produces filial and social affections which inhibit primitive propensities, in keeping with standards set by modern society. Few men in the world are such ardent lovers as the

Moors of Morocco, and for the possession of a woman, whether she be his kind or a roumi, Moors often engage in sanguinary quarrels and stubborn and incessant struggles. They will forsake home and family and often succumb to a life of the most debauched savagery. Even the most humble Moor, with little to spend, will often show a barbarous, amorous violence, throwing whatever he possesses on the altar of lust, just to live for a few hours the life of a nabob. In their world, where women are mere pawns to be played with, and with their passions unhampered by moral restraint. Moors may indulge, and do so wildly, in dissipations of the worst kind.

Moors do not love their wives in our sense of the meaning of love. The philosophical basis that dismisses a woman as a breeding animal and a thing to satisfy man's carnal desires forces their women to curb their own desires, to respond only when their bodies are wanted. For as long as their wives submit to their often strange ways, Moorish men are content and kind.

At this point it is necessary to take into account the Moorish idea of decency. It is, for instance, considered indecent for a Moor to show any affection for his wife before the eyes of the outside world, where, the Moors feel, they should treat their wives with the greatest indifference. As the social condition of a people may be measured by that of its women, it is known that the place women hold on the Moorish social scale is very low. Attesting to this low standard is the fact that the Moors hold their women in absolute subjection, morally, politically, and socially. The Moorish proverb, "Teach not thy daughter letters, let her not live on the roof," implies that their women should not enjoy the least education or liberty, and also expresses the universal treatment of women by the Moors. It is this very subservient position of women that strikes the visitor more than all the strangeness of local customs, art, or color. No welcome awaits the infant daughter. Few care to bear the "evil" news to the father. A woman's place in life depends entirely upon her personal attractions. If she lacks the Moor's idea of good looks or is thin, her future is practically hopeless.

The Moor has no conception of companionship in wedlock, and his ideas of love are those of lust. The value of matrimony in their

eyes is purely a legalization of license by the substitution of polygamy or polyandry. Slavishly bound to the observance of wearisome customs, immured in a windowless house with only the roof for a promenade except for a walk to the cemetery on Friday, and seldom permitted outside the door—and then most carefully wrapped in a blanket and haik till quite unrecognizable—the Moorish woman is like a caged bird. Still, if a woman loves a man, the Moors say “she will give it to him, even through a hole in the door.”

The Moors' barbaric form of marriage also contributes to their desires, and the Moor often pays a large dowry to the father of the bride, or to the girl herself, without so much as having seen her face. With that seeming indifference which springs from his all-pervading faith in kismet, a Moor finds consolation in the hope that once he raises the haik that covers her face, his eyes will be filled with her beauty, and then all that remains is to gratify his lust. However, though the act of purchase completes the marriage, and relations between couples related by blood are distinctly proscribed according to Islamic judicial belief and the tenets of the Koran, the woman very often becomes the property of her father first. This occurs in most cases where the girl has been given in marriage when ten or twelve years of age. Custom then gives the father the *jus connubii*. Primitive customs other than Moslem have given us many instances of this patriarchal prerogative. For instance, in ancient days it used to be the holy man or priest to whom the act of defloration was assigned. Going back farther, we have been told of the gigantic stone of Priapus Phallus, while the *jus primae noctis*, or seignorial right, also prevailed among medieval feudals.

• While there is a great deal more to be said on this subject, there is another aspect in the lives of the Moors that is revealing. For instance, while traveling in the small and large towns or in the *Blad* (stretches of open country away from the towns), I often witnessed occasional pairs of men walking together hand in hand or holding each other around the waist. It was indeed strange to see these Moorish men showing such mutual affection and the apparent pleasure they derived from the accompanying physical contact, since Moors, on the whole, are undemonstrative by nature. As the subject in-

trigued me, I succeeded in drawing a Moorish professor at the University of Fez out on the matter, and he asserted that when one is in tune with a friend and happy in his company it should be quite natural to derive pleasure from holding that person's hand or putting one's arm around his waist or shoulder. Such physical pleasures, the professor added, were the spontaneous concomitant of affection.

On the whole, we in other lands shrink from physical contact with members of our own sex because inbred conventions make us think instantly of unnatural vices. But the Moor is less sophisticated, less inhibited, and thus has to give free expression to a natural human urge. The Moors, not unlike many other native peoples, have not yet attained that state of hypocritical sanctimoniousness in which modern society in more civilized lands delights in parading itself. Hence the sight of seeing men walking hand in hand. They may be brothers or cousins, and even then their relationships may be completely free from erotic elements.

Nevertheless, it would be wrong to dismiss the sexual motive from Moorish friendships entirely. In fact, relations between men in which sex plays its part are very frequent phenomena of native Moorish life. After all, their sexual vitality is extremely strong, and their animal desire or nature is easily aroused. Once this happens, it matters comparatively little to them whether they find gratification with woman or man. Premarital relations with a woman, except with a prostitute, are very hard to come by, and so a Moor seems to find satisfaction for his urges with youths, who have been regarded as more or less legitimate substitutes for a long time. Hence attachments between men, whether on a sexual or platonic basis, are not regarded as abnormal, vicious, or criminal.

To Meknès

The journey from Rabat to Meknès and Fez over excellent white military roads was even better than I had expected. I had planned to leave very early in the morning but had to wait a considerable time for my driver to show up. Another characteristic of Moorish life is the total disregard of time. In theory, it is a fact that not to be a slave of time and to treat it sagaciously is more conducive to content than our American way of always rushing in a vain effort to catch up with it. But, being by nature punctual, I found it hard to reconcile myself to the countless occasions when I had to wait, and in this particular instance I had to cool my heels for two hours before his lordship made his appearance at the hotel.

However, we finally got under way, and as we spun along the road, the raging sun beat down pitilessly on the brown world that lay thirsty and parched before us. Yet it was a land of emerald vineyards, peach groves, olive, cypress, and eucalyptus, and one of the most fertile and highly cultivated areas of this section of Morocco.

Suddenly, against the hills of the Lesser Atlas, appeared what to me looked like soft, pale blue water in the sun. A dream-like turquoise lake that appeared to smile quietly at the burning sky, and its vague, grassy margin kept creeping closer and closer toward us. Then in a moment the whole blue vision disappeared. It had been a mirage—mysterious, strange, and incredible. It was as unreal as this land of enchantment in which empires, fleeting and exciting as the mirage I had just seen, lived their little moment or two and vanished without leaving a trace or, at most, some crumbling debris. For Morocco's history is a tale of turbulent dynasties that endured but decades, and there is something illusionary and transitory about

and its unstable character seems like the country to desert
bursting into verdancy for a few weeks and then shriveling
and nothingness until the rains come again.

My reverie was broken, and after we endured another hour or two of the silent but hot roads, the chauffeur shouted, "Meknès!" where I tarried long enough to enjoy a good meal at the comfortable Transat Hotel, a place ideally set on the edge of a plateau, across a ravine where the walls and minaret of a mosque were silhouetted against the sky.

Meknès, nourished by the waters of the Oued Bou Fekrane, and one of the Sultan's residences, was taken over, according to Arabian chroniclers, by the Almorandes in the eleventh century, succeeded by the Merinides in the thirteenth century, until four centuries later it enjoyed its golden period of prosperity under Sultan Mulai Ismaïl, who, a contemporary of Louis XIV, toyed with the idea of turning Meknès into a Moroccan Versailles.

A ride of about fifteen miles brought me to Mulai Idris, holy town of the Mohammedans, sanctuary and tomb of Mulai Idris, founder of the first Arab dynasty, while a mere eighteen miles distant was Volubilis, a place worth a visit if only for its Roman remains—the House of Orphée, the capitol, forum, and basilica, the Baths of Gallienus, a museum, and whatever there is left of the triumphal arch.

Fez, the Incomparable

My visit to Fez, capital of the north and a great intellectual center, turned out to be an unforgettable experience, not only because it is one of the most sacred cities of Islam and by far one of the most fascinating places in Morocco, but also because it is the home of the religious loyalist, Sheik Shereef Abdel Hayel Kittani,



General view of Safi, Morocco, with its walls and sea castle dating from the Portuguese occupation in the sixteenth century. Safi, once an old Berber settlement, located halfway between Mazagan and Mogador, was occupied in turn by Goths, Jews, and Arabs. The town and surroundings are extremely picturesque. The port of Safi, known for its export of phosphates, is Morocco's second port. Its basins can harbor ships of large tonnage. The old town of Safi is situated at the foot of cliffs, and houses and buildings rise in tiers.

Famous Rock of Napoleon in Taфраout, in southern Morocco. This region affords plenty of climbing for mountaineers and is known not only for Taфраout's natural formation and for its location in an oasis, but also as a stop-over place on the southern route to French Equatorial Africa.





Old ramparts of Taza, in Morocco, a city located between the Rif and Atlas range. From ancient times Taza has been a camping ground for tribes sojourning in the region. Some twenty-five thousand years ago human beings lived here, as evidenced by thousands of pieces of flints and pottery that have been found. The first invaders of Taza were the Carthaginians. French troops entered in 1914.

direct descendant of Mohammed and one of the most cultured figures in that part of the world.

Hugging the banks of the Oued Fez, and comparing favorably with, and maybe even surpassing, Peiping or Venice in a great many ways, this vast Islamic metropolis, one of the four sultanic residences, actually is made up of two parts—Fez el Bali, the old city, and Fez Djedid, the new—where His Majesty the Sultan maintains a palace.

To summarize its history briefly, the origin of old Fez is lost in the farthest reaches of time—in fact, it existed long before the earliest Romans overran the continent—but the present city was founded in A.D. 807 by Sultan Mulai Idris II, son of the man who may be called the founder of Islamic Morocco. A refined artistic center, Fez has given asylum to latinized Berbers from Volubilis, Andalusians from Cordova, and a great many others from Kairouan. Mulai Idris I, who managed to make his escape from Fez during the massacre perpetrated by the Caliph's Abbasides, established his kingdom and founded the city of Mulai Idris, now the most holy of holy places in all Morocco, where he and his son lie buried.

During the Almohade dynasty Fez played an important role in religious and cultural matters, but it reached the apex of its prosperity during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries under the Merinide sovereigns, who became responsible for the erection of a great many mosques and medresas—seven in number—masterpieces of Hispano-Mauresque art and frequented by large numbers of students hailing from every Mohammedan country. Mulai Ismail, founder of the reigning dynasty, abandoned Fez and moved to Meknès about the middle of the seventeenth century. Since then the city of Fez has grown and prospered, although it had its difficult times in later years, particularly when the French General Moinier, answering the appeal of Sultan Mulai Hafid, entered Fez in May 1911, resulting in the signing of the treaty of the protectorate between France and Morocco the following year.

Fez, the learned, luxurious, effete white capital, is a place of high walls, narrow ruelles, and busy thoroughfares. And while nothing suggests the existence of a native town in Fez Djedid, the new city,

it is quite another matter in the case of Fez el Bali, the city's native quarter. Enclosed in its walled whiteness and reachable only by a long journey by car or bus through semi-open country, Fez el Bali is unlike any other place. It is even more oriental than Damascus, Jerusalem, or Bagdad, revealing little of its life to the outside world and appearing more concentrated and complex than any other city in Morocco. There is, for instance, the complexity of turning and twisting lanes that darkly bisect the white body of the city proper. The compactness of the dwellings, the intensity of life that becomes inevitable here because so many people live in a comparatively small area, together with the mental processes of these people, which are more complex than those of other Moors—all add to the confusion.

Fascinating though the souks or native stores of oriental cities may be, those of Fez, with their sepulchral shadows, are really indescribable. As the Medina is built on a steep hill, the souks wind their tortuous way up and down again, each one branching off into lanes no more than a few feet wide, and seeing hardly any light most of the day. But a visit to the souks is a *must*, since among their most diversified products and Moroccan handicraft worthy of interest are their pottery, ceramics, embroidery, coppersmiths' artifices, and the *marmoucha* carpetings. The high spot of one's twelve-mile drive around Fez is the belvedere of the Merinide sultans' tombs, from which an unexcelled view is obtained of this Moslem city, equaling in scenic beauty the view of Cairo from its citadel, or Kairouan from the top of the minaret of its mosque.

Besides its principal mosques—Mulai Idris, Karaouine, Bab Guissa, and Andalusian—and its collection of medresas—Bouanania and Karaouine, the seat of the celebrated university—the Fez el Bali, or old city, also prides itself on its Museum of Modern Art, luxuriously housed in a palace by Sultans Abdul-Aziz and Mulai Hassan, and considered one of the most unique museums in the whole of North Africa.

As I continued to roam around this most stimulating city, I could not help noticing how the Moors here were a great deal fairer of skin than those living in other parts of the country. One reason for

this, I was told, was that the people kept out of the burning African sun as much as possible. This appeared to me as plausible a reason as any. But another reason proffered was that the rich men of Fez have always preferred light or fair-colored girls as concubines. Girls of European blood, generally stolen from the coast, always fetched fancy prices at their slave markets. These girls became the creature of their masters' desires. If they hesitated to give in to their masters' lusts, they were given a good whipping. If obdurate, they were simply murdered. This became nobody's business. What, after all, their masters reasoned, was the value of these women? The richer the man, the more concubines he had. Ill treatment, on the whole, was an exception, however, for good-looking girls did cost money, and expensive possessions were not to be injured. And so a Moor would sip his coffee or mint-flavored tea, recline on his cushions, and have his pet one sing and dance for him. The favorite dance was always the Dance of the Bee, a sensual performance during which the dancer pretended she had been stung by a bee, whereupon she would strip herself of all her clothing in an endeavor to locate her imaginary wound.

Aside from being one of the oldest and largest of Moroccan cities and a great artist center, Fez has remained, almost from its inception, the country's spiritual and intellectual fountain. Graced by the Karaouine Mosque, an architectural masterpiece, Fez is also the seat of the country's largest and most venerable university. Koranic theology and Mohammedan law have been taught in its mosque from earliest times, and in its marble-floored courtyards learned *ulemas* (doctors of law) have been indulging in religious disputations and sophistries of a subtlety beyond the powers of the Western mind, for more than a thousand years. In its many twisting lanes and in the narrow black slits between the houses, whose roofs almost seem to touch one another, learned city scholars have debated weighty problems. Accomplished scribes have produced beautiful manuscripts, and saintly men have led lives of religious contemplation. Having come into existence not long after the founding of the mosque in A.D. 870, Karaouine surely must be one of the oldest

places of learning in the world. Here both education and lodging are free, and there are even some students, I was told, who enter the Karaouine at the early age of thirteen. Theoretically, board is provided. In actual fact, that board consists of one loaf of bread per day, and the provision of a free loaf is among the Karaouine's oldest traditions. In the wall of each student's cell is a special hole through which the loaf is pushed. The students' rooms are tiny, measuring about twelve by seven, reminding me much of a monk's cubicle. The power and authority of the university's professors are a great deal different from those prevailing at any other seat of learning. Besides having the right to elect a new sultan, they are also the official guardians of Islam, interpreters of Islamic law—in fine, they are the most learned and sometimes the most pious men in the land.

Intellectuals here study history, science, medicine, and mathematics, and most of Morocco's future teachers are still being trained along lines that are practically identical to those laid down in the distant past. Nowhere else does the modern doctrine of nationalism find more passionate adherents than at Fez. Besides Morocco's leading writers and lawyers, most political leaders have come from Fez.

The Dar Jamai, an old Moorish palace built in the nineteenth century by Hadji Maati Jamai, Grand Vizier to Sultan Mulai Hassan, and situated within sight of the Bab Guissa gate, was bought by the Transat Hotel Company in 1922. And what a gorgeous place for a hotel! It is exquisitely appointed, embellished with artistically colored polychrome tiles, and picturesque fountains grace the inner court. Its garden is an aesthetic delight with its profusion of orange, jasmine, and other exotic growths.

While Saracenic, Assyrian, Persian, and Byzantine architectural details are quite beautiful, if bizarre, Mohammedan architecture, such as I admired at this hotel, seems to outrank them all for sheer appeal, fantastic and less consistent though it may be. Mohammedan architecture, incidentally, is very different in motif and treatment from the Roman, Lombard, or later architecture of the Renaissance; in fact, it is quite as expressive and in many ways as refined as the architectural forms of Europe. It possesses, in addition, a certain feeling which baked clay and plaster can suggest

better than all other materials. That is why the mosques of Kairouan in Tunisia, or of Tlemcen in Algeria are a great deal more interesting than the Mosque of St. Sophia or the palace corridors of the Alhambra in Spain.

Of all the dainty features of a Moorish mosque, nothing appeals to an artist as much as does the minaret (the Arab name for chandelier, lantern, or signal fire)—a slim, graceful tower, purely of Arab origin. Of the exotic origin of this word there seems to be no doubt, as the Hebrews referred to it as *menorah*; the Syrians adopted the word *menorotho*; the Chaldeans used the word *menora*—all signifying a tower for the performance of identical functions.

In the Maghreb—that is, the Barbary States and that portion of Spain bordering on the western Mediterranean—the form of the minaret is nearly always quadrangular. The tiny terrace or platform high above invariably supports a smaller pavilion whose roof is usually composed of four sloping sides, which in turn is surmounted by the conventional three balls and crescent of copper, silver, or gold. The four sides, forming the base of this square tower, are sometimes carved stone or faience, or roughhewn stone covered with carved or gilded plaster. The most beautiful of these Moorish minarets are characterized by an exquisite delicacy of design, remarkable warmth of color, and an elegant, almost piquant suggestion of daintiness as they rise into the unalterable azure of the African skies. Belonging in this class are those of Ez-Zitouna and the Kasbah at Tunis, the Sidi-bou-Medina and Mansourah at Tlemcen, those at Tangier and Fez, and of course the minaret of the Giralda at Seville, one of the most outstanding types of Arab-Andalusian architecture.

*Sheik Shereef Abdel Hayel Kittani,
Religious Royalist—
Moorish Wedding and Rituals*

There are two outstanding incidents of my visit to Fez. The one was my visit to the home of the religious loyalist, Sheik Shereef Abdel Hayel Kittani, who prides himself on his ornate fourteen-thousand-book library, the largest private library in all Morocco. He not only actively supports France but is also distinctly opposed to the extreme nationalists.* The other was a Moorish wedding, which, because of its elaborateness and implications, was without its peer.

Having tea, we discussed in small talk the marriage of a well-known native. I told him I was particularly anxious to learn something about Moorish and Arab marriage customs, as these are always of intense and revealing interest in a study of peoples. I explained that during a visit to an outlying section of Fez I had heard a wild confusion of tom-toms, lutes, and violas intermingled with strange, shrill *you-yous*, or cries of joy, with which the women greeted the honored groom. When I also told him that I had heard the cracking of a sudden gunshot, he explained that it was meant to be the announcement heralding the groom's arrival at the house of the bride.

From what I could learn, there is nothing so complicated and

*Ranking high among oriental learned men, Shereef Kittani preached at Mecca and was received by the Pope, with whom, it is said, he discussed a united Christian-Moslem campaign against communism. Detested by nationalist leaders because he is considered distinctly pro-French, this large, light-complexioned, gray-bearded, old man is head of one of the most important Moroccan fraternities, with tens of thousands of devoted adherents, who may never embrace the Istiqlal. Hence Shereef Kittani's influence is deep-rooted, his following large. He is a true friend of France.

solemn as a Mohammedan wedding, and this wedding, which was typical of all Moorish and Arab weddings, lasted for days and included every form of symbolic meaning known to its people. In fact, these marriage rites form a long sequence of practices and taboos, which start at the moment when the intention of marriage is first broached and last until it has been properly consummated.

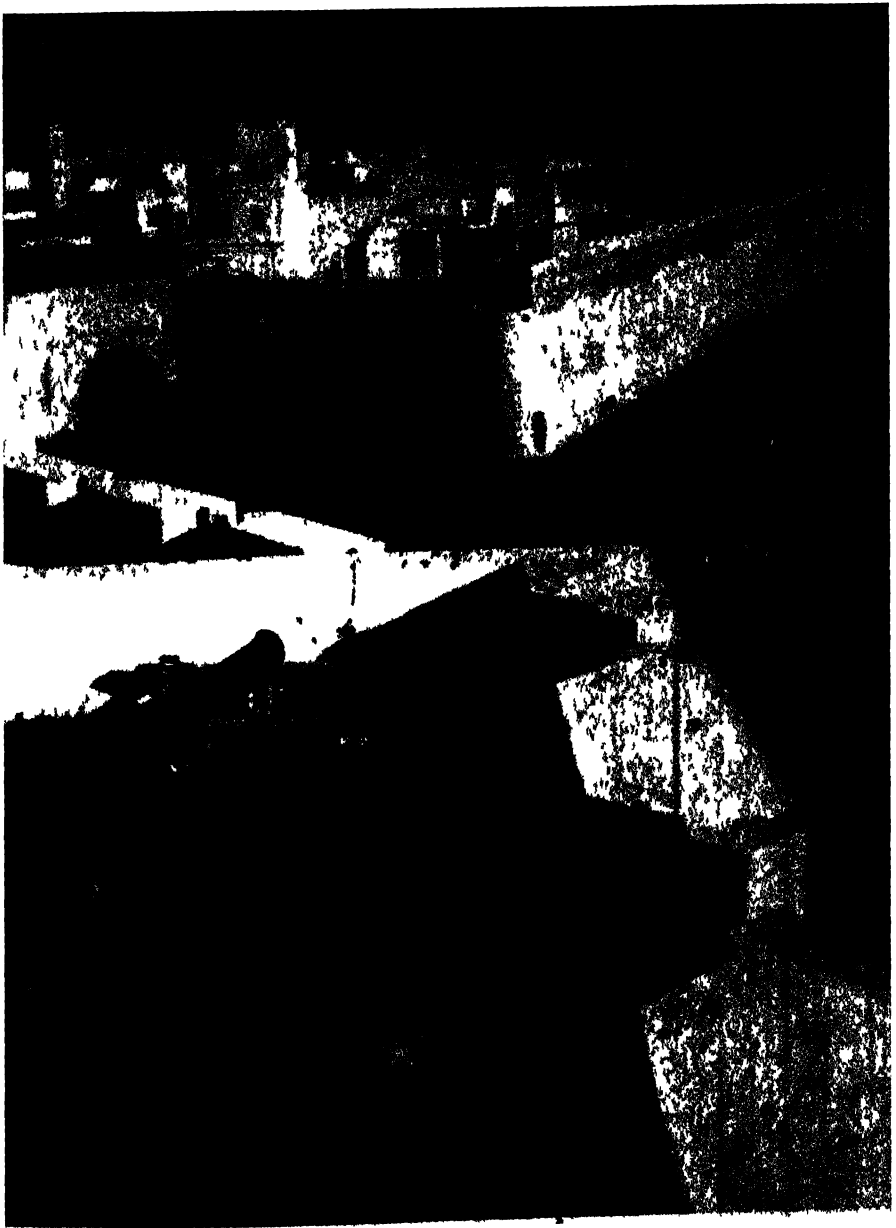
As he explained, the Moorish people have a great many aphorisms and proverbs, which may well give an inkling of their real feelings toward their women and married life. Widespread, therefore, seems to be the saying, "Women are defective in understanding and religion," and "The beauty of the man is in his intelligence; the intelligence of the woman is in her beauty." I also heard some Moors say, "A married man is blessed in his life and goes to paradise after his death," and "If someone dies a bachelor, he will rise again with the evil spirits and marry a woman of noble origin and sleep on a mat." I also was told by other informants that "it is better to marry a poor woman than a rich one," and that "when you take a wife, it's better to take a poor one; even though you bring her a loaf of bread and a sardine, she will be content." "If she has money, she will treat you with arrogance and say to you, 'Fetch water'" (distinctly a woman's business). Thus, if we judge the Moors by their proverbs, we might easily draw the conclusion that they must be utterly devoid of tender feelings toward their wives. This, however, is not always the case.

Mohammedan law regards marriage essentially as a civil contract, the validity of which depends on a proposal on one side and acceptance on the other. It is also the universal rule in Morocco that the parent of a girl may marry her off without asking for her consent, and not infrequently the parent may also arrange the marriage of a son, even though he may be a grownup. Custom requires that he comply with their wishes. Among certain tribes where the father actually sells his daughter, the disposal of her in marriage is naturally influenced by the price offered. Finally, family connections are of the utmost importance in Morocco. From all this it should become quite clear that Moorish marriages are badgered by deep problems.

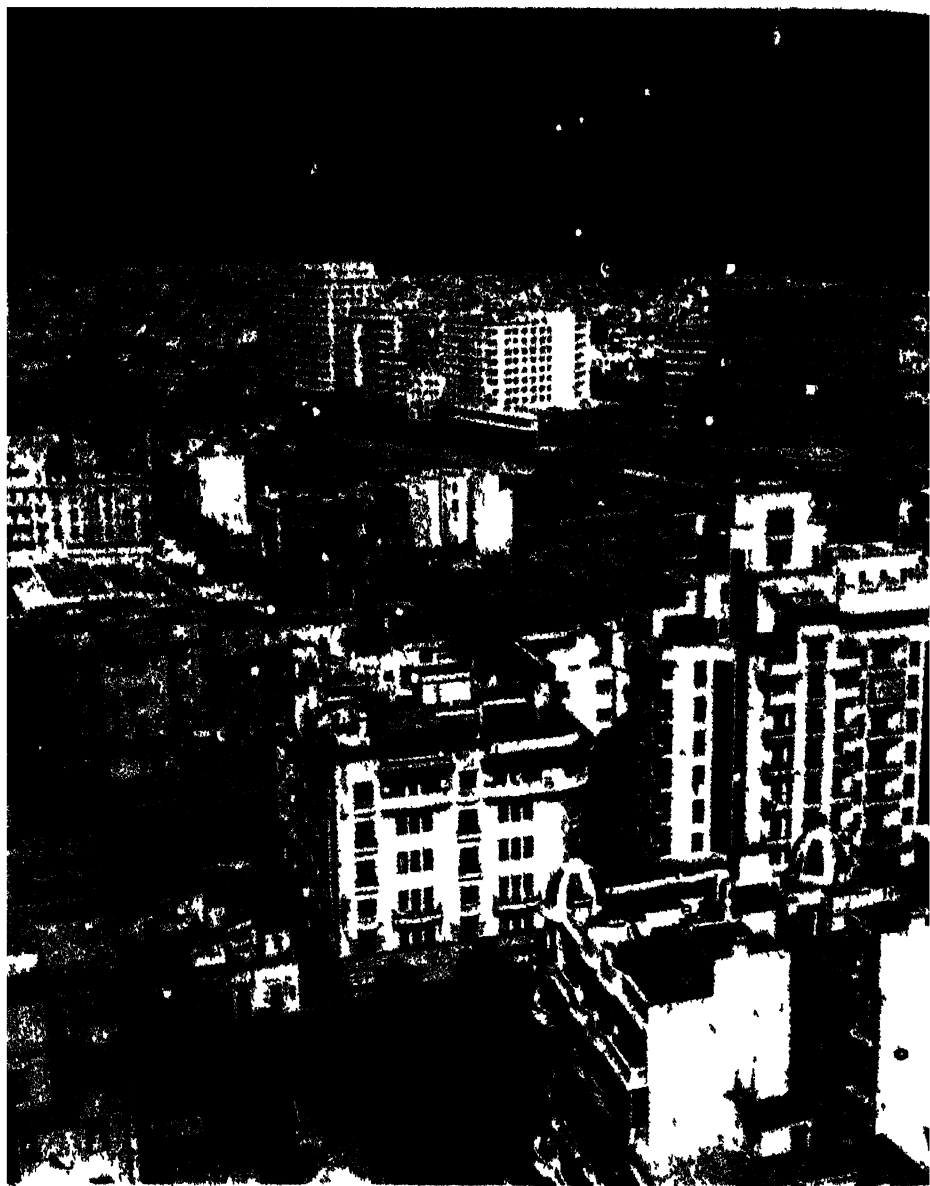
And now let's see what such a Moorish wedding entails. As soon as a lad has arrived at an age when his parents think he should marry and the father can afford to pay the expense of the wedding and the household, elaborate preparations for the wedding are begun, but not before a suitable girl has been found. When both parents are in favor of the proposal, the girl's mother informs the mother of the boy how much money her husband requires for their daughter. When the price is tentatively agreed upon, negotiations are entered into between the respective fathers, the shereef or scribe, and two so-called witnesses, who haggle over the size of the purchase price. Once that has been satisfactorily arranged, and the money has been handed over, they all make *fat-ha*, meaning that they say a prayer with their hands stretched out, palms turned upward. The girl's father then hurries home, where the women make a quivering noise, and the bashful girl keeps herself well hidden and is not to be seen for several days. Similarly, the young fellow's father also rushes home to tell his wife what has transpired. Here, too, the women make quivering noises, while the son also makes himself scarce for several days.

After eight days elapse, a dozen or so preceptresses of the young man's immediate family, including the mother, pay a visit to the girl's mother, where they are entertained with tea, cookies, and honey. The idea of the honey is not only to make the daughter "sweet" and sympathetic toward the family of her future husband, but to forestall any quarrels between them. This phase of the ceremony is called the "giving away" of the bride. On the following Friday the fathers of the couple, accompanied by closest friends, meet at some mosque shrine for prayer, where some more *fat-ha* is performed. The young fellow sends some clothing to his intended in the meantime; this she reciprocates by sending him some small trays filled to overflowing with sugar, fresh butter, milk, mint, crescents iced with ground almonds, sugar, and cinnamon, and *griba*, which are buns made of flour, sugar, and butter. When the young swain sends these trays back, he includes a piece of underwear as a gift to his bride-to-be.

Now follows an elaborate repast in his father's house; and when



Mazagan, Morocco, located not far from Casablanca, has become a first-class seaside resort and boasts one of the finest beaches on the Moroccan coast. Its ramparts and walls were once the site of *Portus Rutilis*, a Roman settlement. The Portuguese built a town here in 1502.



Casablanca, the largest city in Morocco, is also known as "the Little Paris of the French," the crossroads where Europe, Africa, and America meet, the old and new rub elbows, and where often insolent West jostles indolent East. Here may be found a blend of Moorish and ultra-modern Western architecture, which in some sections is as cosmopolitan as the population.

all have had their fill, the groom-to-be is dressed up like a bride by so-called "free Negresses" who have been assigned the task of assisting the family on such festive occasions. Then, dressed up like a veritable Christmas tree and facing the door, he squats down onto a mat, where he just sits and sits with his eyes closed. After a day or so comes the most important ritual before the groom actually fetches the bride, when he is anointed with henna (a coloring matter made from the leaves of the Egyptian privet), intended to purify and protect him from evil influences. Then follows the "bridegroom's night," a sort of stag party in his father's abode, during which he is serenaded by a band of musicians, treating him to an awful racket with drums and oboes.

Meanwhile the bride also has to undergo certain rituals preparatory to the wedding. After a water-and-henna purification she visits a bathhouse five days before the wedding night, accompanied by her immediate female relations, one of whom carries a candlestick with a large candle. Upon entering the bathhouse, the candle is lighted, whereupon the women break out into a quivering, infernal noise, obviously to ward off the djinn or evil spirits, that are believed to haunt the bathhouse. This ceremony is repeated on two successive days, and seven buckets of water are poured over her by seven women, to insure that she'll have no quarrels with her husband. And after the bride's toes, arms, hair, and face have been anointed with henna, a raw egg swathed in a handkerchief is placed on her head. This egg, fresh or not so fresh, and subsequently broken by the women, is left there until the next morning, when the bride, of necessity, is bathed again. This is done to ensure that her hymen shall be broken as easily as the egg.

Culminating all these preparations of feasts, processions, and vigils is the wedding night, when the bride, dressed in a clean negligee and accompanied by her most intimate friends, hies herself to a tent, hut, or house, which has been specially readied for the grand occasion, where the bridegroom is anxiously waiting. When they are finally left alone the groom presents her with some walnuts, dates, and almonds, intended to "make her friendly."

Before having intercourse, the bridegroom now gently smacks

the bride on her buttocks, to ensure that she'll always be obedient and afraid of him. After consummation, the more "beautiful" of the two performs the ablution first, as it is believed that the offspring will resemble that parent who has washed himself or herself first. Should there be blood on the bride's chemise, the groom presents her with a small amount of money. This is called the "loosening of the belt." If there is no blood, she is considered to be no virgin and, calling her a *hajjala* (widow or divorced wife), he gives her a flogging. The absence of blood may often lead to annulment of the marriage contract, return of presents given by the groom, and an additional lashing of the bride by her parents. While the groom may also forgive her, he does not omit giving her the licking.

The bloodstained garment now is hilariously paraded around by the female members of the family, who rub their eyes with the bloodstains, as this blood, called 's-*shab* (the morning) is supposed to be *baraka* (a blessing), and considered very beneficent for the eyes. Meanwhile the groom, accompanied by his cronies, leaves for the bathhouse, buying a large quantity of *fakya* (dried fruit) on the way, as an indication that the bride was a virgin, sending a portion of it to the bride's parents and the remainder to the bride.

In some places in Morocco the antics of the bridegroom are somewhat different but no less tedious on the wedding night. After entering the bridal chamber, which for the occasion is lighted by four candles, he shuts the door tight, making certain not to turn around, lest evil spirits enter with him. Removing his *hayek*, and turning his face toward Mecca, he first says a prayer, then partakes of some food, and finally addresses the bride, who, curiously enough, has been hiding all the time behind a curtain, with these words: "Oh, lady, you must come and eat with me." As no reply is forthcoming, he pulls the curtain back and sets eyes upon his bride for the first time. He then stuffs a piece of bread into her mouth, which she munches with downcast eyes. This he follows up with a date, a raisin, a small piece of fowl, a walnut, fig, and a small sliver of hard-boiled egg. Taking now a bottle filled with water and a new bowl, he shuffles over to the four corners of the room, sprinkling a few drops of water in each corner. Then, grabbing hold of the

bride's hands, he dips her fingers in the water, while he quaffs a drink himself to indicate he'll be her lord and master.

Now follows a prayer: "Oh, lady, may God bless you and me in our house, may he give us children, may he give us peace, may he give us herds and flocks. There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the Prophet of God." He first undresses himself and then, taking hold of his bride, he starts to remove her clothing, but not until he has disentangled the seven knots the *haddayin* (midwife) has made in the *tsekka* (belt) of her drawers. Should he fail to untie the knots, he has to pay a fine to the midwife. At last the great moment has arrived, but not until he has placed his and her slippers under the bed or mat as evidence of her virginity.

For a better understanding of Moorish life and mores, and to explain the intrinsic reasons behind some of these taboos and practices, it is worth bringing out that the common meal really serves a purpose by bringing groom and bride nearer each other prior to the great event.

The use of eggs in marriage rites may serve different purposes, but when the breaking of an egg plays a prominent part in the ritual, the marriage is consummated shortly thereafter. There is good reason to suspect that the original intention is to ensure the proper defloration of the bride. The custom of throwing grain, seeds, dried fruit, or rice over the bride (and in Western lands also over the groom) takes its rise from the feeling of a sympathetic connection between mankind and seed bearing grasses, and the comparison between the fruit of the body and that of corn, and its intention is to promote fecundity. Similarly, a man who wants to increase his reproduction capacity eats the yolk of an egg every morning at breakfast forty days in succession. Each time he eats it, he has to fill the shell with oil, which he must drink.

In connection with the bride's virginity, I also learned that should the bridegroom accuse his bride of not being a virgin, her enraged parents may assign an aunt to question her and find out whether the accusation is true. If she denies it and her parents believe her, they will order two *qwabels*, or professional midwives, together with two notaries, to the bridegroom's house, the former

to examine the bride, the latter to write down the results of this investigation. If this board of inquiry finds the bridegroom to be in error, the bride's parents haul him before the kadi, who orders him to be flogged or thrown into prison. When he comes out and breaks her hymen, then, accompanied by male musicians, he takes the bloodstained chemise to the wife's parents, where a period of elaborate feasting is begun to celebrate the grand occasion.

Further astonishing facts about these customs have come to light, such as the one whereby the defloration of the bride is not performed by the bridegroom himself but by someone else. This strange custom is said to prevail among the Beni Ulid, an Arabic-speaking mountain tribe near Fez. On the evening of the day the bride arrives at her new home, the bridegroom, accompanied by members of his family, go to a neighboring village to fetch a tribesman reputed for his virility, whose job it is to spend the first night with the bride. Upon his arrival in the village, the women shout in singsong fashion: "Rejoice, oh, lady, and continue to rejoice, as the perforator has come to you from the Beni Ulid."

Among the Zkara-Berber tribe at Zihri it is customary for the village chief to be sent for by the bridegroom should he consider himself incapable of having intercourse with his bride on his wedding night. This chief is, of course, well paid for his services. Finally, there has come to my attention another highly unusual custom peculiar to the At Ubathi Berber tribe, by which the best man not only is present while the bridegroom has his first relations with his bride but also claims his share and lends assistance if necessary.

Casablanca, Little Paris of the French

If Casa Marrakesh is the great Bābylon of the natives, Casablanca, chief city in the Chaouia region, largest in Morocco, with

a population of 450,000 Moroccans and 200,000 Europeans, is the Little Paris of the French. A place of escape for French merchant and official, it is an Eldorado for those who thirst for a pure whiff of the West. The most modern city in Morocco and its economic metropolis, Casablanca, like Tunis and Algiers, is also a crossroads, where Europe, Africa, and America meet, the new and the old rub elbows, and the active and often insolent West jostles the indolent East.

Though an entirely up-to-date if not beautiful city, Casablanca has a long and historic past, much like most Moroccan cities. For many years a small fishing village named Anfa, it was the starting point of many an expedition of Moorish corsairs and pirates. In an attempt to bring such depredations to an end, the Portuguese destroyed Anfa in 1468, and a century later a new town arose in its place. A colony of Hispano-French tradespeople began to settle here around 1830, referring to the place as Casablanca, undoubtedly because the old settlement that had replaced Anfa around 1515 used to be called Dar el Beida, or White House.

Since that time Casablanca has steadily grown and prospered. A native riot on July 30, 1907, led to the landing of a French occupation force, which brought order and peace to the region that had been in ferment for many months. Today the former fishing village and pirates' nest covers 12,500 acres crisscrossed by spacious boulevards, avenues, and streets abounding in smart Rue de la Paix-type shops, government buildings, banking houses, and skyscrapers, in addition to law courts, the town hall, museums, theaters, parks and grounds for athletic sports, and a race track. It boasts, moreover, an imposing Admiralty Building and harbor installations, a Jewish and Arab quarter, and, summa summarum, the famous Orthlieb swimming pool, considered the largest in the world.

And yet Casablanca did not strike me as an attractive city, maybe because it looked more American than French. Apart from some grandiose palm-fringed squares and a maze of streets running at all angles, the whole impressed me as utterly devoid of architectural merit. What is worse, one becomes confronted everywhere by the impact of certain external signs of civilization—American at that.

Not that I mean to imply that I object to our American progress and ingenuity, but it was jarring to see the familiar American signs of some product or other—in Arabic, of course—next to a mosque. Morocco, and Casablanca in particular, surely seemed to have felt the heavy hand of progress, the sort of progress they could easily have done without.

To a casual observer Casablanca seems to have been turned into some sort of American-oriental city, undeniably because of its being the hub of vastly expanded U.S. air bases. Hence the city is flooded with rough-and-ready construction workers whose pockets are filled with American dough, while it has added new hotels, apartment buildings, garages, in addition to such abominations as gin mills, cocktail lounges, juke boxes, pin-ball machines, and milk bars. An almost identical situation presents itself in Port Lyautey, founded by Marshal Lyautey in 1913. This river port near Salé and Rabat, about ten miles from the sea, at one time a halfway house for passing caravans and imperial troops, has become some sort of American naval base, with a vastly growing American community in its wake. Here, too, the U. S. Navy has laid installations with a minimum of bother and foolishness, maintains order, and avoids most of the complications, shenanigans, and unpleasantness connected with other Moroccan bases. Completely un-French and un-Arabic, and as Navy as Newport or Brooklyn's Navy Yard, it has, of course, plenty of jitterbugging, gum chewing, gin mills, slot machines, a brand-new swimming pool, and a tiptop hotel completely succumbed to modern ways.

Of more than passing interest during my visit to Casablanca were the incredible Orthlieb municipal swimming pools, one of which is used for championships. They are located near the Admiralty, a short distance only from the city. To give some idea of the tremendous size of these pools, they are about 1500 feet long and 270 feet wide. As I stood admiring one of these aquatic masterpieces, my thoughts harkened back to the no less incredible and magnificent swimming pool in the St. George Hotel, Brooklyn, with its natural salt water, sun-ray lamps, television screens, and what not—one of the largest and best-equipped swimming pools in our neck of the

woods, where I go for a swim twice weekly when I am not traipsing around the world.

The architecture of the predominantly new city around the Place de la France, a section created near the old Medina and the Mellah, is as cosmopolitan as the population. Here may be found a blend of Moorish and ultra-modern elements, such as Moorish women, who are by and large still veiled and shrouded from head to ankle, sporting American- or European-style clothing. French banks and shops appear also completely at ease amid an atmosphere of Moslem structures. The Place de Marrakesh discloses sights and sounds that are the very meat of tourists hungry for exotic places. All this came home to me quickly while I was lounging around the Parisian-style bistro of the hotel and watching the throngs go by across the square. Elegantly dressed women drove by in modern cars. A sleek European-made touring vehicle with three bearded Moors in gandourahs and fez rolled past. French officers, their brilliant uniforms ablaze with decorations, dodged half a dozen funny-looking donkeys loaded with panniers of grain, with barefoot Moors riding on top. Apparently well-to-do indigenes in flowing burnouses, *sheishas*, and turbans strolled by with dignity, holding each other by the hand, manifestly enjoying their leisurely promenade. Then from a side street issued three or four awkward, moth-eaten camels, one with a foal toddling along beside her.

Through this potpourri of swarming, seething activity circulated French colonials, Arabs, Berbers, Algerians, Tunisians, tribesmen from south and east, sweetmeat sellers, carpet vendors, hawkers of hammered brassware, heavily loaded porters, and wretched beggars, representing every degree of smartness, prodigality, and misery. I wondered whether here, too, there was privilege for the few and starvation for the many, as a dozen or so ragged and skinny urchins rushed up to polish my shoes, six boys to each shoe, while other rascals tried hard to sell me English, American, or French newspapers only a day or so old. They scrambled and squabbled underfoot, until one of the Chasseurs, a big hulking native boy, routed them with squirts from a seltzer bottle.

The brightest spot in the town-planning chaos is the New Me-

dina, the work of French architects. This section, though very modern in conception, has stuck closely to local architecture and Moslem tradition. Created for the natives on the outskirts of the city, and entirely built in Moorish style, this quarter is exceedingly handsome. As I rambled through the old Medina adjacent to the Sultan's palace and the mosque, in which non-Mohammedans are strictly forbidden to enter, and traipsed through the colorful souks and nearby Mellah, or Jewish quarter, I ran into the Moroccan prototype of our milkman—an Arab toting a jug of goats' milk. A jolly, bearded, highly talkative bloke, he first scratched his beard and then handed the jar to me, which made me wonder what he was really up to. He did not want me to drink, he said, but to dip my fingers into the jar so that good luck would be with me for the rest of the day. Regarding me with a quizzical smile to show in his own way that he understood my feelings when I told him I did not like to dirty his milk, he hopped along, and I hopped the other way.

Making now for the very center of the native quarter with its fantastically little streets, alleys, courtyards, impasses, and market squares, I came to a courtyard of a Moorish inn. The place smelled of camels, wood smoke, and greasy food. Half a dozen kneeling dromedaries were chewing their cud. Nearby, round a wood fire, five men from the south country, in tattered rags, red sheishas, white turbans, and long burnouses, were apparently enjoying their pipe of kif. Here, too, I spotted the inevitable hen run which had cropped up in so many other places in my meanderings. Some scraggy, miserable-looking fowl were scratching with creditable enthusiasm. Leaving the kneeling dromedaries, tattered, ragged men, and scratching fowl with equal enthusiasm, I dashed into another ruelle, where I soon became part and parcel of an eddying, good-natured crowd that spilled from sidewalk to sidewalk in a solid mass of 'dobbing heads. At the shrine of some Moslem saint, I saw a group of Moslem women knock on the tomb three times in succession. This was done, so I understood, to wake up the sleeping saint in order to whisper their needs and secret hopes. From what I could make out, they were praying mainly for children, love, or revenge, and for deliverance from spells of vexing djinn or evil spirits.

As I wandered on I watched some tribesmen leap over a smoldering fire and also lead their donkeys, mules, and a camel over the burning embers. As this sort of thing interested me greatly, I made some inquiries about these strange antics and was told that these people strongly believe that by jumping over these fires they can rid themselves and their animals of any evils that beset them. Their fires are therefore regarded as a means of purification and expulsion of evil influences. I also learned that they utter the following words during these leaping antics. "We shook on you the fleas, lice, and illnesses of the heart and also of the bones. We shall pass through you again next year, and the following year, with quietness and health."

One place in Casablanca that I could not quickly forget was the Place Lyautey, center and focus of French governmental matters, with its pièce de résistance the equestrian statue of Marshal Lyautey bearing the following inscription:

Je crois avec tout mon coeur, toute mon âme, et toute mon expérience, que la meilleure manière de servir la France dans ce pays d'y assurer la solidité de son établissement c'est de lui apporter l'âme et le coeur de ce peuple.

Bousbir, City of Kisses

My next anchorage was Bousbir, the Red City, or the place that is said to bar all men—which is not true. The real story is that once a woman has entered the place she may not leave it of her own free will, while men, on the other hand, are not denied the right to visit whenever they wish but are not permitted to live there permanently.

Bousbir was built on what was once Arab ground to the southeast of Casablanca, near the Porte de Marrakesh. In those days it was

composed of only one street but later became the nucleus of a quarter upon which converged a number of narrow little streets flanked by rows of small cribs sheltering women of all colors and vintages. This whole dunghill was the property of a man named Prosper (a rather appropriate name for a man in the *business*) who, when he had made his pile out of the debris of human bondage, retired to La Ville Lumière. The name Prosper, by which the quarter was known, soon changed to *Bousbir*, a native misnomer. As the business of *amour* and *cherchez la femme* brought on many clashes in those dingy streets between the *tirailleurs*, *Zouaves*, and *legionnaires*, and as the district in those days stood in bad odor because of its long list of killings, it soon earned for itself the name of *La Ville Rouge*, or Red City. But those scarlet days are no more, and La Ville Rouge, Casablancans believe, now has become a city of the *Thousand and One Nights*, but not quite, as will soon be seen.

I went there by autobus that connects Casablanca with Bousbir in a seventeen-minute ride. First passing through a place called Bidonville, so named because of its avalanche of *bidons*, or empty gasoline cans, we soon reached the outskirts of the City of Prostitutes and its *Quartier Réservé*. As we approached the gate of this most modern and ultra-luxurious place, devoted in its entirety to pandering to the lusts of men, a curious, primitive odor assailed my nostrils. There already were a large number of cars parked outside this gate, indicating that business was brisk. The gate itself reminded me in a way of the gates in the Japanese Yoshiwara, in that it served a similar purpose. One may enter it and leave and still be much the same as when one entered. But for the countless girls and women who have stepped into those parts of the world, there is no return.

A few boys sprang out of the nowhere, begging for baksheesh. Shooing them away, I wended my way to the market place. I was greatly impressed by the layout and architecture of the quarter, the creation of which must have been entrusted to expert hands. They, in association with the French, have created something of a show city and Coney Island combined, with the result that it pours plenty of louis d'or into the coffers of France and lucre into the filthy mitts

of international white slavers, procurers, panderers, and traffickers in narcotics.

Within the entrance to this modern Babylonian cesspool a souk or shopping district was located, artfully set in a milieu of tinkling fountains, hedgerows, clusters of exotic flowers, plants, and palms. The whole imparted a charm reminiscent of the Côte d'Azur, which made this section of the City of Sin a pleasure to walk around in.

Nothing seemed to have been overlooked by the entrepreneurs and experts in their zeal and desire to metamorphose the erstwhile mess of Prosper into a modern Sodom and Gomorrah. There was a *hamman*, or Moorish bathhouse, boulevards that were wide and airy, cinemas where obscene flickers were rolled off. There were merchants' stores with elaborate displays of luxuriant wares, and hundreds of homes artistically laid out and very pleasant-looking, while tiny parkways, cool in evening and daytime, were bordered with trees and benches that communicated to this mart of love an almost rural aspect. At the other end of the settlement was the Jewish quarter, diligently set down there by the French, away from the Arab section, fully aware of continual altercations between Jewish and Arabian hordes.

As I meandered on, I came to a street which was all bedlam and obscenity. Here the *filles de joie* flocked like sea gulls. Some were in European dress, others in native garb, while others—Moorish girls, they were—were attired continental-fashion to the very heels of their Louis Quinze shoes. Little eucalyptus trees, bending their graceful fronds, cast blue shadows on the white walls of the cribs. Through open doorways the interiors of the houses seemed like precious enamels. Long-nosed felines lying in the dust were washing their snouts with calm indifference to the human passions around them. Several radios as well as phonographs were blaring "Chloe" and Arab tunes, while the sounds from drunken men were equally overpowering. From time to time a party of three or four coal-black Senegalese could be seen disappearing in some of these houses.

I learned that the legionnaire and *soldat* had just received their pay, and they shambled from crib to crib, where white and native girls of pleasure were shouting their kronya, or "Come and have

tea with me." Displaying their curves and flesh to best advantage in the white light of a slowly waxing moon,* they kept on enticing the men with extreme gestures and extravagant promises.

It was curious to watch these men, whether drunk or sober, shuffle from door to door, assiduously and laboriously inspecting the girls. Some bagnios were especially favored, as by the open door of one I counted at least half a dozen men standing in line—legionnaires, *poilus*, Zouaves, and a civilian, too—patiently waiting their turn to lay down the franc and seek the gate to heaven or, as so often the case, to the infirmity. Unmoved by the stereotyped and weary importuning of these ladies of pleasure, I noticed in one doorway a rather comely-looking girl who looked as if she might have just left the boulevards of Paris. *

Pushing my way through the jabbering, cosmopolitan throng, I finally stopped by a dance emporium, where some tourists were busy deliberating whether or not to go in. Over the door of this place hung the familiar hand of Fatma, or *Kham* (the five-finger sign). As I followed the American tourists inside, the place seemed as clear as a new penny. It was decorated all around with embroidered doodads, and there were red lanterns and lamps everywhere, throwing shadows over the faces and imparting a fantastic glow to the place. It appeared very gay. After our eyes became inured to the semi-thick atmosphere, we beheld a dozen or so Moorish girls, one of whom, a rather rangy girl, brought the obligatory pot of mint-flavored tea and glasses. They laughed politely. It seemed like a children's party before the restraint has worn off. The girls attempted to make conversation none of us could understand. My eyes became fixed for a moment upon a certificate pinned on the wall—a doctor's testimonial—certifying that the young ladies here had been properly examined and found, at the time the certificate had been stamped, medically sound. Then we made a gesture indicating: On with the business, let us pretend no longer. And they had an answer. They needed little persuasion to rid themselves of their flimsy attire, and the *danse du ventre à poil*—belly dance—was presented for our delectation. Ask any woman in any clime, and she will answer with a dance. A dance is a net. And if the

savants and the ladies with moral cure-alls could abolish the dance—then all would be well. The red lights might be doused in every quarter of the world and sailormen and tourists would go hungry back to their ships in Colon, Tampico, Singapore, and all the other ports of the world.

As they turned and twisted and gyrated their café-au-lait bodies to the rhythm of their own monotonous chant and the thumping of some sort of native drum, their postures seemed devoid of any suggestion. Like well-behaved animals, they merely performed for our amusement and possibly their own. Two of the girls had some Arabic letters tattooed on both breasts, the significance of which escaped me. The consensus was that their belly dance was a dud, as most of us had seen much better ones in Cairo or Paris, for that matter. When the affair was at an end and after leaving some bills on the table, we bade them adieu and *bonne affaire* and filed into the tropic night to take the autobus back to Casablanca, saying farewell to Bousbir, the white-walled city of women and kronya tea.

Oasis City of Marrakesh

Marrakesh, Morocco's southern metropolis of desert tribes and mountain Chleuh, set in the center of the Haouz plain and at the foot of the snow-capped Greater Atlas ranges, comes upon one suddenly like a ghost. I had negotiated the bare hills of Jebilet in a late hot afternoon, driving past irrigated gardens of olive, false pepper, and spreading trees of fig and date that reminded me of the herb-scented landscape of the Moluccas. After crossing a ravine with tangled jungle of bamboo and barbary sacti, I came within sight of the city's verdant outskirts and its seven-mile-long lofty and ancient walls. Motoring through the vast thirty-thousand acre palm-grove area, one hardly sees the city proper until the Djema'a-el-

Fna Square, or Meeting Place of the Dead, is reached, where the mosque's squat towers and minarets are almost overpowering.

Marrakesh, ancient capital, one of the four imperial towns of Morocco proper and a famous winter health resort, is one of the Sultan's residences. Its mosques, palaces, and gardens have been basking in the white desert sunlight for many centuries, and people still go on in their traditional mode of living amid ghost-haunted ruins of a long-vanished era. The city proper is divided into two parts: the Moroccan town of Marrakesh Medina, hemmed in by a gigantic sun-baked crumbling wall worn by thousands of desert sandstorms and beaten by centuries of tropic rains, with the minaret of the Koutoubia Mosque towering skyward, and Marrakesh Gueliz, the new or French town.

Great things have been accomplished here from time immemorial. Host after host has marched from the south, from the lofty, jagged, snow-crowned Great Atlas, the Sahara, and Senegal, to pitch their striped tents beneath this city's walls. Sultan after sultan has risen, and great dynasties have flourished and vanished. The Almoravides, Almohades, Merinides, and Saadians reigned here in successive splendor. Twenty times the city was captured and recaptured, and five times it was destroyed and rebuilt. Eight hundred years ago its walls, which then were flanked by two hundred massive square towers and pierced by ten gates, heard the fanatical preachings of the zealot Ibn-Tumart and looked upon the slaughter of the town's inhabitants by his horrendous successor, Abd-el-Mumin, who with the customary thoroughness of barbaric conquerors carried out his vow to pass the city through a sieve.

From these gates also marched the armies that subdued Spain, and into them passed the triumphant host of Ahmed IV el-Mansour, the Golden, returning with the spoils of Timbuktu to the south. Here, for months, also waited the first Filali sultan, while his besieging host ate dates, from whose stones some of the hundreds of thousands of date trees beside the red banks of the muddy Oued Tensift were grown. A more recent scene in this barbaric pageant took place when El-Hiba, another fanatical reformer of Islam, passed through the Bab-Djedid gate to end his three weeks' sultanate with his re-

treating tribesmen, camels, and asses, to be swallowed up in the valleys and passes of the Great Atlas Mountains.

Marrakesh, called Morocco by old Moroccan writers, actually was founded in 1062 by Emir Yusuf-ibn-Tashfin, founder of the Almoravide dynasty, who had come down from the Sahara. Between 1184 and 1198 the celebrated Sultan Yakoub el-Mansour erected the mosque and tower of the Koutoubia, at the same time that he built another mosque in Seville, the minaret of which is known today as the Giralda, and the mosque of the Hassan Tower at Rabat, three of the most famous monuments of that period.

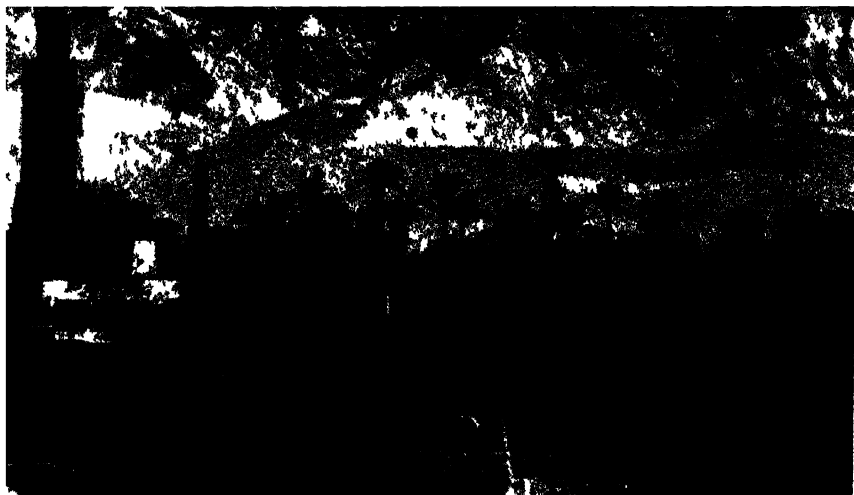
After the conquest of Timbuktu in 1591, the Saadi Sultan Ahmed IV el-Mansour, making Marrakesh his principal capital in Morocco, became responsible for the erection of that city's magnificent structures. About three hundred years later Mulai el Hassan was proclaimed Sultan at Marrakesh, as was Mulai Hafid, but when the latter left for Fez, the tribes that had revolted against the shereef under the leadership of El-Hiba seized the city, from which they were driven out by Colonel Mangin on September 7, 1912, when France took over the reins.

I left the red-brown, sun-baked walls that shut the city in, and I perambulated about. I noticed a few wretched palms growing sparsely at the edge of a dry gully, and I dodged some drivers as they herded hundreds of goats and thick-fleeced sheep toward one section of the market. Converging upon another gate near the old wall was a party of traders with asses to sell, driving their patient, stubborn little beasts. From two directions, in an awkward confusion of legs and necks, came large herds of camels at an ungainly, clumsy trot, with much beating and angry shouting on the part of the cameleers. In and about the group of animals rode Arab horsemen, and the crowd divided, leaving a broad lane for these picturesque riders to pass. Then down a long thoroughfare they charged at full gallop, riding whips held between their teeth, hands and reins held higher over their heads, their long, striped burnouses aflutter in the African breeze. As they disappeared soon from view, the pounding hoofbeats of their steeds echoed from afar.

The Djema'a-el-Fna Square is the focal point and almost the most important spot in all Marrakesh. It was as recent as forty years ago that the heads of people executed for conspiracy against the then reigning Sultan used to be publicly exhibited in this open square. Adjacent to the native Medina, with a market in the corner, this enormous square is the very place used by a large assortment of performers, a fact that has made it famous the world over. This square also was once the gathering place of mountain Chleuh tribesmen and the spot to which young caids and fastidious gents of Fez used to send their chamberlains to inspect the heavy-breasted slave girls trafficked from Guinea, the slim brown Berber maidens, and the lithe and giggling dancing boys from the Souss for their harems.

A visit to the Meeting Place of the Dead for the first time is a fantastic experience, and I have seen many a strange place in my thirty-five years of traveling. To begin with, there were the weird sounds from countless human throats, the often inhuman chants that, starting in heart-rending melancholy, gradually rose into a frenzy, and finally the relentless beating of drums and savage wailing of instruments. The square itself is a large space paved with sun-baked earth of the brown plain in which the city is set. At one tip there are some European-type shops, cafés, post office, garages, and jarring elements of Western progress and civilization that have begun to thrust their ugliness and disturb the medieval peace of old Marrakesh mourning among its crumbling monuments. From another angle come glimpses of the old walls, with here and there a palm tree silhouetted against the golden sun. At the farther end of the square emerged narrow streets abutting on a dark, completely covered labyrinth housing the countless souks, such as the leather shops, with their colorful displays of cushions, satchels, and exotic slippers, the saddlers', jewelers', iron- and copperworkers souks, the shops of spice merchants, perfumers, and apothecaries; those of the kissaria, or textile and garment merchants; and the souks of the carpet dealers and potters.

From these mysterious passageways, which during the day concealed so many secrets, poured forth streams of an indescribable humanity. Swirls of dust rose from the feet of asses, mules, and



(ABOVE) Koutoubia Mosque, at the foot of the Atlas Mountains in Marrakesh, Morocco, was erected by the renowned Sultan Yaçoub el-Mansour between A D 1164 and 1198. The Atlas chain, snow capped from October to June, towers above the plain in which the mosque and ancient walls are located and forms a marvelous contrast to the luxuriant vegetation of the town's outskirts.

(BELOW) Street scene in Marrakesh. Streets in this ancient Moroccan capital, famous winter health resort and one of the Sultan's residences, are always a blend of bizarre costumes, throngs of peoples of all hues, leading their trains of asses, mules, and camels from every point of the valleys of the Atlas Mountains, from the rich oases east and west. Everywhere there is a bobbing of turbans, red sheishas and hoods, a flutter and wave of dusty and striped burnouses, and displays of bare brown legs of the poor.





Dance of the chedra in Goulimine in Morocco. Goulimine, lying southeast of the Spanish Moroccan zone of Ifni, is the axis of the Blue Men's domain. These people derive their peculiar name from their dark blue clothing and turbans and are renowned for the chedra, a dance done entirely by women on their knees.

camels, and through the crimson sunset and yellow haze that hovered over the fantastic square, the magnificent minaret of the Koutoubia, severe with the puritanism of ancient Islam, cast its long shadow over this evil-named place. As circulation at this hour was exceedingly difficult, I picked myself a place of vantage at the edge of the square, from which I was able to give the whole a thorough once-over. Every evening, by the way, when the real heat of day is over and the last rays of the sun adorn the shining top of the Koutoubia with its beneficence, Marrakesh wakes up from its languor and emerges to be amused. And that it does, because while the good people of Rabat are more loquacious, those of Marrakesh are much gayer and less punctilious and have a livelier time. All the native inns then are full of a floating population, thronging in and out of the city with their trains of asses, mules, and camels from every point of the Bled, the valleys of the Atlas, the southern plains of the Souss and Draa, and from the rich oases of Tafilalet to the east. They come, once a year, even from mysterious Timbuktu. I beheld among them the dark-skinned Arabs from the coast, light-colored, blue-eyed Berbers from the mountains, Algerians from the edge of the desert, Chleuh Berbers from the south, Blue Men from Goulmine, fuzzy-haired Sudanese, bearded Jews in black gabardines, and Negro herdsmen sporting big silver earrings. As they swarmed into Marrakesh and put up at its numberless but filthy caravansaries, they kept on wandering out into the central square, which became a blend of bizarre costumes, a class of uncouth gurgling dialects and remote vernaculars. Everywhere there was a bobbing of white turbans, red sheishas and hoods, a flutter and wave of dusty striped burnouses, and a display of the bare brown legs of the very poor.

Leaving my place of vantage, I wriggled through the milling mob, now mostly of humbler folk: Negroes with piles of newly woven baskets on their heads, semi-veiled women balancing their big earthen jars on one shoulder, swarms of roguish ragamuffins with shaven heads, swarthy cameleers from a nomad desert tribe with popping eyes and lusting for the mysterious marvels of the metropolis. I halted for a moment near a knot of humble and de-

vout listeners squatted round a storyteller, whose eyes rolled their ghastly whites as he beat a rhythmic accompaniment on a square tambourine and shook his long, crinkly mop of hair with the fervor of his recital. Women smothered in dirty veils clapped their hands from time to time, shouting "God is great," reminding me of a revival meeting of colored Harlem faithful. Nearby, a larger group of spectators was held spellbound by the antics of a snake charmer, who poured forth a wild whirl of words on the magnificence and power of Allah and evil influences of ogres, demons, and djinn. As he began to play a weird tune on a high-pitched wooden pipe, the black cloth began to move and the swaying heads of reptiles darted out their little tongues. Stretching out one serpent's neck, the charmer stuffed the evil wedge-shaped head into his mouth and extracted it again with the noise of a popping champagne bottle's cork. As he beseeched the crowd on his knees to say a prayer to the patron saint, St. John—a left over from the olden days when Christianity first flourished in North Africa—his faithful helper, a tiny tatterdemalion, hurriedly took up the collection. . . .

When the short twilight came to an end, the crowd began to thin out. By the gleam of lanterns and braziers' glow, little groups of men gathered round the dispensers of broiled franks and mint tea. Others squatted in circles around stalls where wizened old women were ladling out steaming plates and bowls of thin maize gruel—the customary type of grub for those too poor to afford the strange-smelling frankfurters or stew prepared with rancid oil. And for dessert there were always Barbary figs or the prickly cactus fruit. By now white shadows fluttered by in the dark and lantern lights moved vaguely here and there. And as I moved on I peeped through the oblong of a door and beheld a man reading his Koran by candlelight. Fig and date sellers sat Buddha-wise in their deserted stalls, drowsing over their long hasheesh kif pipes. Then the uncanny music of tom-tom and lute lured me for a brief moment to a Moorish inn. A lamp flare threw a dazzling light over what I thought were merry-makers. A lively conversation was going on, although I could not make out what was said. A native who spoke broken English told me they were listening to wild recitals of barbaric love and revenge in the difficult Berber vernacular.

At this point it may not be amiss to say something about this Berber language, which is generally known as Chleuh, although there exists a great variety of dialects. It is a language absolutely distinct from Arabic, and in the cities, except perhaps in Marrakesh, it is very rare to discover anyone who can understand a word of it. It is divided, so I learned, into four main branches—Chleuh proper, spoken in the Glati, Ouazazat, Dades region, and Souss; the Riff branch, spoken in the Riff and the Spanish zone of Djebala; the Draa dialect in the regions adjacent to that river; and Tamazirt, spoken in the Middle Atlas Mountain regions. These dialects are so different, however, that a man from one district would have great difficulty understanding his neighbor. Most Berbers today are bilingual—that is, they employ Maghrebi Arabic as a *lingua franca*.

The Blue Men's Chedra

Goulimine, lying southeast of the Spanish zone of Ifni, and the last Moroccan outpost of any size on the road to Rio de Oro and the mysterious land of Mauretania, is also the axis of the Blue Men's country. Their peculiar name is derived from the traditional predilection of their clothes, as their djellabs, which are more voluminous than those seen elsewhere, and their turbans, twice as large as the traditional ones, are of a darkish blue color.

Most Blue Men are nomads who wander with herds of camel and sheep from place to place in search of better pastures. While they are Arabs, they do not shave their heads but let their hair grow very long and thick and turn it into a fuzzy crown. The men I saw here and in their native habitat wore little plaques or amulets around their necks, holding their much cherished *baraka*, or blessings. The men were rather good-looking, and the women, with their exceptionally large black eyes, sensuous, beautifully shaped lips,

perfect oval faces, and haughty expressions, were also very easy on the eye; in fact, they have a certain physical fascination unequaled by any other tribal women I have seen.

It was in Goulimine that I witnessed a dance called the *chedra*, for which these people of the Blue Country are renowned. This dance, the likes of which I haven't seen anywhere in Morocco, was performed entirely by women; in fact, by one woman at a time, on her knees and in the same spot. The reason for this is that these nomadic people, living in very low tents, could not very well dance standing up. The dancers were garbed in dark blue robes that covered them from head to foot and whose soft folds accentuated their exquisite figures and graceful movements to perfection. They were unveiled and heavily laden with jewelry and trinkets. Their eyes were thickly kohled, their faces were small, and their features were finely cut. These women not unlike the Ouled Nails, were said to be prostitutes, to be had for a small sum—gold coins preferred.

Before the *chedra* really started, each dancer first made the rounds of the spectators, shaking hands with each man, then returned to her seat on pillows arranged along the wall. This was also the signal for the musicians—perfect, virile-looking specimens, with hawk-like expressions and dressed in their best blue outfits, with enormous turbans over their swarthy faces—to tune up and commence their chefs-d'oeuvre. For this chronicle it should be noted that these renditions were an excursion in cacophonous agony. As one of the girls moved to the center of the place and the men broke into a simple chant, their leader began to belabor a drum instrument, the *chedra*, from which the dance derives its name. The rest of the musicians now joined the drummer by clapping their hands, while the girl, in crouching position, began jerking her head, shoulders, arms, hands, and fingers in perfect harmony with the beats of the drum. By the time her hood dropped, another performer stepped forward to take her place on the floor, and as the evening wore on most girls, except one, had had their fling.

When it became the turn of the last one to dance, the leader of the group first removed the girl's hood, leaving the girl in her blue undergarments, and as the girl jerked herself into a dance frenzy, Madame unfastened the top of the girl's slip, which fully exposed

the girl's to-so--well-developed breasts and otherwise slim figure. By this time all the other dancers joined in, and soon all were dancing stark-naked amid thunderous applause of the audience, whose bursts of savage shouting rose to a frenzied pitch. When finally the dance frenzy was at its height, one entertainer after another withdrew and could be seen leaving with an admirer for another tent, there to pass the night. . . .

*Hadji Thami el-Mezuari-el-Glaoui,
Powerful Pasha of Marrakesh*

Fortune was kind to me. I had just returned from watching the dancing of Chleuh boys to the Café de France, a favorite hang-out in Marrakesh, when, staring vaguely at the seething crowd through the plate-glass window, I was lifted out of my reverie by the greeting of a French official, who must be nameless. Thanks to him, I became acquainted with additional facts about Morocco, its people and the famous Pasha, and I learned more from him than I had picked up while snooping around or could have gathered through other means of research, until I met the Pasha myself.

French Morocco, about the size of California, with eight and a half million people, has been a caldron of conflicting interests and antagonism as long as he could remember, and he said, as he talked with that rapidity so common to most Frenchmen, that he had been in Morocco and France's other colonies for more than twenty-one years. Morocco is now rapidly becoming the center of a ferment which has deep implications not only for the North African scene but for the United States as well. While my informant did not enlarge upon this, it has not been greatly publicized that the conflicting interests behind these implications are the French themselves, who hold the ultimate authority over the native ruling class—the Sultan, the spiritual and temporal leader of the country; the

pashas, the feudal lords who rule the provinces; and the caids, who rule the villages. There is, of course, also a combination of nationalist aspirations, including the extreme political organization of the Istiqlal, whose leaders were banished to the far interior of Africa by the French following the crisis precipitated in Morocco in 1951 by the Sultan's demand for a revision of the protectorate treaty of 1912 in favor of a greater Moroccan self-government.

But there is something more. Aside from the small but vocal group of nationalists thirsting for power who want to rid themselves, like so many other colonial nations have done, of colonialism and also of the Moroccan feudal system, there are, of course, the poor, uneducated non-political Moroccan peoples who, Moslem by religion, are nonetheless divided by tradition and by race. The opposition of the Berber tribesmen—between 65 and 75 per cent of the population, who dwell mainly in the south and Atlas Mountain ranges in a primitive, tribal society, as their ancestors must have done for thousands of years—has been even more vociferous against the Sultan. The French, who hold a great admiration for these Berbers, have often been accused of showing great partiality toward them, much to the detriment of the Moors, who are less war-like and more complex intellectually. Not so long ago this combination of nationalist aspirations, Berber-Arab hostility, together with dynastic rivalries and religious differences, brought about that severe crisis whose principal dramatis personae were Sidi Mohammed ben Yusuf and the Berber Pasha of Marrakesh, France's staunchest ally and the Sultan's strongest opponent. The result is of course well known by now. It did not take the Quai d'Orsay long to make up its mind in this particular instance and, choosing the best among the worst decisions, banished the Sultan to Corsica after some three hundred pashas, caids, and ulemas had gathered in Marrakesh, swearing to drive the Sultan out, and calmly relieved him of his religious powers and duties and designated his uncle, Mulai Mohammed ben Arafat, as their new Imam and Defender of the Faithful.

This new calm and quiet sixty-four-year-old snuff-taking Sultan has long been known for his loyalty to France and his oft- and

sharply expressed disapproval of the Istiqlal and all it stands for.

Having completed his studies in the famous University of Karouine, he is one of the wealthiest landowners in Morocco. On one of his properties located near Ain Sedina, incidentally, archaeologists have unearthed in a cavern a series of burial slabs inscribed with ancient cabalistic signs.*

Living quietly for many years in his splendid palace outside the city of Fez, where he has enjoyed the respect of Moroccan chieftains for his religious piety and his most generous nature, he has never become involved in affairs of the protectorate with France. His love for the French had already begun in those days of anarchy and internecine warfare that existed among the tribesmen prior to France's active interest in his country. This land, incidentally, is divided into two entities actually, the Bled el-Makhzen or government country, and the Bled es-Siba, the dissident country. And the Sultan's authority never extended beyond the Bled el-Makhzen, that portion that covered only about one fourth of Morocco.

Behind all this incessant struggle for power among three men, whose interplay of force means consequences in the long run far beyond the mosques and walls of Marrakesh, the palace of the Sultan, of General Augustin Guillaume in his residence, is the powerful Pasha of Marrakesh, one of the most interesting and magnetic of Berber notables today, the wealthy leader of four million Berbers, Hadji Thami el-Mezuari el-Glaoui, the man who actually engineered the coup that challenged the former Sultan's religious role. He is tall, sparsely built, with dusky aquiline features, and despite the fact that he is eighty-four years of age, the Pasha's gaze, when I saw him, was as keen as that of one of his mountain hawks. In appearance he is the very personification of the name once given him by a French journalist, the Black Panther, and there was "something feline in his movements" that would make him appear to "glide rather than walk." There was also "a feline impersonality in the coldness of his eyes and his mirthless smile."*

*More than a pasha and feudal chief of the Glaoui group of tribes that occupy the Atlas Mountains and from whom he receives gifts, the Glaoui is a great per-

Many books have been written about this real figure of romantic fiction and his interesting career that described him as *Le Grand Seigneur de l'Atlas*. His is something of a legend, of material provided by his enormous wealth—iron, manganese, and uranium mines—his power, his past as a great warrior, his feudal life, his many romantic strongholds, and, *summa summarum*, his long friendship for Sir Winston Churchill. His life story is an anachronism.

The Glaoui have been chieftains of their tribe for a very long time, but their present power dates from the beginning of this century, reaching its zenith only after the advent of the French in 1912. Before that time Thami el-Glaoui and his brothers already showed great political astuteness. Legends have it that, before the French protectorate took over, it was still uncertain which of the great European powers would gain the upper hand in Moroccan international affairs. One of the four Glaoui brothers sided with the Spanish, who then were occupying the Riff state; another with the British; another with the Germans, who had their eyes on the coal and iron mines; and the fourth with the French. Whoever it was that won, it was clear his family would always be on the winning side.

Thami el-Glaoui, however, sided with the French, and he has been playing his cards with remarkable astuteness, and much of his power is due to the unstinted support of the French. The Pasha also showed a similar astuteness when he married the daughter of one of the great rival Berber chieftains. Later he also married the daughter of Hadji Mohammed el-Mokri, the man who has been Grand Vizier since the early years of the present century. Claiming descent, like most Moors, from some marabout or saint, the Glaoui,

quality, as I was able to observe during my long visit with him at his magnificent residence, a palace worthy of any king. Wearing the hood of a simple brown djellab over his head, he received me most cordially with true Berber hospitality and courtesy in his library. A spare man, erect in spite of his advanced years, his answers to my questions put in French bespoke of great intellect and subtle wit, with occasional sparks of vitality flashing in his seemingly tired eyes. One moment in the presence of this ruthless warrior and tribal chief convinced me that here I was face to face with an extraordinary human being who could be a bitter enemy but also a great friend.

clan claims that their ancestor was one of the most famous saints of Salé in the north.

While feudalism has always played an important part in Moroccan history, it received added impetus by Marshal Lyautey's policy. The Glaoui were therefore greatly encouraged by this policy of the marshal, who went out of his way to strengthen the position of the ruling native chieftains, and with it the feudal aspects of native life. It is easy to understand, therefore, that with this background the Istiqlal and nationalists regard the Glaoui with much bitterness, as they consider him the main pillar of the revived, though much antiquated, colonial feudal system and of its accompanying injustices, both of which, the Istiqlal claims, stand in the way of their country's progress and independence. The nationalists further claim that, because of this a fair distribution of the country's economic wealth is made totally impossible.

Thami el-Glaoui, who for many years has been a friend and frequent host to Sir Winston Churchill and other statesmen, claimed that there had never been a doubt in his mind that the Allies would win the last war. When the Nazis came to Morocco after the fall of France, he forbade his sons to have any dealings with the German officers belonging to the German mission that had established itself at the Mamounia Hotel in Marrakesh. He himself refused steadfastly to see any of them, but the head of the German mission, General Hauser, was most anxious on the other hand to see him. The Pasha replied through an intermediary that, as Morocco's foreign affairs rested in the hands of French authorities and not the shereefian government in whose employ he actually was as Pasha of Marrakesh, he could not very well receive a German official except when ordered to do so by the Sultan and General Noguès, the then resident general.

Consequently the head of the German mission never passed the threshold of the famous Maison du Pasha. But to appease the Germans, General Noguès insisted that the Pasha meet Hauser. This was an order, and Glaoui had to abide by it whether he liked to or not, and so an official tea party was arranged to which both El-Glaoui and Hauser were invited. The Pasha arrived an hour late,

remained for ten minutes, exchanged a few platitudes with the Nazis, and then departed. This was El-Glaoui's first, and also last, contact with the Germans.

An ardent golf enthusiast, he built himself a golf course practically in the middle of the desert after World War I. As there was no water to keep the turf alive, as the country's economy is also based on water, an elaborate system of pipes was laid over scores of miles to the Atlas Mountains. Today, with the Pasha an old man, his sons manage the golf course, and he continues to lead the life of the grand seigneur, visiting the shops, traveling abroad, where he can be seen in Aix-les-Bains, or spending his days at his great Kasbah of Telouet, where he was, and still is, the great feudal overlord of all he surveys in that desolate waste of the higher Atlas plateaux.

• Still, it is most difficult to realize that the calm, suave Pasha who takes daily constitucionals in his beautifully laid out gardens, quietly discusses politics and finances, plays an occasional round of golf on his private course among the palm trees, watches the dancing at the Mamounia, and yearly takes the waters at Aix, and Vichy is the same man who led his Berber warriors in a hundred battles in blazing sun and bitter cold. He is a man who, in plain truth, ought to be more at home in the saddle of a Berber war horse than in the soft cushions of his Rolls-Royce and who could tell, if he wished, countless tales of raids, vendettas, bloodshed, torture, and intrigue.

France seems to owe a debt of gratitude to the Glaoui and the memory of his deceased brother, Si Madani el-Glaoui, for their devotion and unflagging loyalty to the French protectorate. There is a most interesting story told about Si Madani el-Glaoui, the Pasha's older brother, who never forgave Sultan Abdul-Aziz for humiliating him in Fez before his enemy Omar Tazi, who was allowed to insult him with impunity. Vowing revenge, Madani left Fez, raised the Berber tribes to the standard of the rebel Mulai Hafid, and when he entered Fez again it was at the head of some forty thousand warriors. It was inevitable that so dynamic a personality as Si Madani soon would clash with the Sultan, whom he actually had raised to the throne. Mulai Hafid refused his assistance, however,

and Si Madani left Fez once more in disgrace, deprived of the great wealth he had amassed in a short time. He returned in poverty to his own rough Berber highlands. Thus disillusioned, and realizing perhaps that medieval Morocco could no longer keep its place in the world of progress without the protection of some great European power, Si Madani refused to go to the aid of the fiery El-Hiba, who had raised the standard of revolt in the Souss, and he threw in his lot with the French. This decision was to be of great moment in the history of the world.

It was the month of August 1914. The French had only recently occupied the city of Marrakesh, and their influence then was but little extended into the mountain regions. Every available man was needed in France to resist the German onslaught, leaving the great southern capital with only a very feeble and depleted garrison. If ever it was "the" moment for the Berbers, it was now. General Lamothe, French commander of the Marrakesh district, acted with great sagacity and courage. He sent for the Berber chieftains and calmly explained the situation and then asked them to come to a decision with regard to their future attitude toward his country. The situation was extremely delicate. German agents were doing their utmost to stir up revolts with fantastic promises, and General Lamothe realized only too well that if they succeeded the southern land of Morocco would be untenable. It was Si Madani who spoke first. In simple words he told his fellow chieftains that his mind was made up. By signing the protectorate, France and Morocco had agreed to link their destinies. The moment had come for Morocco to prove loyalty. Such was the Glaoui's influence that no one present dared oppose him. And General Lamothe must have breathed a great deal easier in the realization that one of the greatest crises in the history of France's protectorate had been successfully breached. There seems to be no doubt that in the years that ensued France remained extremely grateful, as shown in her dealings with the Glaoui family.

The fine qualities of the Glaoui family, which are also innate in many a tribal Berber, are well illustrated by the following true account which I have read and which has been confirmed by people in Marrakesh.

During a punitive expedition in the Grand Atlas Mountain area, which the Glaoui were carrying out against a neighboring tribe, a member of the Glaoui family, a caid of considerable stature, was shot through the stomach while leading his men in an attack. As he fell from his steed, the French doctor attached to the expedition ran to his assistance, but difficulties immediately arose as the caid sternly refused to allow his body to be uncovered, since nakedness is considered shameful among the Berber tribes, and to expose one's body is to lose dignity. Groping under the caid's robes, the doctor discovered that the bullet had made a deep gash in the stomach, from which the entrails protruded. He made a bandage with great difficulty and told the caid that he had better be carried back to the Kasbah, where an operation might save his life. Again the caid refused to obey the doctor's order, and in despair the doctor implored him to ride crouched over his horse's neck. The caid ignored the suggestion contemptuously, saying that "he was not a frog to be huddled in a ridiculous attitude in the saddle, but a man and a leader." And so, completely erect, he rode back to his Kasbah, despite the fact that his pains must have been excruciating. Never a murmur or complaint escaped his lips. He never relaxed his rigid posture for one moment. When at last the Kasbah was sighted, the doctor noticed the caid suddenly sway and then fall from his saddle. As he tried to raise him, the doctor realized that the great and noble caid was dead.

The Glaoui Country and Berber Tribes— Berber Tribal Customs, Folk Tales

The whole of the eastern section of the Grand Atlas ranges on both the northern and southern watersheds, known as the Glaoui country, rests under the active domination of the Pasha of

Marrakesh. It is a vast expanse of territory including many of the highest peaks existing in North Africa, a land scarred by deep valleys and ravines, a vast wild land that is desolate, arid, with but few fertile patches; a land of poverty, inhabited by men accustomed to extreme hardship, internecine strife, and war from the day of their birth. Yet, curiously enough, thanks to the brilliant French diplomacy at winning the support and allegiance of the great Berber chief, this tremendous natural barrier was conquered without the firing of a single shot. Such a situation could not have been possible in the Riff (coastal regions) or in the Middle Atlas where no such remarkable personality as the Glaoui exists or existed. There the people were split up into a number of small tribes accustomed to complete independence, in contrast to the people of the Glaoui country, where the caid of every small or large township was responsible to the Glaoui for his actions and those of his people. And, since many of these caids happened to be cousins or nephews, or in some way or other connected with the Glaoui clan, it was not too difficult for the Pasha to impose his will on his people.

The road across the higher passes of the Glaoui country has always been of immense strategic importance. It was the very road by which powerful sultans led their expeditions against refractory subjects in Saharan regions, and also the caravan trail from Tafilalet, the Draa gorges, and southern Algeria. It was also the road by which invading hordes of fanatical warriors swept down to the plains to dissipate the power of the weak dynasties of Marrakesh or Fez. The caid of the Telouet Kasbah, dominating the route and passes, was in an ideal position, therefore, to exact a toll and protection money from all passing caravans, and it is really from this tyrannous burden that the exalted position and power of the Glaoui clan originates.

For the French, too, this passage of the Atlas Mountains proves of great strategic advantage, because it forms the main arterial link between Marrakesh and the military zone of Ouarzazate, which is the military base for the more advanced posts in the Sagho and Draa regions and the garrisons that command the rivers and valleys of the southern slope of the Grand Atlas.

It was by this route that our small party, which included a French ethnologist and an engineer, left Marrakesh, fully intending to visit the Kasbah of the Pasha. First cutting across the plains, a well-cultivated and fertile area, the road began to wind spirally upward once we hit the mountain area. The road climbed for a considerable stretch through a landscape of loveliness, where every patch and cranny between rocks and jutting edges were green with wheat and barley. The fields below were choked with dark cypresses, silver eucalyptus, and olive trees. Finding the going much to our liking, we negotiated endless ravines, passed around shoulders of rocky, tree-covered mountain areas until, as the trail became somewhat narrower, we skirted towering rock masses. As we clambered on, the scene that unfolded became more austere except for low shrubs and wild grasses. Behind us was an ever-widening panorama of broken country bisected by the silver thread of a river. The dominant color of the road was red, alternating with pale brown rock.

We reached a small village, built on a steep slope, whose dwellings rose one above the other in tiers, overlooking a watercourse. The roof of one dwelling served as a foundation for the one above. The outer walls were high and smooth and the doors extremely massive, for the primary thought in the Berber's mind when building his house is always the question of defense. This settlement, as all others we came to, blended harmoniously with the surroundings, being constructed of the same substance as the earth itself.

It soon became evident everywhere we went how much freer, happier, and even healthier these people were. Here Arab life had completely vanished and Berber life had taken its place. The men, who were tall, upright, virile, and noisy, chattered incessantly. They were, however, poorly dressed and wore strange-looking turbans. The women went about unveiled and appeared quite prolific, judging by the swarms of youngsters that were scampering about. Apparently a life divided between animal-like toil and childbearing provided few moments of leisure and beauty culture.

Higher and higher we went until the summit of the first mountain pass was reached, when a superb view spread before our eyes.

Ahead, the road sloped down to a river valley. It was a most refreshing sight. Only in Switzerland, British Columbia, the American Rockies, or South American Andes had I seen such majestic scenes. Since the mountain peaks never rose in sharp precipices, they did not hide the view, so that the eye could wander far and wide over endless mountain chains.

Once we crossed the crest, a lofty summit on a fortified pinnacle, we began the descent along a road of red earth. All around us rose laurels bloomed in profusion, and the scent of honeysuckle blew across the trail. Here and there uneven surfaces were choked with trees and colorful vegetation, and bursts of variegated shades were thrilling to the eye. Well within sight of a valley we selected a place to camp for the night, beside a shallow and rapid mountain stream. High above us, built on the edge of an abrupt cliff, towered a large Berber dwelling in which several households were living. I was told that we were not far now from the birthplace of the Glaoui clan, who controlled a seemingly inaccessible position on the far side of the mountains as protection for their Kasbahs.

Throughout this trip I managed to get little bits of interesting facts about these Berber tribesmen from our French companion, who never wearied of expounding his views, so that much that had heretofore been unknown, to me, was revealed. He knew the Berber vernacular well enough, he said, to carry on a prolonged conversation with these people. Many eminent ethnologists, scientists, and travelers have given excellent records, which I have perused, but here I was getting more detailed information from someone who knew them at first hand.

First of all, the Berbers are an ancient race that lived all over the Valley of the Nile. It counted its kin among some tribes of Abyssinia and spread itself all over the deserts of Africa, along the mountains of the Mediterranean littoral, southwest over the Atlas Mountain ranges, and farther south into the regions of the Sahara. The original inhabitants of North Africa may therefore have been Berbers who came from Libya, Abyssinia, Somaliland, and the Sudan. These people, called Libyans at the time, were divided into several tribes, but all came under the title of Berbers, who, by tradi-

tion, claimed to have been descended from Patriarch Ber. The real origin of the Berbers is, however, unknown, although it is claimed by authoritative sources that they are descended from Phoenicians, this claim being based on two salient facts—something in which my French informant concurred. First, the Kasbah architecture of the Berbers, which is unique in the world, bears a strong resemblance to the partly restored Phoenician castles; and second, the children in the Dade's River valley have been wont to model little clay figures, of men and horses which resemble the very images of Phoenician figures, something no Arab or Moor could have done.

The derivation of the name Berber is said to spring from the name of their so-called traditional ancestor, Ber, but it is more probable that the name has some connection with the Roman word *barbarus*. While it is true that the Romans never penetrated south of the Atlas Mountains, the claims of Emperor Claudius to the contrary, there remains no doubt that the Berbers were pushed back by these early Roman conquerors to the wild regions they now inhabit, whence also comes their word *roumeen*, denoting foreigners. The word Berber, curiously enough, is not employed by the tribesmen to describe themselves; they use the word *skloh*, which is the classical name of their race. Although there is much confusion concerning the Berbers, it is certain that the Berber race includes the Tawarak, or Touareg, who live in the southern desert and are thought to be the purest breed of Berber now living; the Kabyles (*k'bela* meaning union), another distinct tribe living in the mountains; and the Amazigh and Shelluh, who inhabit another section. All these are offshoots of the original Berber tribesmen.

The inhabitants of the Glaoui country are considered, however, the purest Berber stock in the whole Atlas Mountain region, into whom no foreign blood has infiltrated. These people are somewhat darker African types as compared to the blond European type found in the Rif coastal region. Physically they are very fine specimens of manhood—tall, broad-shouldered, narrow-hipped, athletic, and tireless. Their mode of dress is also distinctive. The men wear a heavy burnoose, the hood of which is always worn hanging down the back, its peak enlivened by a colored tassel. Across their buttocks

they have a huge scarlet patch, sometimes embellished by other vivid colors. One explanation for this curious and unique decoration is that the Glaoui Berbers inflicted at one time a smashing defeat on the Portuguese during the reign of one of the Saadian sultans. They defiled the Portuguese flag by placing it on their hindmost portion of their anatomy and have guarded the tradition as an eternal mark of eternal contempt for all Christians ever since. Around their heads the usual thin turban of white cotton is replaced by a cord of black wool, and they wear the universally worn babouches, or sandals, showing thus a definite link with the peoples of the Sahara.

As already mentioned, the Berber is a fighting man, a fact so well exemplified by their saying, "The Tunisian is a woman, the Algerian a man, and the Berber a warrior." This is not hard to understand, since the Berber is brought up in tradition of warfare from the cradle. Hence Berber folklore is just as bloody as the tales of the Norsemen, and their interminable songs are detailed accounts in blank verse of battles, murder, and sudden death.

What has tended to mold their character more than anything else is the fact that they have been reared in a world of barren peaks, where fertile valleys are scarce and not productive enough to feed even those in their vicinity, with the result that, before the extension of French authority, raid followed raid, villages were burned and sacked, men were tortured and murdered, and women were raped. Here, too, blood feuds between whole families raged. Tribe fought against tribe, village against village, and even household against household. No wonder the average life span of a Berber at one time was judged to be thirty-five.

A comparison of the Arab and Berber has shown that the Arab, though better-bred, is also treacherous, that he may eat with his brother but may kill him upon leaving the table. The Berber, on the other hand, may be rough and crude, yet he is extremely faithful. Moreover, he may eat with a stranger, but will die for him when they leave the table. It is in connection with these Berber characteristics that I was told the following legend:

When Allah wanted to create the first man, he took some

dough and, kneading it carefully, placed it in the oven. Leaving it there for a day and a night, Allah opened the oven to examine his handiwork and discovered that the man he had created was white and too soft. Allah then figured that he hadn't baked him enough, and placed the mixture back in the oven, allowing it to bake for a whole week, after which a darker man, but giving off a bad odor, came out. Reaching the conclusion that he ought to prepare a new mixture, he left it in the oven for three days. By this time the man was brown-skinned, supple, and very strong, so that Allah jubilantly exclaimed: "Now he is perfect." This perfect specimen was the Berber.

There exists no Berber writing, but the Berbers have a large spoken literature and many folk legends. And while Berber writing characters are nonexistent, there still are many monuments bearing inscriptions in the Berber vernacular but in Arabic characters. Their method of counting is quinary; that is, everything is counted in fives. They have, too, what one would regard as an interesting notion of purchase, for they pay according to what they want or need. Their music is rhythmic rather than melodious. To American ears it is at first monotonous, yet, in the right setting and with the right frame of mind, it may be intensely fascinating. Accompanying lyrics are generally very obscene or infantile, while their songs invariably are accompanied by a dance. Their music is traditional, too, and only seven different measures exist. Their musical instruments consist of the *zammara*, a Riffian flute; the *djouacj*, the Soussi flute; the bendi, or Berber tambourine; and the gimbri, a violin practically always used by storytellers.

One of the outstanding characteristics of the Berber tribesman is that he shaves his head, in contrast with most Arab people, who usually leave a tiny pigtail. The reason for this pigtail is their belief that the archangel may pull them up to heaven by this tail on Judgment Day. Many Berber tribesmen have bushy side whiskers which protrude from beneath the turban, while the female coiffure usually consists of two long plaits rolled round the head beneath the foulard. Here in the Atlas the hair of most women was worn parted

into a large number of locks, to which black wool had been added to simulate extra length and abundance.

As noted earlier, the Berber social system is a feudal one, by which each tribe owes allegiance to its own caid, who in turn is responsible to the Sultan. Before the French came upon the scene it was the caid who was charged with the collection of taxes and the administration of local justice. It was he who held the power of life and death over his people. Today it is the Djemma, in matters of law, which decides on all matters of tribal legislation, not unlike it is among the Kabyles. Although actually supposed to be the expression of universal public opinion, the Djemma is usually directed by a band of elders and notables, the former referred to as *ikhtaren*, the latter as *ingharen*. The real role of the Djemma is not only to administer, judge, and legislate, but also to legalize loans, marriages, divorces, and sales. Offenses are never punished by imprisonment, but by fines, corporal punishment, mutilation, such as cutting off a limb or gouging out the eyes. Murder is not always punishable by death, for a system known as the *dia*, or the price of blood, is current among these tribesmen, when a heavy fine in money or livestock is fixed. If the victim happens to be a woman, there exist some variations in the fine. In ordinary cases the killer of a woman pays only one half of a *dia*. Should the woman have been pregnant, the culprit pays a whole *dia*, and if it can be proved that the child in her womb was a male heir, the murderer has to pay a *dia* and a half.

Although women in Berber social life count for very little and from the legislative point of view are not at all considered (women, for instance cannot inherit anything), the Berber ladies still enjoy a much more dominant role than do the Arab women. These women go unveiled, eat with the men, and do not have to hide themselves at the approach of a stranger, as is so customary among other tribes. While the Berbers generally are monogamous, polygamy prevails only among those Berbers who are well-to-do and who have come under Arab influence. Wives are bought and, in contrast to Arab customs, the young people are usually acquainted

before marriage. Marriage ceremonies are conducted and contracted before and by an assembly of the Djemma.

The whole Berber attitude toward women seems to spring from a complete lack of affection between individuals, and the Berber men do not love their wives in the way that Westerns understand the word. The Berbers are content and considerate to their women so long as they continue to satisfy them physically and bear them strong and, preferably, male children.

- Domestically the Berber invariably takes the law into his own hands. A tragic but typical example occurred in a small village in the Middle Atlas. A middle-aged man, having married a young and attractive girl of fifteen, forbade her to leave her house, even to fetch water from the spring, and all because he was jealous and feared the envy of his neighbors. As life was unbearably monotonous for the young girl, it was hardly surprising that when one day her husband left to hunt in the mountains she quickly availed herself of the opportunity of going to the well and indulging in some gossip with the other women. When the hunter returned, the mother-in-law—a proverbial mischief-maker—told him what had transpired. Without ado the irate husband proceeded to administer the vilest thrashing to his young mate. That same night, when the man awoke suddenly, he heard the creaking of a door. It was the girl, attempting to flee the husband's brutality for the safety of her parents' home. Allowing her to leave the hut, he loaded his rifle and shot her dead as she was running away. . . .

From my own experiences I learned how utterly unimportant time and schedules are to the Berbers. In fact, they will never acknowledge that anything has to be done at a given time or at an arranged moment. They do not consider it wrong not to keep an appointment, but merely offer the excuse that they had something else to do. In this they differ greatly from the Arabs, who for the most part are rather conscientious and punctual individuals and, while lazy and unhurried, have a definite idea of the value of time. Berbers put business on a subsidiary level, however. A Berber, I have been told, may tell his wife that he will be away for a day or two, and then think nothing of not showing up for a year.

Saying good-by in a Berber household is also a difficult matter; in fact, it is just as difficult as it is in a Moorish household. When one drops the remark that one intends to leave the following day, the Berber host takes such an announcement very lightly. According to him, there is no reason why that tomorrow should not be a day or two or even a month after.

About these tribesmen's spoken literature or folk legends, I learned that their stories are traditional and have been passed by mouth from father to son, for the Berbers, with the exception of their raids, are illiterate and have no form of written literature. Despite this, copies of the Gospel written in the Chleuh vernacular have been distributed among them. Whether these made an impression is difficult to say. Still, these people have their own Islamic faith, a religion they can understand. Hence missionaries have not found them easily frightened into believing that eternal damnation menaces them should they fail to adopt one or another brand of Christianity. The Berbers, who have many hundreds of years of Islamic beliefs behind them, will not easily forgo them for a subtle religion that is difficult to understand, even if the Gospel does come to them in the Chleuh vernacular.

The Berber tales and folk legends in the main are histories of war, battles, and the prowess of great Berber warriors of the past. There exist, of course, love stories, too, but these serve for the most part as an incentive to further combat. The following story, a copy of which was handed to me in Marrakesh to read, is unique, however, for its hero is a character almost unknown to these fighting Berbers—a weak, puny boy, a poet and a dreamer.

Mohammed Atta had been the most feared and respected man in the whole Atlas Mountain region. As he grew old, the pride that had inspired him when he thought back on his past feats was tinged with bitterness, for Abdulla, Mohammed's oldest son, was not only a weakling but a coward. There was nothing that Abdulla resented more than listening to his father's boastful tales. Abdulla could only see beauty in nature—in the heavens and the mountains. He would rather listen to the strange, unfamiliar things the river was singing and to the bull frogs' croaking, just like deep-throbbing bass viols.

He often liked to get away from the village, to go into the mountains, where rivulets came cascading down like silver waterfalls and where he could climb up the sharp, hairpin bends. This was his world, an entirely foreign world, where there was no cruelty. But, best of all, he loved the fleeting river that sang its bright little song as it continued to flow down the great plain beyond.

Clambering back one night, he first set eyes on Aisha, who, with a bevy of attractive Berber maidens, had been down to the river. With water dripping from the jar she was carrying, she was slowly climbing the steep path that led to the village. Abdulla was very shy of young girls, and he hesitated. At that moment Aisha looked up and their eyes met. Life in that instant changed completely for Abdulla. Day and night he thought of Aisha, and when he was in the mountains he whispered her name to the olive trees, while the river sang a love song to him. And every evening since then he went down to the river, where they would meet and say a few words as their hands clasped.

But alas, Abdulla's newly found love and happiness was to be short-lived, for one night his cruel cousin Moha had come to their hut to tell them the news that he was about to marry Aisha. There was horror in Abdulla's eyes and, unable to visualize so sweet a flower as Aisha in this cruel cousin's brutal embrace, Abdulla leaped to his feet, his fists clenched, shouting: "Never, never, Aisha is mine. I love her." A roar of laughter from his father interrupted this outburst, and Moha stood close by, also jeering at his unfortunate cousin. Unable to control his actions, Abdulla hurled himself at his cousin, striking him in the face. Next moment he found himself lying dazed on the floor of the hut. "It is enough," shouted his father in his guttural Berber voice. "No longer do I want you beneath my roof." And so Abdulla was pushed toward the door of the hut and, with a kick, was sent hurtling down the slope.

Miserable and starving, he wandered over the mountain within sight of the village, as there was always Aisha. And then one evening he saw a girl approaching, heavily veiled, an unusual sight among his people, who always show the greatest contempt for this barbaric Arab custom. As the girl came near she laid at his feet a

steaming earthenware dish, after which she slid away like a ghost in the night. Running after her, he caught her hand and asked her: "Do you come from Aisha? Tell me."

"I come from Aisha, she thinks of you always," she said. "I shall come here every night if I can," and off she hurried. And so she returned, completely veiled, every night, but never again opened her lips.

One evening, however, her veil dropped and she stumbled over a stone. Hurrying to her side, Abdulla found himself gazing into the eyes of his Aisha. And when he attempted to utter the words she would have liked to hear, the words died on his lips and he fell into a faint at her feet. She took his head in her hands, and as she cried and sobbed, she kissed him. Her tears managed to stir again the pulse of life in his veins. Then Aisha uttered a cry of horror, for the love-filled eyes that once looked so tenderly into hers were now the vacant, unrecognizing eyes of an idiot. Shock and mental suffering had injured his brain, and he was deranged.

Many, many months later, when a hunting tribesman was passing by the settlement, his horse suddenly shied and began to rear violently. Thinking his horse had scented a wild animal—a panther, perhaps—the tribesman loaded his carbine and dismounted. To his astonishment, he spotted a vague shape in the higher branches of an olive tree and, thinking it was an ape, he was about to take aim, when he realized that the face was that of a boy, completely naked, who looked at him foolishly. Filled with pity, he coaxed him to come down, and the hunter took off his burnoose and, wrapping it round the boy, helped him into the saddle and returned to his hut under the shadow of the highest peak in the Great Atlas.

When Abdulla seemed to be recovering his strength, the hunter began to question him, and bit by bit as time went on the boy recounted his pitiful story. The hunter was highly indignant at the brutality of the boy's father and swore that he would help him win the girl who had been so cruelly denied him. When Abdulla had completely recovered and was strong enough to travel, they set out together and arrived toward evening at the foot of the cliffs, where Aisha used to meet him. There, beyond, in the dusk, was the vil-

lage, below the singing river. Suddenly the hunter grabbed Abdulla by the arm, for on the ground he spotted the footprint of a panther and, a bit distant, a pathetic heap of human bones. At the same time a heart-rending cry came from Abdulla, for among these remains was a silver bracelet ornamented with an amethyst Aisha had always worn on her left wrist.

They returned to the hut, where Abdulla tossed and raved in fever for days, but one evening, feeling well enough, he rose from his mat and asked the hunter for gun and powder because, he said, he was going to kill the panther. When he left at dawn, the hunter felt very sad, because he did not expect to see the boy again. Much to his surprise, he saw him return one afternoon with a small bundle tied around his neck and carrying the head of the panther. Embracing his benefactor, the boy told him, "My life now is finished, and I shall not see another dawn." Going back into the hut, he placed the head of the panther before the fire and, removing the bones of his beloved Aisha from the bundle, he asked the hunter to bury him with the bones and the panther's head at the break of dawn by the river, which "used to sing our song of love and tomorrow shall wail our funeral lament."

Deeply moved, the hunter lay down to rest, while Abdulla, rocking himself to and fro before the fire, spoke softly to the bones of his beloved, cursing the panther for his cruelty, until, worn out by fatigue and sorrow, he also lay down to sleep.

Awakening early and bending over the sleeping Abdulla, the hunter urged him to forget his sorrow and begin life anew. But as he gazed into the boy's face he bowed his head. He realized then that Abdulla had meant what he had said, because the eyes that stared straight ahead over the peaks and valleys of Berberland now were unseeing.

The lad had died. . . .

Epilogue

To many Americans, Algiers, Tunis, or Casablanca may mean the Kasbah, intrigue, Arabs, camels, and only too often very little else. Yet the intriguing North African cities of Marrakech, Oran, Biskra, Tangier, Algiers, Tunis, Casablanca, and a host of others in this fantastic realm stand out like precious jewels. Even short stays will convince you that Algeria and the protectorates of Tunisia and Morocco have at least as many points of interest as any country on the European continent.

Over a period of more than four thousand years these lands have accumulated a wealth of historic mementos, art treasures, and folkloristic wealth. Nature, too, has endowed these French North African regions with attractive topographical assets—a lovely littoral on the Mediterranean, as attractive as the world-famed Côte d'Azur and Riviera, excellent harbors, indescribable mountain regions, and equally unforgettable serene valleys. One may find here ancient and modern Moorish native art, secular architecture, modern and old streets, kasbahs and native quarters alongside up-to-date boulevards, in addition to greatly popular health and mountain resorts.

You will find much here that will capture your interest, and you will like French North Africa as much as I have liked it. It is also a land that slowly, but steadily, emerges from its ancient past, eager for progress, steadfast, however, in its traditions. French North Africa is a realm in which antiquity and modernism, through centuries of civilization, are interwoven in the quaint and intriguing fabric of everyday life. Hence it should not come as a surprise that we may see the largest Odyssey of tourists in the history of modern

travel to French North Africa, which verily is a paradise for the tourist's pocketbook and where his money goes farthest.

You will discover, as I have, many unforgettable things you have never seen before and will never see when you stay at home. Your spiritual horizon will also become materially widened by the immense wealth of the objects under comparison. You will learn things hitherto strange to you. You may relinquish for a spell the many friendships, companionships, and association with old friends, but you will make new ones, meet human beings who may be utterly foreign to you yet who will receive you with extreme kindness as long as you bring kindness to them. All this may enhance one's belief in human nature. Once you come back to our own shores, you may come back with an objectivity of view and a conviction that people are the same the world over. People who have the same passions, virtues, the same failings and qualities, good, bad, or indifferent, that keep on repeating themselves with endless variations. Yet the final result of this travel is a widening of horizons that adds immeasurably to one's experience in life, no matter whether one hails from Illinois, California, or New York.

General information on how to get there, what to do, what not to do, what to wear, where to stay, how to behave, etc.

Transportation

Unless one travels by sea, either direct from the U.S.A. by way of the luxurious and unexcelled French Line to France, thence overland to Marseilles from Paris, and thence by the equally unparalleled and luxurious steamers of the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique (which has sailings twice a week in the winter months and more often in the summer), the most direct and, in the end, economical way to travel to the French North African lands of romance is by Air France, the luxury worldwide air line whose modern air fleet includes the Super Constellation, Vickers Viscount, and the double-decked Provence. I don't think it would be amiss at this juncture to say a few words about this splendid air service,

as I have had occasion to make use of in my trip to North Africa. The giant New Super Constellation, the fastest and most advanced aircraft, it is said, in transatlantic service, offering a new concept of speed and luxury aloft is powered by four giant Curtiss-Wright turbo-compound engines, assuring a smooth, effortless journey "above the weather" at speeds of more than 320 miles an hour. For those discriminate travelers who demand only the finest, Air France also has the Golden Parisian, non-stop luxury Super Constellation flights from New York to Paris, limited to thirty-two passengers. The Golden Parisian provided, I believe, for the first time in transatlantic travel, special sky rooms for one or two passengers—comfortable salons by day, private luxurious bedrooms by night. This luxury flight is world-renowned for its deliciously prepared French cuisine, not forgetting the best of French vintages. The first-class Super Constellation Service by the Golden Parisian, to Europe from New York and other American cities also offers sleeping accommodation for overnight flights (or sky lounge chairs), while for the air tourist, Super Constellations and long-range new-type Constellations take one from New York to Paris via the Lafayette, another excellent air service.

In addition, there is the swift, new jet-propelled Viscount, one of the world's finest aircraft. The new Vickers Viscount cuts flying time on middle distance routes with four Rolls-Royce jet-propelled engines, developing a cruising speed of over 300 miles per hour at 22,000 feet, leaving the weather far below. Finally, Air France boasts the double-decked Provence, the only true double-decked aircraft in commercial use, with two complete passenger decks. This sky giant offers transportation for 107 passengers, an ideal medium for tourist travel over Air France's routes connecting the chief cities of North Africa.

Hence, a trip by air from Paris to Tunis, for instance, takes only four hours. When one considers the seventeen hours it takes to get to Paris from New York, it sounds almost incredible that one can reach North Africa in a little over twenty-one hours if there is no stop-over in Paris. Air France crosses the Mediterranean from Marseilles to Tunis in about two and one half hours. There are

more than fifty departures from Paris, Marseilles, and other French points every week. A flight from Paris to Algiers takes less than five hours. Air France's flight from Tunis to Casablanca can be done twice a week in five hours and fifty minutes. There are also two flights a week from Algiers to Casablanca in Morocco. Air France service, of course, is superb. The air-line personnel are efficiency and politeness personified, and I found it a definite privilege and treat to make use of Air France service.

Should one desire to take a steamer, however, the Compagnie Général and the Société Général des Transports Maritimes sail for Algiers five times weekly with modern and comfortable vessels, completing the trip across the Mediterranean in less than twenty-four hours.

Railway and motor travel in French North Africa

Algeria, Tunisia, and Morocco have an extensive and modern railway system along the entire Mediterranean and Atlantic sea-coasts and almost up to the mountain regions of the Great and Middle Atlas Mountains. Traveling by rail through this region is quite inexpensive by our standards, and if one is not too much of a hurry this method of travel is ideal for sight-seeing. This medium of travel is a veritable godsend in many places, as magnificent vistas bob up at almost every bend.

These countries are also ideal for motor travel. Algerian roads, for instance, totaling 37,290 miles, are in very good condition, and many of them are asphalted or macadamized. These military or asphalted roads are almost everywhere edged by narrow lanes, and traveling by car is recommended so that one can see these lovely lands best.

Hotels and cost of living in Algeria, Tunisia, and Morocco.

The cost of living in these lands is surprisingly low. Bargaining for hotel accommodation has become a lost art, as all hotels have standard rates. Near the door of each hotel and hostel room a printed schedule is posted stating minimum and maximum rates

for that particular room. Service, too, is practically always faultless, and the French, who in most cases are also the hoteliers, are a most friendly people and, as on the French mainland, more than eager to welcome visiting tourists and travelers. Every city and town has a local Tourist Information Bureau, where one is free to go and discuss one's travel, hotel, restaurant, and other pressing problems. It is advisable, however, to book rooms in advance, owing to the housing difficulties. While most hotels have restaurants, there are quite a few that haven't.

Room rates fluctuate between 300 and 1500 francs per night. Meals cost 300 francs and more, according to the type of hotel. These hotels may be grouped in various categories, ranging from the very best or luxury hotels (with many rooms having private baths) to the tourist type. To name but a few, some of the outstanding hotels in Algiers are the Aletti, Boulevard Carnot, with 153 rooms; Central Touring, Rue Colonne d'Ornano, with 130 rooms; St. George Hotel, Avenue Foureau Lamy, with 180 rooms; Oasis, Rue du Laurier, 50 rooms; Suisse, Rue Drouille, with 54 rooms; and the Terminus, Square Briand, with 43 rooms.

As for Algiers restaurants, meals range from 300 to 800 francs for a moderate meal, while they range from 900 to 1800 francs for a very excellent repast in a high-class restaurant.

In Tunis some of the outstanding hotels are the Tunisia Palace, 100 rooms; the Majestic, 100 rooms, Astoria, Rue de Grece, with 62 rooms, Transatlantique, Rue de Serbie, 42 rooms; all these one can safely recommend. There are, however, a great many others, also very good, such as the Salambo, Rue de Grece, with 68 rooms. Rates in Tunis range from 2200 francs down for the de luxe hotels, to 560 to 1230 francs for the A hotels, and 1100 to 450 francs for the B hotels.

In Morocco the cities mainly visited by tourists are Marrakesh, Rabat, Fez, and Casablanca. Some of the outstanding hotels in Casablanca are the Anfa, a hotel de luxe, with 58 rooms; the Grand Hotel Transatlantique, also a de luxe hotel, with 67 rooms, Ambassadeurs, Rue Amiral Courbet, a Grand Tourisme B hotel, 32 rooms;

Hotel Excelsior, Angle rue de l'Horloge, 100 rooms; and Grand Hotel, Moyen Tourisme A, with 41 rooms.

In Fez recommended hotels are the Hotel Palais Jamai, Chemin de Fer Maroc, 50 rooms; Grand Hotel, Boulevard du Quatrieme-Tirailleurs, Tourisme A, 100 rooms.

In Marrakesh: Hotel Mamounia, Chemin de Fer Maroc, Avenue Bab-Djedid, de luxe hotel, 220 rooms; Hotel de la Menara, Grand Hotel Tourisme A, Angle Avenue Daplaz et des Ramparts, 84 rooms; Hotel el Maghreb, Tour des Ramparts, Grand Tourisme B, 58 rooms.

In Rabat: Hotel Balima, Cours Lyautey, Grand Tourisme A, 71 rooms; Royal Hotel, Rue de la République, Tourisme A, 67 rooms.

General information

When reaching a city, either by rail, plane, or steamer, hand the porter the equivalent of ten or fifteen cents per piece of baggage instead of asking what you owe him. In many places an official rate is posted; there always will be an official tourist guide about.

Etiquette and general behavior

It is advisable never to get into a conversation with native peoples unless the latter start the conversation themselves. It is likewise well to observe all the rules of good breeding, as the manner in which one conducts oneself will reflect on the reputation of one's country. It might also be well not to try to impress these peoples with one's own good fortune or position in life. Doing so is in poor taste. Noisy and careless behavior should be avoided, and visitors should behave as they would as decent law-abiding citizens in their own country. If they adhere to these simple rules they will be accorded a welcome and will earn the respect of the native peoples. It is also highly advisable for visiting American and foreign women not to wear shorts, either in towns or at beaches. As there is also a great deal of elbowing, pushing, especially in the native poorer sections, it is wise at all times to withhold jokes, remarks, or com-

plaints. It is best not to act as if one owns the town and has the right to lord it over the natives. They live their lives, and there is no need to try to interfere in their mode of living. It is a breach of etiquette to address Moslem women or to stare or otherwise attract their attention. Mosques are holy places, and unless otherwise noted, non-Moslems are forbidden to visit them. Nor do the Moslems like visitors to stand or loiter at doors of mosques, sanctuaries, tombs, or to peer inside.

Hucksters, or so-called guides and touts, often attempt to secure a percentage on purchases made by tourists. While this sort of thing is part of the oriental scene, the best way to rid oneself of these pests is to exercise patient firmness. When traveling in the rural and country sections, one may often find rags or clothes hanging from tree branches. As these may be *votos*, or offerings, having some symbolic meaning, they should never be removed. Neither should one pull out or tear papers that are stuck in holes and crannies of walls. A dwelling or tent should be approached from the rear and a suitable length of time must be allowed before entering, to enable the women there to withdraw.

Passport regulations

Whether traveling to Tunisia or Algeria, these regulations are the same for U.S.A. travelers. One needs a health certificate, showing smallpox vaccination within the last three years. One can remain three months; if a longer stay is desired a visa may be obtained from the French Consulate or application may be made to the Prefecture of Police at one's place of residence.

Customs regulations

Inspection takes place before departure by air in France. For visitors arriving in North Africa from other countries, examination takes place on arrival at airfield or at seaport. One may bring in 250 cigars and 500 cigarettes, or 1000 grams of tobacco from the U.S.A. (American cigarettes are on sale everywhere.) One is also allowed two cameras, a portable phonograph, portable typewriter, in addition to personal effects and jewelry worn by travelers.

Foreign exchange

For all travelers there exists no limitation on bringing French francs. When leaving North Africa only 50,000 French francs are permissible. As for foreign currencies, the travelers must fill out an exchange declaration, when leaving, this card of exchange must be produced for the exportation of the remainder of foreign currency in one's possession. Tourists are not allowed to export a larger amount of exchange than they brought in.

Moroccan customs and exchange regulations

Firearms are not allowed, unless special permit is given, and they must be declared through customs. Hunting permits will be issued in the French zone of Morocco. Legal tender in Morocco is the Moroccan franc, issued by the Banque du Maroc, and exchanged at par with the French franc. The maximum amount in French or Moroccan bank notes one is allowed when entering is 25,000 francs. Bank notes other than those payable in French or Moroccan francs may also be brought with approval of the Office des Changes Marocains. One is permitted to bring into Morocco 500 cigarettes or 100 cigars, or 1 kilogram of tobacco, while women are permitted to bring in 500 cigarettes.

Climate and seasons

In Algeria, on the coast in the summer months, temperature does not exceed 90 degrees. There will be sirocco squalls at times, with warm winds from the south. The southern areas have a very high temperature during the day, but are relatively cool at night. There are frequent siroccos and sandstorms. Algeria and the Sahara no longer are considered winter vacation spots only. North Africa's autumn, winter, and spring seasons are from October to June. The coastal area enjoys a mild Mediterranean climate comparable to that of the French Riviera, with occasional sudden changes of temperature. The range of temperature is between 55 and 77 de-

grees. The mountain and plateau regions are rather severe, with snow and wide temperature fluctuations, sometimes dropping below 35 degrees.

The southern section and Sahara regions enjoy a generally dry climate with practically no bad weather. The temperature changes from 41 degrees during the night to 90 degrees at noon. Oases make ideal winter resorts. The best time to visit Morocco is from the end of October to the end of May. In the summer, the temperature is high in the eastern and southern sections of Morocco. Along the coastal sections it is generally much cooler and damper. Throughout the winter months the temperature remains pleasant throughout Morocco. There is swimming all year round, and a swimming pool may be found in almost every city. Casablanca boasts the world's second largest swimming pool.

What to wear

To be fully prepared for all eventualities and climatic changes, it is best to take along woolen underwear, a warm coat, and strong shoes. Light clothing should also be included—seersucker, tropical suits, summer-weight slacks and open-collared shirts for men, and cotton, nylon, and seersucker dresses for women. Nylon or dacron shirts, blouses, and underwear are ideal, for they can be washed and dried quickly. Sunglasses are a must. Sweaters and bathing suits should not be forgotten. Sun helmets are very useful, although not necessary in the cities. The *cheche* (light veil put around the helmet to protect oneself from the sirocco and sandstorms) will be useful, especially when making excursions to the Sahara.

Cameras—photographing—filming

It is advisable to keep your camera inside a closed case to avoid dust and sand.

Drinking water

Water in principal cities may be drunk freely. In country sections, diligent inquiries should be made first before using the water.

Tourist agencies

Algerian, Tunisian, and Moroccan government tourist offices can be consulted in Algiers, Tunis, Rabat, Casablanca, Marrakesh, and Fez. Similar tourist offices pertaining to Algeria, Tunisia, and Morocco may be consulted in Paris before setting out for North Africa.

Tourist guides

These guides, operating from the excellently managed and well-equipped tourist offices, speak French, English, and Arabic, and are available at all responsible travel agencies and principal hotels.

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